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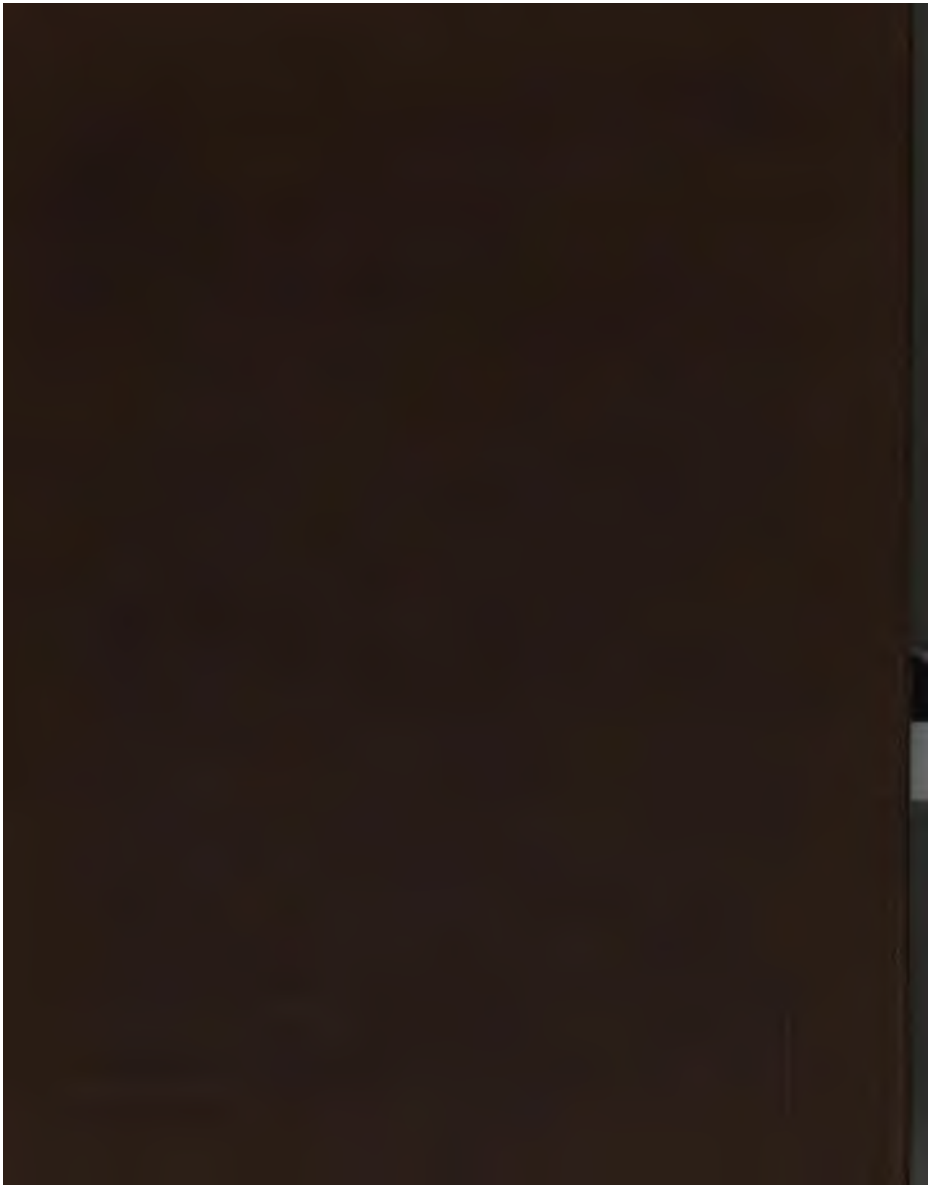

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MYSTERIES

OF

Corpus Christi

From the Spanish.

BY

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MYSTERIES OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

From the Spanish of Calderon.

WITH

A COMMENTARY AND AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE UPON THE SIGNIFICATION AND VALUE OF THESE POEMS, FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. FRANZ LORINSER; AND AN ESSAY ON THE SAME SUBJECT, FROM THE SPANISH OF DON EDUARDO GONZALEZ PEDROSO.

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendour upon splendour multiplied;

* * * * * *

And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires,
O'er all the house-tops and through Heaven above,
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

LONGFELLOW.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two Sacramental Mysteries, a translation of which, in the metre of the original, is presented to the public in this volume, may be considered the first and the last of that marvellous series of allegorical dramatic acts in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, to the composition of which Calderon devoted his genius, almost exclusively, from the period of his becoming a priest, in 1651, to the time of his death, thirty years afterwards. His earlier literary life was occupied chiefly in the preparation of those secular dramas and *Comedias de Santos*, on which exclusively, in modern times, his fame as a poet has hitherto been based. But with these dramas he must, at an early period, have intermingled a few *autos* (to use the name by which these Spiritual Mysteries are called in Spanish), as we find from internal evidence in the *loa* prefixed to *Belshazzar's Feast*, that that sublime spiritual act was performed whilst the Count Duke Olivarez was at the height of his power—a circumstance which, according to Señor Pedroso, its recent

editor, would fix the date of *Belshazzar's Feast* at about the year 1638. With two exceptions, it was the earliest *auto* of Calderon that found its way into print, as we find it in a rare volume published in 1664,* along with a number of *loas* and *entremeses*, by various writers, as well as another of Calderon's *autos*, *The Divine Jason*, which has not been included, at least under that name, in any of the subsequent collected editions of the *autos sacramentales*.† From the evidence just cited, we may, therefore, consider *Belshazzar's Feast* as one of the earliest, if not the very first *auto* that proceeded from the prolific pen of Calderon.

The second *auto* in the present volume, *The Divine Philothea*, was acted, for the first time, during the festival of Corpus Christi, in 1681, the year in which, on the 25th of May, four months after he had celebrated his 81st birthday, Calderon died. Certain manuscript memoranda,

* *Navidad y Corpus Christi, festejados por los mejores ingenios de Espana:* Año 1664. Con Licencia—En Madrid.

† In the very rare *Indice General Alfabetico de todos los Titulos de Comedias*, &c., *y de los Autos Sacramentales*, &c., Madrid, en la Imprenta de Alfonso de Mora, 1735, *El Divino Jasòn*, an *auto* of Calderon, is mentioned, with many other *comedias* and *autos* (the whole amounting to more than 3,000), as being then on sale, by the heirs of Francisco Medèl del Castillo. This Index, a copy of which I possess, is very valuable, for its proving the existence at that time of several important dramas and *autos* which have since disappeared. Barrera, in his recent elaborate work on the same subject, *Catálogo bibliografico y biografico del Teatro Antiguo Espanol, Madrid*, 1860, says that some of the pieces in the Index of Medèl were doubtless in manuscript. *El Divino Jasòn* may have been one of them, as it is still to be found in an unpublished MS., purporting to be the 7th and 8th parts of Calderon's *autos sacramentales*, at present in the library of a gentleman at Madrid. See more on this subject at p. 116 of this volume.—M.

relating to the machinery connected with the intended representation of this *auto*, still exist at Madrid. The autograph signature of the poet to these instructions betrays the hand of an octogenarian. But in the *auto* itself there is no trace of failing vigour in the imagination of the writer, and for exuberance of fancy, and splendid diction, it may safely be put beside his earliest and, perhaps, most brilliant *auto*, written more than forty years before.

To these, the metrical portions of this volume, I have prefixed a translation of the eloquent and elaborate Introduction, which the contemporary translator of the *autos* of Calderon into German has given in the first volume of his very remarkable work.* Along with Dr. Lorinser's Introduction, I have also translated his elaborate Commentary on the two *autos* here presented to the public, as well as his special Explanatory Preface to each. To give, from another point of view, as full an idea as I possibly could of the Spanish *autos*—a subject of which so little is accurately known to the generality of readers—I have also taken such portions as seemed to me sufficient from the

* Don Pedro Calderon's de la Barca geistliche Festspiele. In deutscher Übersetzung mit erklärendem Commentar und einer Einleitung über die Bedeutung und den Werth dieser Dichtungen herausgeben von FRANZ LORINSER. REGENSBURG: 1856. BRESLAU: 1866. Eight volumes, containing thirty-one *autos*, of this interesting work, have been published. It is to be hoped that the indefatigable author may be encouraged to complete his great undertaking by the translation of the remaining forty-two *autos*.—M.

historical and critical essay on the same subject, written by the late Don Eduardo Gonzalez Pedroso, prefixed to his collection of *autos sacramentales*, published last year at Madrid, in the 58th volume of the *Library of Spanish Authors*.* To the Spanish, as well as the German, Introduction, and to the Commentary and Prefaces of Dr. Lorinser, I have added occasional notes of my own where they seemed necessary, which are generally signed with the initial letter of my name, M. The curious nature of the whole subject, and the interesting as well as eloquent remarks of the two distinguished critics, whose meaning I have endeavoured to express as literally as possible, may, to some extent, atone for the many defects that are almost inherent in a metrical attempt like the present, the labour and perseverance necessary for the completion of which few will be able to estimate by the result.

D. F. MAC-CARTHY.

DUBLIN, DECEMBER 19, 1866.

* AUTOS SACRAMENTALES desde su origen hasta fines del siglo xvii. *Coleccion escogida* dispuesta y ordenada por *Don Eduardo Gonzalez Pedroso.—Biblioteca de Autores Espanoles*, tomo lviii. Madrid: Rivadeneyra, 1865.

AN INTRODUCTION

TO THE

AUTOS SACRAMENTALES,

Particularly those of Calderon.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANZ LORINSER.

ONE of the most unpardonable literary sins of omission of which the last two centuries have been guilty, is, without doubt, the unjust neglect which, with the exception of a few individual acts of homage, has been the lot of one of the greatest Poets who has ever appeared upon the earth, and whose name, with strict justice, merits the full meed of praise given to those great poetic names that shine like stars of the first magnitude, and who enjoy that glory which here below is allotted only to a few privileged minds. Calderon, while his great contemporary, Shakspeare,* was ever advancing in the full splendour of the honour that was his due, although his name, like a mysterious echo from some distant region, was resounding all the while wherever civilization existed, still has had the mis-

* Except in the mere literal meaning of the word, Calderon can scarcely be considered the contemporary of Shakspeare, as he was but sixteen years of age when Shakspeare died. It is Lope de Vega, the great predecessor of Calderon, who may more properly be described as the Spanish dramatic co orary of Shakspeare. Lope was born but two years later than Sh are, and survived him twenty years.—M.

fortune of remaining until now a comparatively unknown ma who has not yet passed from beneath that mysterious clou which has concealed his countenance from most of our co temporaries. One could, indeed, see the shadow of this gia stream out like the tail of a far-off comet; sometimes a fort nate wind-gust would dissipate a small portion of that mi that had settled on his figure, and in a transient way allow portion of its beauty to be seen: but his full countenance i one yet has ever beheld. The cloud has never thorough passed away, and the sublime figure of this Prince of Poe has never been unveiled to the eyes of succeeding generatio in the full harmony of its beautiful proportions.

Without doubt such a neglect cannot be considered altogeth an unfortunate accident; it has had its causes, which accou for it indeed, but cannot excuse it.

Abstracting from the mere actual gigantic dimensions whi the productions of this really great man have attained, a which make it very difficult to take in a complete view of l works, especially at a period which, in the region of poes can only find pleasure in childish trivialities, Calderon is, ir certain sense, too deep, and, in the ordinary signification the word, too unpopular. Without some intellectual effort is impossible to enter into the meaning of his sublime phra ology. He is altogether too spiritual and too subtle for a ce tury which seems to understand nothing but the sensuous, t palpable, and the material:—a century that in its indoler disdains to make any effort to raise itself above the poetry commonplace.

Then comes, after all, the principal reason which in our mi accounts for this unmerited neglect of Calderon. Calderon too Catholic: he is a poet too thoroughly interpenetrated the spirit of the Church: a poet who lives and moves only

the ideas and feelings of the Catholic Faith, out of which he has drawn the most sublime material for his creations. Therefore for many he is unenjoyable, not only because they turn from everything that is Catholic with aversion, but also on this account that they really cannot comprehend him. Even if they are learned critics, highly cultivated in all the niceties of æsthetics, they are deficient in the knowledge of the Catholic Faith and of Catholic Theology, without which it is absolutely impossible thoroughly to understand Calderon. And we, Catholics,—we, alas! have been always those who, in a question of literary activity, have given up the field to Protestants without a blow, unless, indeed, the highest and holiest interests and the most pressing requirements of self-defence compelled some effort. We have indolently permitted our greatest Poet in modern times—the Poet pre-eminently of our Faith and of our Theology—to sink in the dust of oblivion, until, to our shame it must be said, we are recalled to a remembrance of him by some impartial Protestant, just as in the same way we allowed our Dante to be explained to us by a Protestant Professor.

It is not the object of these lines to speak, at least comparatively, of the best known works of Calderon, his *Comedias*.* Although, as yet, only a small portion of these have become known through translation, those few, of which we have no nearer knowledge, that have indirectly found their way to the German stage, such as *Life is a Dream*, *The Constant Prince*, *The Worship of the Cross*, enjoy an appreciation and celebrity that they fully deserve, but which, perhaps, they would have to share with

* By this word we must by no means understand merely his comic dramas. By the word *Comedias* the Spaniards designate all Plays which are divided into acts (*iornadas*), whether they be tragedies, melodramas, or comedies.—L

many others that are equally worthy of them, if they had obtained the good fortune of being translated.

If Calderon deserves to be called the Poet of our Faith and of our Theology, this title of honour is founded not so much on his secular dramas (although they, too, are all penetrated and inspired by a deep religious sentiment, their subjects being frequently taken from Holy Scripture itself), but rather on those wonderful poems, which in his more advanced age he wrote as a priest, and which are known to us under the title of *Autos Sacramentales*. These are, as it were, his swan-song, which he himself considered the most excellent of all his works. On these he bestowed the utmost care and labour, and they are on this account, both in language and form, probably the most perfect of his creations. Written for the glorification of the deepest and most central mystery of Christianity, the most Holy Eucharist, they spread themselves out to the utmost limits of belief, in his fathomless poetical depth, making him, perhaps, the only true theological poet that has ever lived. A few of these have become known to us in latter years by translation. The first who led the way in this new walk was the immortal Cardinal Diepenbrock, in his "Spiritual Garland,"* where he gives a translation of the *auto*, "Life is a Dream," which is analogous with the well-known secular drama of the same name. Baron von Eichendorff published later, in two volumes, a translation of eleven of these spiritual dramas.† The writer of these lines (Dr. Lorinser) also published a translation of an *auto* which relates to the Immaculate Conception

* Melchior von Diepenbrock's "Geistlicher Blumenstrauss." Fourth Edition. With a portrait of the Cardinal.—Sulzbach, 1862.—M.

† "Geistliche Schauspiele von Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca," uebersetzt von Joseph Freiherrn von Eichendorff.—Stuttgart and Tübingen 1846.—M.

of Mary, under the title of "The Military Orders."* Still this is not the sixth part of what has come down to us as the *Autos Sacramentales* of Calderon. To Diepenbrock's translation are added a few short notes. Any assistance towards the deeper understanding of these wonderful poems has been hitherto wanting, although when once their value shall receive due acknowledgment, a commentary will most certainly be required.

Nothing but the deep conviction that a treasure of priceless value was here to be laid bare, and the painful feeling that others more competent for the task are repelled from it by the difficulty of its execution, could induce the present writer to venture upon an undertaking, the arduous nature of which he too plainly perceives. So arduous, indeed, that he must from the very beginning, give up the idea of being able to carry it out with any approach to the perfection he would wish. He is obliged, alas! to come, early though it be, to the conclusion, that even if he were capable of producing a tolerably readable translation of the seventy-three *autos*, the commentary to it must remain, in fact, only an attempt to open the way to future investigators, as he cannot flatter himself that he shall have at all satisfied the reasonable requirements of the subject.

Here all and every previous attempt at explanation being wanting, the raw material even must be sought for with great labour, and brought forward without our having the satisfaction of hoping, that we have hit upon the exact places where it lies hidden. The *autos* of Calderon are full of historical allusions, the elucidation of which presents sometimes the greatest difficulties. The thoughts are often so profound, that

* "Die geistlichen Ritterorden," (Los Ordines Militares) übersetzt von Franz Lorinser.—Regensburg, 1855.—M.

it is not always they allow their meaning to be discovere with undoubted certainty. The symbolic signification of th Persons of the drama, and of their action in it, opens th widest field for the deepest conjecture. What at first sigh seems but an irregular play of fancy, turns out on closer re flection to be not only a well-considered, but even a deeply poetical expression of full-significant truth. Without a ver extensive knowledge, not only of Catholic doctrine, but eve of the niceties of theological science, not unfrequently th simple meaning of the words remains absolutely unintelligible for the astonishing acquaintance with theology which Caldero exhibits in his *autos*, and which he transforms in the crucibl of his glowing imagination into sublime poetry, places even professed theologian in considerable embarrassment. Ol Church traditions, which twine about the dogma like a beaut ful garland of legends, deeply profound references and beaut ful thoughts expressed here and there by some Fathers of th Church, are made use of with such incredible art, and inserted s appositely at the right place, that frequently it is not easy t guess the source whence they have been derived. In short universal acquaintance with all knowledge would be indispe sable, to enable us to take a complete survey of the coheren of his thoughts and images, and to appreciate the artist manner in which they are applied. For the proper unde standing of the fundamental thought of each *auto*, of the dee significance of its *personnel*, and of the symbolic truth which outwardly expresses, there is always necessary a certain amou of study, which though grateful and attractive from the splendi results to which it leads, is not unattended with very serio difficulties; the almost imminent danger, in fact, of fallin into the gravest errors in the deciphering of these riddles.

The difficulty of such a task seems, until now, to have stifle

every nascent attempt at a commentary on these magnificent poems. Even in Spain—to which country the writer of these lines made a special journey for this particular purpose—it was not his good fortune to meet with a single work upon the subject.* How thankless and difficult such a labour is, especially if without the assistance of any previous contribution to a knowledge of the subject one has to rely solely on one's self, can really only be appreciated by those who have made the experiment. Here we often find that a few lines require the fruit of many hour's meditation; and, notwithstanding all the pains that one takes, the uneasiness will still remain, that so far from hitting and giving the true right objective explanation of the difficulty, the commentator may have fallen into essential mistakes, to the extent even of unconsciously infusing his own subjective errors into the text.

To these difficulties, which the extent of the material to be worked renders more formidable (seventy-three *autos* rescued from the dust of centuries awaiting the metrical translation and solution of their enigmas), is to be added the overwhelming consciousness that the interest felt for those poems in Germany has been hitherto trifling and limited,† a circumstance

* The publication of a selection of *Autos Sacramentales* (fifty-one altogether, of which thirteen are by Calderon) in the fifty-eighth volume of Rivadeneyra's *Biblioteca de Autores Espanoles* (Madrid, 1865), and the elaborate preface of the editor, the late Don Eduard Gonzalez Pedroso, to that collection, go somewhat to remove the reproach conveyed in the remarks of Dr. Lorinser. It is, however, still to be regretted that a complete collection of Calderon's *autos*, worthy of taking its place beside the admirable edition of the *comedias*, by Don Eugenio Hartzenbusch, has not been given in the *Library of Spanish Authors*, according to the promise held out to subscribers in the earlier volumes of that series. The more important portion (the fourth division) of Senor Pedroso's essay I have translated and appended to this introduction, as an additional contribution, from a Spanish point of view, towards a philosophical and historical study of the *autos*.—M.

† How much more true is this of England?—M.

which may be accounted for, indeed, from the fact, that without some explanation they are incapable of being enjoyed by the greater part of the public, the few translated up to this time being without the advantage of any commentary whatever.

An especial courage, therefore, is necessary to venture upon an undertaking beset and surrounded with such difficulties, which, however, must be faced without the satisfaction of hoping that any particularly lively interest in the subject can ever be awakened.

In order to prevent one shrinking, at the mere thought of it, from making any attempt to carry out such a work, nothing less was wanting than a thorough conviction of its importance, and of the incomparable value these poems possessed, not only in themselves but especially for the Catholic world. A slight acquaintance with them will convince the reader that he has here to deal with the highest object that has ever been the theme of poetry, viz., the realization of this sublime conception, the bringing together into clear intuitive perception the real poetical relations existing throughout the entire Christian faith; or, to express myself in this way, they form the sublime epos of Theology, which represents, from their deep poetical points of view, the human, the divine, and the demoniac influences which affect men. Thus it is that everything groups itself round the centre of God's worship here below—the focus of God's love, the most holy mystery of the Eucharist, before which every knee bows that is in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, like as in the so-called *Disputa* of Raphael, that masterpiece of Christian painting, where another art ministers to the glorification of the most holy sacrament.

But putting aside every other consideration, this is really a question of honour for us Catholics. It should be our business ecially to rescue from the dust of oblivion one who has the

highest claims to admiration as the greatest and deepest of our religious poets; as, in fact, the real poet of the true poesy of Catholicity, which has been so often outbid, in a degrading way, by sentimental weaklings, whose influence in Germany of late seems to have revived, and against which one cannot protest too strongly.

Calderon is thoroughly true and natural: his creations move freely and artistically on the already-prepared soil of Catholic intuitions. This is the atmosphere in which he lives, like a perfectly healthy man who breathes the air unconsciously, but never passes a thought upon each single respiration. This being presupposed, his imagination works freely and unshackled. Following only his own poetical impulses and ideas, he is never compelled to descend to prosaic rudimentary explanations, in order by the means of art to call forth those Catholic intuitions, to defend them, or to justify them, which indeed may be the task of apologetic erudition, but never can be that of high art. If all didactic poesy is in its essence unpoetical, then religious poetry of that class is so especially. The *autos* of Calderon are, to be sure, written in the service of religion; the object at which they aim is to minister to the glorification of the deepest mystery of faith; but this object is in itself highly poetical, and has nothing in common with the very prosaic fundamental principles that lie far off from it. And indeed in Spain it would have been completely superfluous for the poet to defend faith against heresy, or to take any trouble in obtaining an admission of its truth from the circle of his hearers. Controversy lies entirely out of his way, even when often enough he seeks to enhance the excellence of faith by its opposites (Atheism, Apostasy, Heathenism, Judaism), the light by the shadow, in order so to represent it in a truer and more artistic way.

Even scholastic theology, on whose abstract distinctions he not unfrequently dwells, gains, by his way of presenting it to us, a poetic charm, which is, perhaps, the best proof that it is more firmly based upon internal truth than is dreamt of by many of its despisers. Certainly the difficulty is occcasionally observable, even in Calderon, which the sometimes highly abstract idea presents for a living poetical realization; and the more happily this difficulty is conquered in the majority of cases, the more visible it appears in those instances where Calderon himself could not completely overcome it. Such passages, however, which it must be said are very rare, so far from disturbing or injuring the full poetical impression of the whole, serve rather to bring into relief, and make us admire the more, the infinite art with which Calderon goes to work when he has triumphed over all his difficulties.

But for the understanding of the deep significance of the *autos*, these general observations are not sufficient, and it is therefore indispensable to investigate their meaning more closely. I do not propose to myself to write an exhaustive æsthetic critici- on the value of these poetic models. My object is only to give the reader some hints for the better understanding of the allegorical, or rather symbolical, forms which we meet in them, and which lie so far off from our ordinary tastes and habits; which may, in fact, serve as a sort of poetical lecture-preface—not palatable it may be to everybody, but which, perhaps, may contribute to a better knowledge and a higher appreciation of the most wonderful productions that Catholic art has ever produced, and make them be more enjoyed by those who have the taste and feeling to admire them.

But before I give expression to my own sentiments on this subject, I wish to remove an objection which, perhaps, may be

raised on the threshold, which is, that I am here praising a thing, not on the ground of its poetical merits, but for its religious bearing and importance: that I am here rescuing it from the dust of oblivion, as an interesting confession of Catholic faith—a new kind of polemics in fact, disguising itself in the garb of art, and behind the mask of poetical attraction, pursuing only its own course. For this purpose I shall, in the first place, bring forward the opinions of some Protestant writers upon the Calderonic *autos*, which, for the most part, indeed, though by no means of an exhaustive nature, will prove this at least, that something more is to be found here, under the cloak of the poet, than theology.

Here, in the first place, presents himself, August Wilhelm Schlegel as a most competent critic, who will not be suspected by Protestants of any undue partiality towards the Catholic faith. Athough Schlegel, in his "Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature," glides very briefly over the *autos* of Calderon, and seems, with a kind of timidity, to shrink from entering upon closer examination of that department of the drama to which they belong, his words, nevertheless, are of the highest importance, and deserve to be widely known. He says, in his Fourteenth Lecture:—

"His sacred compositions must, however, in some degree, be ranked as historical; for although surrounded with rich fiction, as is always the case with Calderon, they nevertheless in general express the character of Biblical or legendary story with great fidelity. They are distinguished, however, from the other historical pieces by the frequent prominency of a significant allegory, and by the religious enthusiasm with which the poet, in the spiritual acts designed for the celebration of the festival of Corpus Christi—the *Autos*—exhibits the

universe, as it were, under an allegorical representation in the purple flames of love. In this last class he was most admired by his contemporaries, and here also he himself set the highest value on his labours."*

The dispatching thus briefly such an important, and by the poet himself such a highly valued, portion of his works, might almost raise the presumption in our minds, that Schlegel had really but a very superficial acquaintance with the *autos;* and that on account of their religious and allegorical contents, he had turned away from them with a sort of contempt—a remark, indeed, which will apply to most histories of Spanish literature. The following words, nevertheless, referring to Calderon's dramas in general, but which in an especial manner may be applied to his *autos*, will convince us that he was not unacquainted with them, and that he knew how to appreciate their surpassing beauty. He says (and it is altogether impossible in these words that are spoken in a general sense, not to understand them as referring expressly to the *autos*) :—

"The mind of Calderon, however, is most distinctly expressed in the pieces on religious subjects. Love he paints merely in its most general features; he but speaks her technical poetical language. Religion is his peculiar love, the heart of his heart. For religion alone he excites the most overpowering emotions which penetrate into the inmost recesses of the soul. He did not wish, it would seem, to do the same for mere worldly events. However turbid they may be in themselves, to him, such is the religious medium through which he views them, they are all cleared up and perfectly bright. Blessed man! he had escaped from the wild labyrinths of

* Black's Translation. Bohn's Edition, p. 496.

doubt into the stronghold of belief; from thence, with undisturbed tranquility of soul, he beheld and portrayed the storms of the world; to him human life was no longer a dark riddle. Even his tears reflect the image of heaven, like dewdrops on a flower in the sun. His poetry, whatever its apparent object, is a never-ending hymn of joy on the majesty of the creation; he celebrates the productions of nature and human art with an astonishment always joyful and always new, as if he saw them for the first time in an unworn festal splendour. It is the first awaking of Adam, and an eloquence withal, a skill of expression, and a thorough insight into the most mysterious affinities of nature, such as high mental culture and mature contemplation can alone bestow. When he compares the most remote objects, the greatest and the smallest, stars and flowers, the sense of all his metaphors is the mutual attraction subsisting between created things by virtue of their common origin, and this delightful harmony and unity of the world again is merely a refulgence of the eternal all-embracing love."*

If in these true and beautiful words, which describe the fundamental outlines of Calderon's sublime poetry, and that ideal beauty which is peculiar to him, we can see nothing but that simple, real, intuitive Catholic perception of the world—the reconciling, elevated poetry of Christendom, then, indeed, we must wonder that that should be admired and beloved in Calderon as something special and peculiar to him, which is and must be the common fundamental intuition of every true Catholic Christian, in contradiction to hypocritical pietism, blind fatalism, and coarse materialism. If, therefore, it is not altogether satisfactory to say merely, that the Catholic intui-

* Black's Translation. Bohn's Edition, pp. 503-4.

tion of the world, is the deep fundamental idea of Calderon's poetry, at least, it indirectly bears the most important testimony to the truth and depth of the poetry of Catholicity.

Let us hear, however, another Protestant, the learned American, George Ticknor, who, in his "History of Spanish Literature," thus expresses himself upon the *Autos Sacramentales* of Calderon. This exposition, which includes even a view of the historic rise of that kind of drama, will at the same time save us the trouble of giving that explanation to our readers, which, for the nearer knowledge of this peculiar kind of poetry, and its significance upon Spanish national life, is of the utmost importance to know.

"In examining this large mass of Calderon's dramatic works, it will be most convenient to take first, and by themselves, those which are quite distinct from the rest, and which alone he thought worthy of his care in publication—his *autos*,* or dramas for the Corpus Christi day . . . . There is little in the

* In the German translation of Mr. Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature," by Julius, Leipzig, 1852, from which Lorinser quotes, the word *autos* is rendered "Opferdarstellungen," sacrificial representations, to which Lorinser takes exception. He says, "I consider that this translation of *Autos Sacramentales* is not correct. *Auto*, means in Spanish just what the Latin *Actus* does in the well-known expression *actus publicus*, which has been preserved up to the present day in our universities, in order to designate a public solemnity. It was thus that the execution of the victims of the Inquisition, which was carried out with curious festal accompaniments, was called a public *Auto de fè*. The *Autos Sacramentales* are, therefore, in their fundamental meaning, nothing else than public festivities, got up in honour of the Holy Sacrament. That the Eucharist was celebrated here only in the sense of its being a sacrifice, would be a wholly gratuitous assumption, which is completely contradicted not only by the contents of the *autos* themselves, but by the motive which led to their production on the Festival of Corpus Christi, which day is set apart not so much to do honour to the Eucharist as a sacrificial offering, but rather and more essentially to the real presence of Christ in the mystery of his love."

dramatic literature of any nation more characteristic of the people that produced it than this department of the Spanish theatre; and among the many poets who devoted themselves to it, none had such success as Calderon. . . . . They were from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, among the favourite amusements of the mass of the people; but with the period at which we are now arrived, they had gradually arisen to be of great importance. That they were spread through the whole country, even into the small villages, we may see in the travels of Agustin Roxas, who played then everywhere; and in the Second Part of Don Quixote, where the mad knight is represented as meeting a car that was carrying the actors for the Festival of the Sacrament from one hamlet to another. This, it will be remembered, was all before 1615. During the next thirty years, and especially during the last portion of Calderon's life, the number and consequence of the *autos* were much increased, and they were represented with great luxury, and at great expense in the streets of all the larger cities. So important were they deemed to the influence of the clergy, and so attractive had they become to all classes of society—to the noble and the cultivated no less than to the multitude.

"In 1654, when they were at the height of their success, Aarsens de Somerdyck, an accomplished Dutch traveller, gives us an account of them as he witnessed their exhibition at Madrid. In the forenoon of the festival, he says, a procession occurred, such as we have seen was usual in the time of Lope de Vega, when the king and court appeared, without distinction of rank, preceded by two fantastic figures of giants, and sometimes by the grotesque figure of the *Tarasca* . . . . In the afternoon they assembled again, and performed the *autos*, on that and many successive days, before the houses of the great officers of state, where the audience stood either in the

balconies and windows that would command a view of the exhibition, or else in the streets . . . . The music came, that all might dance who chose; torches were added to give effect to the scene, though the performance was only by daylight; and the king and the royal family enjoyed the exhibition sitting in state under a magnificent canopy in front of the stage prepared for it near the palace.

"As soon as the principal personages were seated, the *loa* was spoken or sung; then came a farcical *entremes;* afterwards the *auto* itself; and finally, something by way of conclusion that would contribute to the general amusement, like music or dancing. And this was continued in different parts of the city daily for a month, during which the theatres were shut, and the regular actors were employed in the streets, in the service of the Church.

"Of the entertainments of this sort which Calderon furnished for Madrid, Toledo, and Seville, he has left no less than seventy-three. They are all allegorical, and all, by the music and show with which they abounded, are nearer to operas than any other class of dramas then known in Spain. . . . . They are upon a great variety of subjects, and show, by their structure, that elaborate and costly machinery must have been used in their representation. . . .

"Including the *loa* that accompanied each, the *autos* of Calderon are nearly or quite as long as the full-length plays which he wrote for the secular theatre. . . . All are crowded with shadowy personages, such as Sin, Death, Mohammedanism, Judaism, Justice, Mercy, and Charity; and the uniform purpose and end of all is to set forth and glorify the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist. The great Enemy of man, of course, fills a large space in them. . . .

"There is necessarily a good deal of sameness in the struc-

ture of dramas like these; but it is wonderful with what ingenuity Calderon has varied his allegories, sometimes mingling them with the national history, as in the case of the two *autos* on Saint Ferdinand; oftener with incidents and stories from Scripture, like 'The Brazen Serpent,' and 'The Captivity of the Ark,' and always, when he could, seizing any popular occasion to produce an effect, as he did after the completion of the Escorial and of the Buen Retiro, and after the marriage of the Infanta Maria Teresa; each of which events contributed materials for a separate *auto*. Almost all of them have passages of striking lyrical poetry, as well as gorgeous descriptive passages; and a few, of which 'Devotion to the Mass' is the chief, makes a free use of the old ballads. . . .

"That these Sacramental Acts produced a great effect there can be no doubt. Allegory of all kinds, which from the earliest periods had been attractive to the Spanish people, still continued so to an extraordinary degree; and the imposing show of the *autos*, their music, and the fact that they were represented in seasons of solemn leisure, at the expense of the government, and with the sanction of the Church, gave them claims on the popular favor which were enjoyed by no other form of popular amusement. They were written and acted everywhere throughout the country, and by all classes of people, because they were everywhere demanded. . . . We know that in Madrid no expense was spared to add to their solemnity and effect, and that everywhere they had the countenance and support of the public authorities. Nor has their influence even yet entirely ceased. In 1765 Charles the Third forbade their public representation; but the popular will and the habits of five centuries could not be immediately broken down by a royal decree. *Autos*, therefore, or dramatic religious farces resembling them, are still heard in some of the remote villages of the country;

while, in the former dependencies of Spain, exhibitions of the same class and nature, if not precisely of the same form, have never been interfered with. How much the *autos* were valued to the last, even by respectable ecclesiastics, may be inferred from the grave admiration bestowed on them by Martin Panzano, chaplain to the Spanish embassy at Turin, in his Latin treatise, 'De Hispanorum Literatura' (Mantua, 1759, folio), intended as a defence of his country's literary claims, in which, speaking of the *autos* of Calderon, only a few years before they were forbidden, he says they were dramas, 'in quibus neque in inveniendo acumen, nec in disponendo ratio, neque in ornando aut venustas, aut nitor, aut majestas desiderabitur.'"*

A far deeper writer on this subject than the American Ticknor, who, however, cannot deny the high lyrical poetry of many portions of the *autos*, and the great effect they produced on the spectator, is Friedrich von Schack, also a Protestant, who has penetrated into the meaning of these poems, and by his language shows undoubtedly a closer and more fundamental acquaintance with their contents, than can be predicated of the two writers just mentioned. In his "History of Dramatic Literature and Art in Spain," which by its very name confines itself exclusively to Spanish dramatic poetry, he was able to bestow upon the *autos* a much fuller consideration than either of the others, who had put before them a much more comprehensive task. It is therefore only natural that his opinion should have very great weight. Schack takes two opportunities of speaking of the *autos*—the first in referring to Lope de Vega

* These extracts are taken by Lorinser from the German translation of the first edition of Mr. Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature, 1849." The corrected and enlarged edition, London, 1863, contains most important bibliographical notes, which Mr. Ticknor has added to his ...us account of the *Comedias* and *Autos* of Calderon.—M.

(who also has composed a number of these dramas), the second when treating of Calderon. Both passages give us a deep insight into the nature of these poems, and both will be read with pleasure.

Before he makes an analysis of the contents of some of the *autos* of Lope, he observes upon the origin and signification of these allegories in the following words:—

"We have first to treat of those dramas which were intended for the celebration of Corpus Christi, or in other words, the *Autos Sacramentales*. As in these, allegorical figures, which are met only in an exceptional way in the *Comedias*, play the most essential part, upon them, then, in the first place, and upon the admissibility of poetical personification into the drama, must our attention be principally fixed. It is here to be remarked, as a matter of history, that the fancy of the Spaniards of old, as evidenced by the poems of Villena, the Marquis of Santillana, and Juan de Mena, was intimately connected with allegorical Figures, and that such Figures, which had been insinuating themselves into the very first essays of the Spanish drama, made themselves at a later period completely at home in the spiritual pieces. As Lope de Vega had undertaken to give a literary development to that kind of drama, he took possession of all its inherited elements, and with them the introduction of the allegory into his *autos*, but he did this by raising them into a far higher degree of poetical perfection. But this rude and Gothic invention, this attempt to bring to outward perception the internal operations of the mind, is it in reality worthy and capable of a higher development? Must not plays in which passions, symbols, abstractions, and lifeless beings of every kind are brought before us as speaking and acting existences, must they not, although surrounded with all the charms of poetry, fail

notwithstanding in producing an effect? To this question many a critic will unhesitatingly say yes, classing these Spanish *autos* in the same category with the formless productions of a rudimentary art, the Moralities. And as to the notion that ideal personifications are scarcely admissible into the drama, that opinion will be confirmed at once by the fact that most of the modern poets have kept entirely aloof from them. Still to an unprejudiced person there is really very fair ground for dissent, which he cannot overlook. To the plastic art, among the ancients as well as the moderns, the right has been conceded of representing ideal and allegorical beings, and sculpture and painting have rivalled each other in availing themselves of this privilege. We need only refer to the personifications of Victory and Valour by the Greeks, the Virtus, Concordia, and Spes of the Romans, the Virtues of Bandinelli, the Heavenly and Earthly Love of Titian, the Venetia of Paul Veronese. No one has ever taken exception to these representations, or would be willing on this account to exclude such innumerable masterpieces from the kingdom of art. And why then from the realm of poetry? The drama, which possesses infinitely greater resources for bringing the supersensuous nearer to our comprehension, and whose very essence it is to speak out more fully on everything connected with it; why should the drama, we repeat, be compelled to reject such personages altogether? Why should it not be allowed to endow the Unreal with life and speech? Why should it be prevented from projecting into corporeal life, those internal perceptions of the human mind, and deducing from them the fullest effects of tragic pathos? From the personifications of the fickleness and mutability inherent in the same human mind, why should it not be able to find materials for the delineation of comic character? Certainly answers to these questions cannot be given by a mere naked negative.

"But, indeed, as far as the *autos* are concerned, a very different state of circumstances occurs. We have here not to do with some single poetical personifications merely; we here see ourselves completely transplanted into the land of Allegory; we stand among abstractions and ideal representative figures, so much so, that even the historical characters that occur here and there, are transfigured, as it were, into an allegorical signification. We are completely and altogether removed from the circle of human experience, and find ourselves in the airy region of abstraction, in the kingdom of transcendentalism, in which our imaginative power can, with the utmost difficulty, maintain itself. All the Persons of the drama are but Figures, in whose individual existence and reality no one believes—hermaphroditical beings—the children of abstract reason and of an imagination that loses itself in the region of metaphysics. Human passions and attributes are not made use of for this purpose, that they, coming forth on the moment into external action from within, should bring about this or that physical visible situation, but that they have an existence of their own in a world distinct from the terrestrial one, that is wholly peopled by the corporeal personifications of abstract ideas. Certainly, the poet, who was not a perfect master in his art, would run imminent risk of producing monstrosities. His fancy would create only shadowy undefined phantoms, or it would become frozen in the ice-cold heights of abstract thought. He would lose himself either in misty nebulous generalizations, or pass into the dry and chilly region where the allegory becomes a riddle or a rebus.

"On these rocks, which were too obvious, the authors of *autos* have frequently been shipwrecked. Neither Lope nor Calderon in that particular species of poetry were able to steer perfectly clear through the ever renewing opposition of the poetic and reasoning elements. In the continual struggle to bring what is

almost inconceivable within the limits of the understanding, and to breathe life into beings that have grown out of the operations of the mind, they have frequently failed. Not being able to avoid the two fatal paths of error to which we have just alluded, as leading to obscurity and redundancy, where no true intuitive perception is possible, and where all precision disappears, they fall into stiff and laboured allegories, which no poetry can well endure.

"Another difficulty with which the poet had to deal was the bringing scholastic theology, which forms the principal foundation of the *autos*, into harmony with poetry. The highest authors in this department have not always been able to blend together these two heterogeneous elements, so that metaphysics could be dissolved and incorporated with the action of the drama. In order to make them intelligible, the poet has too often to take refuge in prolix explanatory details. Thus we have yard-long discourses in which the Christian dogma is expounded with all the subtlety of a scholastic philosophaster, diffuse out-pourings of this or that allegorical being on its nature and signification, and speeches, *pro* and *con*, upon the most abstruse questions of theology—standing evils which must disfigure a drama, possessed even of the highest excellence in other respects.*

"In making these observations, we wish it to be understood that they are offered only as a protest against the unconditional

* Without wishing at all to pretend that the defects here pointed out are utterly wanting in the *autos*, still I must observe that I think Herr V. Schack is here going a little too far, and that he does not appear to have a full perception of the profound depth and truth not only of Catholic dogma, but even of its scholastic explanation, which in him, as a Protestant, may well be pardoned. I shall endeavour to demonstrate further on, that some of the faults here animadverted upon, rest upon manifest misconceptions, and disappear altogether on going more deeply into the subject.—LORINSER.

admiration of the *autos* which has been here and there expressed.* We are very far from rejecting them altogether. With all their faults the Corpus Christi plays of the Spaniards belong to the most extraordinary works of poetry; and the defects which this species of drama, if not necessarily, almost unavoidably brings with it, have been got over, not indeed completely, but at an expense of art that is most remarkable, by the best class of poets in their most perfect works. In these *autos* we meet with an immense number of real allegorical figures which are not only the representatives of ideas, but become in their turn individualities themselves, which interest us in the most lively way by their being and action, their wills and their thoughts; and metaphysics, without obtaining any independent value, except at the cost of poetry, is brought into poetical intuition through the action itself. The creative power which is manifested in these poems, must excite astonishment, and many of the *autos* that are disfigured here and there by the faults just mentioned are entitled to the highest admiration. Only the most powerful fancy could sharply define and breathe life and soul into abstract deductions of thought; only the highest poetical creative power was able to give form and plastic roundness to what was outside the senses; the most complete circumspection alone could preserve itself in the region of metaphysics and pure spirit, without falling; and nothing but the most decided talent for the drama, was able in such a sphere and with such characters to evoke so much dramatic life and interest, as we see that it has done in so many manifold ways.

"He who first treads within the magic circle of these poems, feels himself blown upon by a strange spirit, and beholds another heaven outspread over another earth; it is, as if through

* Or, perhaps, to save our own Protestant honour.—LORINSER.

demoniac power, we were whirled away in a darksome tempest; depths of thought, the contemplation of which makes the mind dizzy, spread out before us, wonderful enigmatical figures rise up from the abyss, and the dark red flames of mysticism shine into the mysterious fountain from which all things flow. But the clouds disappear, and we see ourselves above the limits of the terrestrial, beyond the bounds of space and time, lifted up into the kingdom of the immeasurable and the eternal. Here every dissonance ceases; up here the voices from the world of men rise only like festal hymns, upborne by the swelling peal of the organ. A gigantic dome of spiritual architecture receives us, in whose awe-inspiring halls no profane sound is permitted to be heard, and on the altar surrounded by magic light, the mystery of the Trinity is enthroned; a dazzling splendour of rays, which human sense can scarcely endure, spreads out and illuminates the mighty pillar-hall with unspeakable glory; here all beings are lost in the contemplation of the Eternal, and look with astonished eyes on the unfathomable depths of divine love. The whole creation joins together in one joyful chorus to the glorification of the source of all life; even that which has no being speaks and feels; even that which is dead is given a language and a living expression of thought; stars and elements, stones and plants exhibit a self-consciousness and a soul; the most hidden thoughts and feelings of men spring into light, and heaven and earth radiate in symbolic transfiguration.

"Even abstracting from the deep inner significance of these poems, the splendour of the execution of particular portions must entrance us. Perhaps in no other works have the Spanish poets concentrated the poetical riches, of which they beyond all others had the command, as in these. There is a blending together of colours, a perfumed fragrance of blossoms, and a

ravishing bewitchment of enchanting harmony that absolutely intoxicate the senses.

"The spiritual centre round which the *Autos Sacramentales* move is the glorification of transubstantiation. This object is reached in a thousand manifold ways, and by a thousand manifold combinations and comparisons, and the richness of invention by means of which the poet avoids uniformity, and is able to introduce perpetual variety into his theme, is worthy of our special admiration.

"Equal in variety to the combination of the actions are the allegorical figures of the *autos*. Here we have personified at one time, human circumstances, conditions of the soul, virtues and vices; at another, the attributes of God, or the symbols of the Church; then the elements, the products of nature, the lands and peoples of the earth, the different religions, and so on. Sometimes they went so far as to dress the ideas of the Christian religion in the garb of mythology, when the allegory is doubled, as, for instance, in Calderon's 'Cupid and Psyche,' where Love signifies Christ, and Psyche the Faith. The historical personages who figure here and there, have always a signification superadded to their actual appearance, and become themselves also allegorical.

"That ordinary chronological calculation is not regarded may easily be supposed, as for instance, the prophets and apostles making their appearance at the same time. Anachronism, which a cold misconception of these poems has blamed, is, in fact, altogether out of the question, in dramas which are played in a region from which all limitations of time are excluded.

"The highest perfection and the most artistic development that the *Autos Sacramentales* are capable of, they have received through Calderon. The same, but in a very inferior degree,

may be said of Lope de Vega. Allegory is conceived by him with a certain rude indirectness and without much psychological depth. We miss there that richness and delicacy of figurative representation, that deep-meaning mysticism, by the aid of which his successor knew how to impress the seal of his idea upon all his creations, and to present the universe in a sort of spiritual transfiguration."*

To these general remarks of Schack upon the poetical form of the *autos*, it is indispensable that we should add what, in the 3rd volume of his work, he says about the *autos* of Calderon in particular. Whilst we thus combine with tolerable completeness everything worthy of notice that has been written about the *autos*, and which we ourselves would find it difficult to surpass, we clear the way for those remarks which, after all that has been said, are still necessary for the full appreciation of the character of these poems.

"The *autos* of Calderon," says Schack, "according to the judgment of his own contemporaries, were the works on which his highest glory as a poet was founded. 'Where this eminent man,' wrote Manuel Guerra, 'to the amazement of the public, surpassed himself, was in his *Autos Sacramentales*. The devotion of his soul enkindled his mind, and imflamed his imagination, so that in a sublime flight, like the eagle of Ezechiel, he was raised high above his rivals, and above himself. His inventions are so divine, so beautiful are the thoughts, so splendid are all the accessories, so exquisitely interblended the moralities, the teaching so attractive, the wisdom and the holiness so sweetly interfused, the useful and the agreeable so

* Schack's *Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur u. Kunst in Spanien*, b. 2, p. 393, &c.

artfully interwoven, that at the one moment our admiration is excited and our hearts set on fire. Our souls are carried away wondering and devout, joyful and repentant, refreshed and inflamed; and whilst he enchants our ears, he introduces through them, a holy reverence for the sacrament.'*

"Posterity cannot fail to participate in the admiration of the 17th century for this particular kind of poetry, when it shall possess sufficient self-denial to transplant itself out of the totally different circle of contemporary ideas into the intuition of the world, and the mode of representing it, from which this entire species of drama has sprung. He who can in this way penetrate deeply into the spirit of a past century, will see the wonderful creations of Calderon's *autos* rise before him, with sentiments somewhat akin to those of the astronomer, who turns his far reaching telescope upon the heavens, and as he scans the mighty spaces, sees the milky way separating into suns, and from the fathomless depths of the universe, new worlds of inconceivable splendour rising up.† Or let me use another illustration; he may feel like the voyager, who having

* Neither Schack nor Lorinser gives any direct reference to this passage of Guerra. I have found it at page 96 of the *Apelacion al Tribunal de los Doctos*, &c., of Fr. Manuel de Guerra y Ribera, 4to, Madrid, 1752. The celebrated *Approbation*, of which this whole treatise is a defence, is dated the 14th April, 1682, and was published originally in the *Verdadera quinta parte de Comedias de Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, Cavallero que fue del Orden de Santiago*, Madrid, 1682. 4to.—M.

† The believing Catholic, whose intuition of the world is the same as that of Calderon, has unconsciously that artificial preparation, which may be needful, if not absolutely necessary in the Protestant, for the enjoyment of the beauties of Calderon's poetry; he feels himself thoroughly at home in the oriental atmosphere which breathes through the poems of Calderon, because it is that of his own faith, and if he is struck with wonder and delight, it is only on account of the profound truthfulness and infinite art with which Calderon has given expression to that which he had long held as a hidden conviction in his breast, but which he had never ventured to dream, could be so beautifully and splendidly represented.—LORINSER.

traversed the wide waste of waters, steps upon a new region of the earth, where he is surrounded by unknown and wonderful forms, a region which speaks to him in the mysterious voices of its forests and its streams, and where other species of beings of a nature different from any he has known, look out wonderingly at him from their strange eyes. Indeed like to such a region of wonder these poems hem us round. A temple opens before us, in which, as in the Saint-Graal Temple, of Titurel,* the eternal Word is represented symbolically to the senses. At the entrance, the breath as if of the spirit of eternity blows

* Alluding, I presume, to the German Romance of Titurel, by Albrecht von Scharfenberg, A.D. 1350. The quest of the *Saint-Graal* forms an important episode in *Le Morte D'Arthur*. The following brief passage may be given as slightly illustrative of the text. "Thenne ther entred into the halle the holy graile coverd with whyte samyte, but there was none myghte see hit, nor who bare hit. And ther was alle the halle fulfylled with good odours." * * * "And when the holy grayle had be borne through the halle, then the holy vessel departed sodenly that they wyste not where it becam, thenne had they all brethe to speke." —*Le Morte D'Arthur*, Reprint., London, 1817, 2, p. 209. For a fuller explanation of the allusion in the text I am indebted to my friend Dr. Anster, who has recently added a most admirable version of the second part of Faust to his famous translation of the first part of that celebrated poem. "I transcribe for you," says Dr. Anster, "from Marmier's 'Etudes sur Goethe,' a sentence which he quotes from Fauriel's 'Origine de l'Epopée Chevaleresque du Moyen age,' p. 78. 'Le Graal est le vase dans lequel Jésus-Christ célébra la cène avec ses disciples la veille de sa Passion, le vase, doué des vertus les plus merveilleuses, fut emporté et gardé par les anges dans le ciel, jusqu à ce qu'il se trouvât sur la terre une lignée de héros dignes d'etre préposés à sa garde et à son culte. Le chef de cette lignée fut un prince de race Asiatique, nommé Perille, qui vint s'etablir dans la Gaule, où ses descendans s'allierènt par la suite avec les descendans d'un ancien chef Breton. Titurel fut celui de l' héroique lignée a qui les anges apportèrent le graal pour en fonder le culte dans la Gaule.'

"Fauriel then proceeds to tell how Titurel built a temple on the model of that of Solomon, in which was deposited the Graal, and arranged for the guardianship of the vase—and had an office composed for the culte. To see the Graal it was necessary to be baptised, to the infidel it was invisible. The templars were the guardians of the mysterious treasure."—M.

upon us, and a holy auroral splendour, like the brightness of the Divinity, fills the consecrated dome. In the centre, as the central point of all being and of all history, stands the cross, on which the infinite Spirit has sacrificed Himself, from His infinite benevolence towards man. At the foot of this sublime symbol stands the poet as Hierophant and prophet, who explains the pictures upon the walls, and the dumb language of the tendrils, and the flowers that are twining round the columns, and the melodious tones which reverberate in music from the vault. He waves his magic wand, and the halls of the temple extend themselves through the immeasurable; a perspective of pillars spreads from century to century up to the dark grey era of the past, where first the fountain of life gushes up, and where suns and stars, coming forth from the womb of Nothing, begin their course. And the inspired seer unveils the secrets of creation, showing to us the breath of God moving over the chaos, as he separates the solid earth from the waters, points out to the moon and the stars their orbits, and commands the elements whither they should fly and what they are to seek. We feel ourselves folded in the wings of the Spirit of the Universe, and we hear the choral jubilation of the new-born suns, as they solemnly enter on their appointed paths, proclaiming the glory of the Eternal. From the dusky night, which conceals the source of all things, we see the procession of peoples, through the ever-renewing and decaying generations of men, following that star that led the wise men from the east, and advancing in their pilgrimage towards the place of promise; but beyond, irradiated by the splendours of redemption and reconciliation, lies the future, with its countless generations of beings yet unborn. And the sacred poet points all round to the illimitable, beyond the boundaries of time out into eternity, shows the relation of all things created

and uncreated, to the symbol of grace, and how all nations look up to Him in worship. The universe in its thousandfold phenomena, with the chorus of all its myriad voices, becomes one sublime psalm to the praise of the most Holy; heaven and earth lay their gifts at His feet, the stars, "the never-fading flowers of heaven," and the flowers, "the transitory stars of earth," must pay Him tribute; day and night, light and darkness, lie worshipping before Him in the dust, and the mind of man opens before Him its most hidden depths, in order that all its thoughts and feelings may become transfigured in the intuition of the Eternal.

"This is the spirit that breathes from the *autos* of Calderon, upon him who can comprehend them in the sense meant by the poet. Even the colder critic will, in many respects, find it difficult to withhold his admiration. He may find himself estranged—and we scarce can blame him for it—by many a too daring attempt; he may consider the entire species, to which these *autos* belong, in their curious mixture of imagination, scholasticism, and theosophy, an eccentric creation of poesy; but he will be compelled to pay the tribute of his admiration, to the inexhaustible art, with which these heterogeneous elements have been conquered and melted into each other. Indeed, owing to the much greater difficulties that here present themselves, the mastery of Calderon is infinitely more worthy of admiration in the *autos* than in the *comedias;* his very gifts as a poet appear purer and more splendid, because the few defects that here and there disfigure his secular dramas, the redundancy and bombast of some of his speeches, disappear entirely in the *autos*, and give place to a simple clearness that is in harmony with the sublimity of the representation. The splendour of the images has been controlled by prudence, and made subordinate to the leading thought, and no hyperbolical

waste of words is permitted to destroy the harmony of the idea and of its expression. The heaven-directed worshipping mind of Calderon seems to have concentrated all its powers into one burning point, in order to give in the *autos*, the highest work he was capable of producing. It seems most marvellous how in these poems the whole world of apparent things becomes transparent, and, so to say, transfigured, in order that from his hundredfold representations the hidden ray of the divine should be revealed. Ancient history and mythology, the remote past and the mysterious future, the creation with all its wonders, the world of plants and animals, the heights and depths of being, and all the movements and motions of the human mind and the human heart, are made use of in the most wonderful and most genial combinations to glorify Christianity in its most holy symbol; and these combinations are, with all their mysterious meaning, of a clearness that excites astonishment. The poet knows how to represent in determined outlines, as in a magic mirror, even that which is most hidden and impalpable, the shadowy shapes of thought itself. Having here to do only with the abstractions of reason, with metaphysical general ideas, that power of creation is most wonderful by means of which he has given to those lifeless entities a personal existence, and an individual vitality. Nor less astonishing is the art of the dramatic composition, which upon a super-terrestrial soil, and with merely allegories and symbols for his characters has been able to produce not only an interest, but an action that excites the utmost curiosity."*

* Schack, b. 3, pp. 251–256. To these opinions of Protestant laymen, Dr. Lorinser doubtless would have been glad to have been able to add those of a Protestant Archbishop. The following passages are taken from the 3rd chapter of the essay on "The Life and Genius of Calderon," by the Most Rev. Dr. Trench, prefixed to his analysis, with some translated portions of Calderon's Comedia *Vida es Sueño*, and of his Auto *El Gran*

Beautiful and true as these words just quoted from one of the most profound connoisseurs of Spanish literature are, and

Teatro del Mundo, which appeared in England the same year as Lorinser's more elaborate introduction to the *autos* was published in Germany. Speaking of the *autos* the Archbishop says—

"Lope de Vega took possession of this, as he did of every other form of national poetry, cultivating and carrying it far higher than he found it. He did much for it, but he left much also for his successors, Calderon above all, to do. The *auto*, as managed by him, fell very short in completeness, in depth, and in beauty, of that which in Calderon's hands it afterwards became. This last found in the distinctly religious drama that which met all the requirements of his soul. His two vocations of dramatist and priest were here at length reconciled in highest and most harmonious atonement, and from the finished excellence of these works in all their details, he appears to have dedicated to them his utmost care, to have elaborated them with the diligence of a peculiar love."—p. 86, * * After alluding to the frigid criticism of Sismondi, and the unworthy flippancy of Southey, adding almost in the words of Schack, that any "one who is able to plant himself there," *i.e.* "in a region of art altogether new and alien from all those in which he may hitherto have moved," "and who cares to make closer acquaintance with these poems, will very soon be filled with quite other feelings, as this acquaintance increases." The Archbishop proceeds as follows:—

"He will be filled, I fear not to say, with an endless astonishment and admiration at the skill of the poet in conquering the almost unconquerable difficulties of his theme, at the power with which he masters and moulds the most heterogeneous materials, combining them and making them subservient to the purposes of his art, at the inexhaustible variety which he contrives, by aid of new combinations, to impart to materials which he may have been already compelled often to employ, at the transparent intention of his allegory, so that the inner spirit looks ever through the symbol, infuses it with its own life, and leaves no doubt or hesitation about its meaning. Add to these merits, the gorgeous poetic diction, wherein he clothes the flights of an imagination, for which nothing is too bold, which dares to reach all worlds; while, greatest triumph of all, he is able to impart even a dramatic interest to that which, whatever other merits it might acquire in its treatment, seemed in its very nature incapable of this merit. But so it is, he makes his reader to follow now, as no doubt the spectator did once, with liveliest interest the fortunes of his abstract persons. This he effects, partly by his consummate skill, which has not deserted him here, in preparing and bringing about his situations, but chiefly because these persons, abstract as they are, are yet representatives of great and abiding interests for man. It is in one shape or another man's struggle and his temptations, his fall and his

great as may be the acknowledgment which the circumstance deserves, that a Protestant should possess so much self-denial, as to give himself up with such unprejudiced objectiveness, to this strict Catholic mode of intuition of Calderon, still, in those

rise again, with the wonders of redeeming love which are set forth before our eyes.

"For indeed it is the Christian poet, whom in characterizing the *autos* we are called primarily to contemplate; one finding his inspiration in the great mysteries of revelation and redemption. * * * The springs of his inspiration are not, more than any other man's, in the errors which he holds, but in the truth. And it is not too much to say of the greater number of these marvellous compositions that they are hymns of loftiest praise to redeeming Love, summonses to all things which have breath to praise the Lord, and he too that writes, writes as one that has seen Satan fall like lightning from heaven, and rejoices in spirit with his Lord."—*Life's a Dream; The Great Theatre of the World. From the Spanish of Calderon*, &c.—London, 1856.

While on the subject of this interesting little volume, by Archbishop Trench, I may point out two mistakes into which his Grace has fallen, and which indeed without a range of very discursive reading in Spanish literature it would be difficult to avoid. Speaking of the charming snatches of melody that here and there occur in Calderon's dramas, Dr. Trench says, very truly, "Nothing can be more exquisite than the little fragments of song, tiny drops of melody, which yet sometimes reflect a whole world of thought and feeling, which are scattered through his plays."—Appendix, p. 228. Of the five examples which he gives, two are unfortunately not Calderon's at all, though used by him with the same freedom with which Shakspeare, in several of his plays, dealt with fragments of old English ballads and songs. Indeed I am not without suspecting that a more diligent examination of the older lyrical poetry of Spain than I have been able to give it might detect the three remaining specimens also, which have been culled for us by the Archbishop. The first example—

"Las flores del romero,
Niña Isabel,
Hoy son flores Azules,
Y mañana serán miel,"—

Was written by Gongora, and may be found at p. 506, t. 32, of Rivadeneyra's Autores Españoles. Calderon's claim to the next, beginning—

"Es el engaño traidor,"—

conclusions a certain indefiniteness is observable, which does not give us a distinct idea of what Calderon was really aiming at in his *autos*, and in what the key to a right understanding of them is to be found. It is, indeed, unusually difficult to present in well defined outlines an image of such sublime and mysterious productions, and we must confess that the genial touches of Baron von Schack, in which he has interpreted with great justness and fidelity, the portions of the subject that were really the hardest to be understood, deserve our admiration, and are a masterpiece in their way. We believe, notwithstanding, that the character of the *autos* may be explained more definitely and with greater precision; and that this, which, for a believing Catholic, and especially for a theologian, is comparatively easy, and entitled to little merit, is, for the Protestant,

of which Dr. Trench says, "What depth as well as beauty is in the second!" I hope will not be disturbed. The third—

> "Aprended, flores, de mi
> Lo que va de ayer a hoy;
> Que ayer maravilla fui,
> Y hoy sombra mia aun no soy,"—

is also by Gongora, and may be seen in the same volume of Rivadeneyra, p. 502, where it is remarked, in a note, that "no redondilla has been *glossed* more frequently than this." Even in the drama I have found a proof of the correctness of this statement, prior to Calderon. In Lope de Vega's play, *La Moza de Cántaro.*—Acto, 2, s. vi. (Hartzenbusch's ed. t. 1. p. 557), the lines are introduced with an elaborate gloss, different from that of Gongora. All these fragments of old songs were doubtless familiar to the audience, and to the reader when the plays were printed, and did not require to be acknowledged. The two remaining specimens "Ruiseñor, que volando vas," and "No eo menester que digais," are probably Calderon's, but our certainty is somewhat shaken by the facts just stated.

The song, "*Las flores del romero*," is translated into English by Mr. Churton, in his excellent work upon "Gongora,"—London, 1862, t. 2, p. 105. A German version of the *Aprended, flores de mi*, of Gongora, by Emanuel Geibel, is given in the *Spanisches Liederbuch*, p. 116.—Berlin, 1852.—M.

no matter how learned or æsthetically cultivated he may be, a matter of very great difficulty, because as long as he is a Protestant, it will be almost impossible for him to enter thoroughly into the conception of Catholic feeling and thought.*

In order to understand in their source the enthusiasm, the worship, the elevated feelings and ideas that constitute the precious substance of these poems, there is required above everything else the full possession of the Catholic idea of the mystery of the Eucharist, which, however mysterious it may be, and whatever deep, abstract, and philosophical questions it

* The correctness of this judgment, I find just now confirmed by one who is a Protestant himself. Louis Lemcke, in the 3rd volume of his *Handbook of Spanish Literature* (Leipsic, 1856, p. 675), makes the following remarks on the *autos* of Calderon. "We will only observe here that these pieces are undoubtedly the most sublime, that, from the mystic-catholic point of view, a poet has ever been inspired with. He who would wish to know the perfect poetry of Catholicism must seek it in Calderon's *autos*, it being taken for granted, as Schack says, 'that he possesses sufficient self-denial to transplant himself out of the totally different circle of contemporary ideas into the intuition of the world and the mode of representing it, from which this entire species of drama has sprung up.' We will add, that certainly not only for a Protestant, but for any one born in the nineteenth century (?) it is by no means easy to fulfil these conditions. Both such persons, in the reading of these pieces, will seldom be able to prevent a certain amount of aversion mingling with their admiration of so eminent a poetical genius, and they will feel themselves more than once inclined to agree with the sober judgment of Bouterwek, 'that we ought to congratulate those nations to whom a better fate has denied such intellectual enjoyment.'" These words may here remain as an additional proof of the powerful influence that inborn prejudice is able to exercise on highly cultivated and impartial minds. Freely will we admit that the real source of such erroneous impressions is to be found much more in absolute ignorance of the Catholic system and its profound truth, than in malevolent aversion. Some people have created in their own imagination a ridiculous phantom which they hold as Catholic truth, and which they themselves have invested with the external forms of Catholicity, and wherever they think they find these forms, they commence an attack upon the wind-mills, first on theological grounds and then on æ : ones, which, owing to their own fault, deprives them of the h ɔ and purest enjoyment.—LORINSER.

may suggest to the thinking mind, still floats clearly before the eyes of a believing soul, which seizes it with such a rapturous power that the heart never tires of experiencing the highest and deepest feelings, and the mind never ceases brooding over those great and really divine thoughts which this mystery encloses in its own sublime simplicity. The God made Man, in His infinite love, gives Himself to us as our nourishment, under the appearance of bread: He is here with His whole immeasurable being really and truly present under the veil of the sacrament, in order that like a heavenly Pelican, He may feed us with His own substance; that He may, so to say, pour Himself out in love, and give Himself up to His creatures, in order that through this divine food they may be nurtured for eternal life. What highest flight of thought, what deep innermost strength of feeling, has ever found such expression, as the attempt even approximately to speak out and represent in a worthy way an idea, which stamped upon its forehead, as it were, in letters of fire, bears the impress of divinity, and which could have only emanated from the bosom of God Himself. Indeed an inexhaustible theme of thought as well as feeling is here presented, a continual summons to praise, to thanks, to jubilee, to glorification, that never even in eternity can thoroughly be satisfied, a germ of sublimest poetry that expands far above the earth, and mingles with the never-ending hymns of joy that the blessed spirits sing through all eternity. Those deep words of St. Thomas of Aquin, in the hymn which he composed for the festival of Corpus Christi—*Lauda Sion Salvatorem*, express the relation which earthly poetry bears to this sacrament.

"Quantum potes, tantum aude:
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis.

" Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis,
Hodie proponitur."*

This hymn gives the real key to the understanding of the *autos sacramentales*, and was perhaps itself what led externally to the production of this particular kind of Corpus Christi festivities.

He who cannot enter into the blessedness, the inexhaustible fulness of rapture and delight that a believing soul enjoys in the contemplation of the mystery of the Eucharist, he who receives it frigidly as a mere cold conception of the intellect, instead of with a warm believing heart taking it into himself and practically experiencing its effects, will always find in Calderon's *autos* an inexplicable riddle, and he should not presume to understand them or sympathise with them in the spirit of their author.

For the Eucharist is in fact not only the greatest miracle of God's love, but it is the uttermost limit to which that love, with all its omnipotent power, could reach. It is also the living centre of all worship upon earth, the very crown and flower of the work of redemption, the aim and end of innumerable types and prophecies, and stands therefore in nearer or farther relation with each and every constituent portion of Christian belief. As all theology is fundamentally but the knowledge of Jesus Christ, that alpha and omega, out of which it all proceeds, and in which it is all included, so in the secret of his

* Do thy best, no effort sparing,
Dare thy most, for all thy daring
Will be weak His praise to sing.

Special theme for praise and blessing,
Here is [illegible]l for our possessing,
Brea[illegible]t lives and maketh live.

love, the Eucharist, everything is connected with it that is connected with Christ. The inanimate creation as well as the living, all the works of God together, the symbolical as well as the historical events which occurred in the grey dawn of antiquity, or were accomplished in the fulness of time, the actions of men themselves, with all their hidden springs, with all their labyrinthian combinations, nay, with all their terrible aberrations and disfigurements, stand in mysterious relation to the Eucharist, and are all links of that mystic chain, which willingly or unwillingly, freely or through compulsion, must unite in a crown of dazzling rays, round this centre of the Divine upon the earth. The whole universe, from the smallest dew-drop to the remotest solar system, from the darkness of the abyss, up to the celestial choirs of the angels, is a gigantic remonstrance fabricated by the masterhand of God for the glorification of the sacrament, a living remonstrance round which every pearl sings a hymn of praise, every diamond is a worshipper, where the actions of all living beings, of whom it is composed, turn to music, and where even the howlings of the demons in the pit give testimony of the splendour of Him, before whom they tremble.

This is the fundamental meaning of the *autos sacramentales*, which have realized the *quantum potes, tantum aude* in the boldest and most comprehensive way that was possible to a mortal tongue. A theme so great, so infinitely varied could not indeed be comprised in one poem. Only one side, which is nearly lost in the immensity of the others, could be represented in one single *auto*. Therefore the necessity arose, in order to give expression, even in an approximate way, to the sublime thoughts of the poet, which were the source of the *autos*, to multiply their number, and, so to say, to set one pearl after the other, one diamond after the other in this

magnificent remonstrance of poetry. Therefore, if one would really wish to have a right conception of the signification of the *autos*, it is indispensable not to look at them separately, but as one great coherent whole, the beauty and harmony of which, however beautiful each particular part may be, can only be understood by that combination and interlacing of the entire, when it forms itself into a circlet of dazzling rays, which, in veneration of the sacrament, floats like a celestial glory around it. A single *auto* is but one ray of this glory, and produces its full effect only when it is combined with the others.

The endless variety of the constituent parts, out of which the gigantic structure of this colossal song of praise is composed, which in fact could not be greater, because it contains nothing less than the whole universe, including even those of its co-existent elements that are bad and defective (such as demons, human passions, errors, and sins, which form the shadow that enhances the splendour of the light). The manifold nature of these elements has this inherent advantage, that it gives the poet an unbounded freedom in their selection, and that consequently the more beautifully varied they are mingled together, the fairer and more significant will be the garland that is woven out of them, for this very multifariousness brings out in a more prominent way, the universality of the sublime song of praise, and makes its intensity be felt so much the stronger.

Nevertheless, among these pearls and diamonds, these flowers and rays, or by whatever name we designate the separate *autos*, which unite in this gigantic shrine of the sacrament, two classes essentially distinct from each other may be noticed; one of them we would compare to those precious stones which surround the inner circle, that portion of the consecrated vessel which is nearest to the sacred Host, whilst the others, so to say, take the place of those external rays and

ornaments which form the periphery of the entire. We at once perceive that those relating directly and immediately to the Eucharist have an action and a *personnel*, in which the connection with the sacrament is transparent; as for example, *The Viatic Lamb, The Divine Philothea, Poison and Antidote, Devotion to the Mass*, &c., whilst others treat a theme which one might imagine as being altogether self-sustaining, and without any direct reference to the Eucharist, and where this reference is first brought forward at the close by some bold transition, without, however, being ever entirely irrelevant or remote, as for instance, in *The Great Theatre of the World, The Spiritual Orders of Knighthood*, &c. In this way the poet gains an immense field for the choice of his theme; he treats materials which are extracted from the whole compass of faith, from sacred, even from profane history so far as it offers a symbolic explanation of Christian dogmas, and we must indeed admire the consummate art with which he is able to discover in these materials the frequently fine and remote relations that connect them with the sacrament, and make them a fitting foundation for a Corpus Christi play. He sings, for example, the legend of the Holy House of Loretto, the Sermon of St. Paul, at Athens, about the unknown God, and often only in the last scene draws away the veil, that lets the Holiest be seen, when the symbol of the sacrament, the Chalice with the Host, appears, and which impresses the whole *auto*, as if with the seal of a higher consecration.

Thus, indeed, the *autos* transform themselves into a kind of religious epos, that sings the acts of eternal love, the plans and decrees of God with reference to man, from the formation of chaos up to the smallest circumstance connected with His ever-present providence in the history of the Church, and from all sides, brings to our intuition the deep poetical relations of all

those divine works and truths, with a glow of fancy, a lively portraiture, a depth and tenderness of feeling, and a charm of language that are truly worthy of the subject.

Though these general remarks may, perhaps, be sufficient for conveying a precise impression of the real object of those poems and their contents, still upon a subject about which V. Schack has given us already such deep and correct information, viz., their form, we also have many observations to make which may be worthy of notice, and can serve, moreover, to give a deeper insight into the meaning of these poems.

There is here, in the first place, the dramatic form which deserves our attention, and which, in union with allegory and symbol, lays the foundation of an entirely peculiar and new kind of poetry, which stands unique in its way, and which absolutely cannot be compared with anything else of its kind.

That the drama stands in intimate relations with religion, is a truth which lies deeply grounded in the nature of the thing itself, and which receives an incontrovertible confirmation in the fact, that dramatic poetry, at its commencement, was everywhere religious. This is not the place to commence a prolix inquiry as to the religious origin of the drama. It is sufficient that the fact is well established, and is generally admitted, that the drama of antiquity formed itself exclusively out of mythology, and had from the beginning a decidedly religious object, as that also in Christendom it first treated of religious subjects, and was considered a religious solemnity.

Religious truths are and have been everywhere not abstract speculations, but traditions of something that has really happened, of historical facts and actions ; it may be that they, as in the mythologies of paganism, have evaporated in myths and fables out of that historical kernel which they originally preserved; that they most fantastically transformed themselves,

and from the region of history wandered away into that of imagination and poetry, so that the original historical kernel can only be recognised in dark and almost obliterated traces; or it may be, that these truths were transmitted as well-warranted, divinely attested history, by the chosen people of antiquity, and in the Church of the New Covenant, wherever what was essential in religion coincided with history. But if the religious truths were historical acts, or if they presented themselves in the borrowed splendour of history as myths and fables, then they too were essentially dramatic, and contained within themselves a direct challenge to be represented dramatically, in order to keep themselves alive, and to produce that impression, which matters of fact necessarily make on the human mind. We know also that the tragedies of the Greeks were looked upon as a worship of the gods, and were accompanied by religious ceremonies. In the same way, at a very early period, people began to represent dramatically the sacred narratives of the Old and New Testaments, particularly those parts of them which must necessarily produce a deep impression, for instance, the history of the Passion of our Lord, using even the churches for their representation, because, in fact, they were regarded as a kind of divine worship, and were assisted at with religious earnestness and deep emotion.*

Public worship also, among all nations, consists of religious acts, sacrifices, and ceremonies, which have something in them essentially dramatic; indeed, in a certain way (and especially in the Catholic Church), it can be considered as a kind of symbolical dramatic poesie, an observation which is involuntarily suggested by those ceremonies, with which the Church accompanies the holy Sacrifice, and the administration of the

* See V. Eichendorff: "Zur Geschichte des Dramas,"—Leipzig, 1854, s. 16, &c.

sacraments, and which brings into clearer light the close affinity which exists between religious worship and the drama.

If those first beginnings of the drama, in which it belongs one half to divine service, and still has a religious signification, must naturally present it to us in its most imperfect form, and when we see it everywhere else developing itself the more artistically, the more it abandons the religious soil, and seeks its material in wider circles, it by no means follows, what at first sight one would be almost tempted to believe, that the religious element by narrowing and contracting its range interfered with its artistic development, or was quite incompatible with real dramatic art. That imperfection, which is the characteristic of the drama in its first religious development, comes, in fact, only from this, that here the first elements of art, which of necessity must be rude and defective, became coincident with the most difficult subjects that this very art has to deal with, which is beyond all doubt, for the drama, the proper treatment of a religious material. Although too, the first beginnings of the religious drama are everywhere rude and heavy, still we would be justified, after art had exercised itself, and elevated itself by dealing with secular materials, in expecting a higher epoch of the religious drama, which would turn to good account, the artistic experiences which were acquired in the worldly school, in order to make them serve for the highest, but also the most difficult object that the drama can select.

It is indeed strange that this second, and higher epoch of the religious drama, that which follows immediately after the artistically developed secular drama, or rather goes hand in hand with it, and which it would only be natural to expect, should nevertheless have come into existence in Spain alone, and there found its development in the *autos sacramentales.*

The isolated attempts at the religious drama, which we find occasionally among other nations, cannot enter into consideration here at all, not only because they never reached any very high artistic development, but more particularly on this account that they utterly failed in obtaining that popularity which ever attends the true development of art, and which the *autos* have enjoyed for so long a time, and to such a high degree in Spain.

That it has been Spain alone, that has created a really artistic religious drama, and on this account has brought that species of poetry to the highest degree of perfection, while all other nations up to that period should have founded their glory in the worldly department of dramatic poesie, can only find its explanation in the deep religious character of this extraordinary people, whose great dramatic poet-heroes (Lope de Vega and Calderon), dissatisfied with this terrestrial glory of the theatre, and so far as, perhaps, it was not a perfectly pure one, repenting of it, still in their old age, entered into Holy Orders, and devoted their muse thenceforth exclusively to the sacred and the divine. Without having abated anything of the youthful glow of their fancy, but dowered with all the treasures of the poetical practice and experience of a long artistic life, they made themselves in fact masters in the difficult task for which they were perfectly competent, and were able to create those really artistic productions, which will remain through all time an object of admiration to successive generations.

And here it must in no way surprise us, if we see the religious drama at its highest culminating point again going hand in hand with allegory and symbol, as in the old Mysteries and Moralities. Upon two-fold grounds it appears to us that the spiritual drama has been specially assigned to symbolism and allegory. In the first place the actions themselves, which

constitute the chief substance not only of heathenish fable and mythology, but also of Christian, historical, and religious truths, are in themselves essentially symbolical. That oriental, as well as Greek mythology is, for the greatest part, not so much fabulous history as a poetical and philosophical symbol, cannot be contradicted by any one who has made a study of heathenish antiquity, how different the apparent meaning of those symbols may be to their real signification. But even the fundamental truths of Christianity also are profoundly symbolical, and differ in this respect only from those of heathenish mythology by their combining true and undoubted history with symbolical signification.

The matters of fact themselves are here of a symbolic nature, they have not only really happened, but in their historical reality point to something that is to be done in the future, or to something that has a signification in a spiritual or moral sense. At all times has the Catholic Church taught, that the mystical (allegorical, tropological, and anagogical) sense of holy Scripture by no means contains a mere arbitrary explanation and accommodation, but that it encloses an inner truth, which has been introduced into it by the Holy Ghost himself. We must give up all prefigurative typical significations of the Old Testament, and destroy the connection of the two Testaments, as well as fall into the shallowest rationalism, which is diametrically opposed to the essence of Christianity, if we would deny this truth. Yes, not only are the words and expressions of holy Scripture symbolical, but the incidents themselves, the historical matters of fact, the persons even, contain, without prejudice to their historical reality, a symbolic meaning; a a truth, to which St. Paul himself has borne testimony, where, speaking of the Jewish people, he says: *Hæc omnia in figura contingebat illis.* ("Now all these things happened to them in

figure.")—1 Corinth. x. 11. But also the events of the New Testament, the actions of Jesus Christ in particular, enclose within them a symbolical signification. St. Gregory expresses but one universally received opinion, which has been pronounced by all the Fathers of the Church in their deep commentaries on holy Scripture, where he says: "*Miracula Domini sic accipienda sunt ut et in veritate credantur facta et tamen per significationem nobis aliquid innuant. Opera quippe ejus et per potentiam aliud ostendunt et per mysterium aliud loquuntur.*"—Hom. 2, in Evang.* These symbolical and allegorical significations which the Christian faith offers, by no means confine themselves to holy Scripture, with its typical events and persons: all Nature seems to a believing eye but one divine symbol: its enigmas are mystical secrets which speak a language imperceptible indeed to a profane ear, but which relates the wonders of divine love and the mysteries of unfathomable wisdom. And this double symbolism of holy Scripture and Nature is at the same time the highest and most sublime *poesie*, the poesie even of God, who in His revelation, in the creation as well as in the redemption, speaks a deep poetical language, in which He is the first, the infinite Poet Himself, whose sublime poem the poor creature can only imitate in a most imperfect way. But what lies now nearer to religious poetry, and what is a fitter and more splendid material for it, is exactly this symbolism and allegory of the universe and its history, which is not only the key to the understanding of its riddles, but is also the highest ideal illustration of its reality, wherein lies indeed the task of all poesy. Philosophy and poesy must here coalesce, and as true philosophy

* The miracles of God are to be taken in such a sense, that they are to be believed as having really happened, while they intimate something else to us by their signification. For His works show us one thing by the power, and teach us another thing by the mystery.

always contains within it a poetical element, so indeed is the highest poetry always philosophical.

A second reason why the religious drama naturally sees itself restricted to the allegorical and the symbolic, lies not as the first, in the material of which it treats, but in the nature of allegory and symbol themselves. This is in fact of that kind, that it is itself always a kind of poesy, a form which properly lies at the bottom of all poesy. Symbol and allegory consist principally of two forces, which in their nature bear a deeply poetical character. The first is a hieroglyphic language which puts one thing in the place of another, which "says this and means that," as Calderon himself has expressed it. These hieroglyphic emblems however are not chosen at random, but must contain an internal relation in themselves to the thing signified. Nevertheless, a certain freedom in the choice of the symbols prevails, and this it is that makes their multiplicity possible. Every poetical image is, therefore, in a certain sense a symbol, and all poesy symbolic. The second of those forces which create poesy from symbol and allegory, is the effort to personify inanimate beings, as well those of the natural world, as conceptions and ideas. Here everything is living and personal: a fountain of life is opened, which gushes up in inexhaustible abundance, and thus, whilst he gives life and thought to everything by his creative power, the poet gains the opportunity of explaining those mystical affinities, for which without the help of these personifications, language would be too poor, and which give a life and movement to the representation which in itself is the highest poetry. But not only can he make his self-created characters think and speak, but he can impart to them actions, which again with increased poetical power are the symbolical expression of their significance. By this the repr
tation gains something plastic and concrete, which in ti

an important effect upon the true poetic momentum of the piece. From this it becomes apparent, that by the union of the drama with allegory and symbol, a new world, in fact a new atmosphere is created, whose only silent presupposition is a highly poetical thought, where poesy soars upon so strong a wing, that it is not easy to imagine that it can ever rise higher.

Now as art is something essentially human, and must combine together the two human attributes, mind and matter, it is therefore of the most essential importance for a real artistic and poetical allegory and symbol, that the allegorical and symbolical personages into whom the poet breathes life, should be real human figures, or in other words, that they should have a true living and not merely an apparent living existence; if the latter were the case, the allegory would destroy through their whole being the claims to life with which these characters had been endowed, as well as the poetical effect that might be expected, and a frigid allegory would be the consequence, which, instead of being genuine poesy, would be nothing more than the dryest prose. This is, indeed, but too frequently a rock upon which the introduction of the allegory has been shipwrecked, and which therefore by its awkward application to it has brought this form of poetry into discredit. Into this fault fell only too often those first attempts at the religious drama, which were known in the middle ages under the name of Mysteries and Moralities. But so much the more beautifully and artistically has this error been avoided in the *autos* of Calderon; and with full truth, therefore, says the Baron von Eichendorff, "The Calderonic *autos* are the poetical transfiguration of the old Mysteries and Moralities, and are pre-eminently the poesy of the invisible. We say, *pre-eminently*, because in its essence all poetry aims at nothing less than the Eternal, the imperishable

and the absolutely beautiful, that which we are for ever longing after here below, but which we can nowhere see. But this is in itself unrepresentable, and can only be made apparent allegorically, *i.e.*, by an earthly veiling through which the glimmering form of the idea is seen. All genuine poetry is, therefore, properly speaking, symbolical, or in other words, an allegory in the widest sense. The question then really is of the artistic reconcilement of the two, *i.e.*, that the eternal should not appear as a metaphysical abstraction only, nor the veiled earthly as a mere dead formula, but that each should penetrate the other to the innermost, so that while the allegory becomes alive, the poetical figures should not only *signify*, but really *be* actual, individual, living figures. But what is the most extraordinary thing of all is just this, that it is in this very respect that the wonderful genius of this poet has, in almost every instance, completely succeeded. Whilst the divine becomes human, the terrestrial too, that is all nature, speaking, in a sort of divine intoxication, a language of stars and flowers, and thus symbolizing the super-sensual, plays out the drama in a height, where this world and the next in accordant sounds mingle together, and where time and space, and all opposition disappear in the mystery of eternal love. We feel that under the terrestrial veil lies silent and asleep the unfathomable song which is the voice of all things, lost as it were, in dreams of unutterable longing; but Calderon speaks the magic word, and the world begins to sing."*

With such an exposition on the essence of allegory, and its relation to poetry, it, in fact, seems incredible how any one can ask the question whether, generally speaking, allegory and the personification of ideas are admissible into the drama? The

* "Zur Geschichte des Dramas."—S. 57.

prejudices that so many have cherished upon this point may well, indeed, have derived their origin in that flat and very unpoetical way of looking at things, which, hostile to whatever seems deep and mysterious, may, for that very reason, be only able to enjoy the superficial, and which seeks its standard of beauty not in the idea, but in the cover and the form—altogether in a region of the senses. That allegory, on account of its profundity, and its effort to bring the supersensual within the limits of our comprehension, carries of course with it a certain obscurity that renders the understanding of such poems somewhat difficult, can easily be conceived; but it is also certain that, if once the key to their meaning is found, it possesses a clearness and a transparency, and can unfold a wealth of thought, which in no other it would be possible to attain.

If, therefore, the allegorical-dramatic form of the *autos*, with all the singularity with which so unusual a species of poetry comes before us, is not only fully justified, but, founded in the nature of things and adapting itself to art, seems properly the only natural one, then the special peculiarities of Calderon, and the singular excellence that distinguishes *his* autos from all other compositions of this kind, exhibit something so essentially characteristic, that they cannot be silently passed over in an essay that treats of the general nature of the whole class.

We have here to speak of the peculiar *personnel* that Calderon has created in his *autos*. This is of such a singular nature that in the only volume of these poems which he published, and which contains but a small portion of them, the poet himself saw the necessity of speaking in the following way as to the choice of his persons:—

"Some fastidious reader will not fail to perceive that in most of these *autos* the same personages are introduced—such as

Faith, Grace, Sin, Nature, Judaism, Heathenism, &c. But this is justified, or can be justified, by the circumstance that as the subject is ever one and the same, it is necessary to reach the desired end by one and the same means; but more especially when it is considered that these same means, so many times repeated, ever reach that end in a different way—which, in my humble judgment, is rather a matter of admiration than reproof: for the greatest wonder of nature is this, that with the same features she can make so many different countenances. By such an example, although the analogy does not extend to the excellence of the workmanship, I may be excused for having made so many *autos* with the same personages.

"Some passages will be found to resemble others—as in nature a certain likeness will be detected between two faces; and although this argument may not be altogether conclusive, it should be remembered that this kind of representation took place only once a year, and that between the production of many of the *autos* which will be found in this first volume, more than a period of twenty years had intervened; and that it is a different thing to have seen them thus divided by so long an interval and to find them here collected together in one volume.

"Some parts will appear cold, because paper is but a poor substitute for the sweet accompaniment of the music and the mechanical contrivances of the stage, unless indeed the imagination of the reader comes to the aid of the poet, and supplies the deficiency."*

As to what concerns the choice of the allegorical personages, it can scarcely be called in any sense of the word an altogether gratuitous one. It always has its deep foundation in the object

* Calderon's *Prologo al Lector. Autos Sacramentales alegóricos y historiales.*—Madrid, 1677.—M.

itself (which, indeed, can only be made perceptible by a critical dissection of individual *autos*), is always even in itself profound poesy, and strikes, so to say, the poetical key-note, to the construction of that ideal stage of the world, on which the *auto* plays its part. This *personnel* once found, the poet, as it were, has only to let all those beings speak and act in their own characteristic sphere, to bring them by language into connection with each other, and then the action of the *auto* develops itself with the most unrestrained truth and freedom of nature. The peculiar and really astonishing art of Calderon consists principally in this, that he is able to give to these allegorical beings the most precise, individual, and characteristic delineation. They are all, so to say, human creatures of flesh and blood, who conduct themselves in the most natural and unconstrained way, according to the allegorical character which has been assigned to them. They are really dramatic figures, endowed with a life and an individuality, which is very often wanting in the human *personnel* of the secular drama. Even what in Spain can never be omitted—the part of the *gracioso*, or jester—is not forgotten, which all through the very often profound action of the piece introduces a life which places us in a region of the most absolute reality. These truly allegorical figures, the abstract personification of ideas, which form the chief portion of the *personnel* of the *autos*, are of a variety almost inexhaustible. Besides those already mentioned, there are the following:—The Law of Nature, The Written Law, The Law of Grace, Islamism, Atheism, Heresy, Idolatry, Vanity, Ignorance, The Seven Sacraments, The Cardinal Virtues, The Seven Deadly Sins, The Four Elements, The World, The Five Senses, The Memory, The Will, The Understanding, Desire, Choice, Simplicity, Wickedness, Fury, Wisdom, Firmness, Tr[illegible] [illegible]ngth, The Four Parts of the World, Wealth,

Poverty, Pain, Joy, Design, Fear, The Human Soul (under different names—for instance, The Bride, Philothea, &c.), The Faith, Doubt, Delight, Grace, Life, Death, Day, Night, The Four Seasons, The Dawn, War, Peace, The Muse, The Secular Arm, The Spiritual Arm, Dream, Shadow, Light, Goodness, Badness, Religion, The Church, Christendom, Alms, Knowledge, Disillusion, Inspiration, Genius, Care, Carelessness, Prayer, Natural Reason, The Body, The Soul, Sin, Time, Human Nature, The Divine Nature, and so on. From these really allegorical personifications of ideas, we must distinguish those which are (if we may use the expression) *compound figures*, those that are actually persons, or at least personified beings, but which are not so much individuals as representatives of a whole class. Of that kind is, before all others, the character of The Man, which appears very frequently, and which cannot always be referred to the first Adam, but is rather a collective idea which typifies the entire human race. To this class also belongs that personage which appears as the representative of a particular position in life—as, for instance, in "The Great Theatre of the World," The King, The Rich Man, The Fair Lady, The Husbandman, The Beggar, The Child, &c.; and also the personification of the different species of trees and vegetable productions in the *auto* which is called "Humility Crowned with Plants"—where The Olive, The Cedar, The Almond Tree, The Oak, The Hawthorn, The Mulberry, The Wheat-ear, and The Vine, enter, speaking and acting upon the stage.

A considerable portion of the persons that figure in the *autos* are finally the real historical ones. Among these we must, first reckon the two divine persons of The Father and Christ, who appear under the most diversified names, and play, (if we may say so) such a variety of parts. Thus, the Eternal Father

is at one time, the Author of the play that is performed on the stage of the universe; at another The Heavenly Steward, The Lord of the Vineyard, The Divine Painter, &c.; and The Son as The Second Adam, The Prince of Light, The Divine Orpheus, &c. The second class of historical personages is formed by the angels and the devils. The first in connection with the personified virtues and good qualities of men, with grace and the means of salvation, represent the principle which impels us to good, whilst the devil, who appears also under various appellations, (as for instance, the Prince of Darkness, or one of the heathen idols, Baal, Belphegor,) uniting with those vices, and with that conspiring element of evil that lies in human nature, represents the wicked principle, thus binding the knot, and furthering the complication of the action. Both companies, the decidedly good and the decidedly bad, usually form the most active portion of the *personnel*, whilst the Divine Persons, in sublime repose, brood as it were over the action, and very seldom directly interfere in it, whilst Man, thinking and doubting, influenced by both sides, now conquering, now yielding, but acting with complete freedom, stands between.

Finally, we meet in the *autos* a great number of human historical persons. Almost every conspicuous personality of the Old or New Testament, as well as many that belong to later history (both saints and heroes) make their appearance occasionally in the *autos:* still it is here to be remembered, that even these persons, as a rule, take an almost entirely allegorical character, are by no means bound by considerations of time and space, and like the absolutely ideal personifications, hover round the action, furthering and helping it to the end. There are to be sure many other *autos*, that retain the historical character to a much stronger degree, which represent a fixed place and a fixed time, and which may be considered as little more

than a spiritual historical drama. But even in such cases, the symbol and the allegory are by no means excluded, and appear unequivocally at the end in their relation to the Sacrament.

In speaking of the *personnel* of the *autos*, we have still to mention those song-parts, which constitute the choir, and which with Calderon, are included under the general name of Music, sounding frequently from behind the scenes, and supplying in the *autos* very nearly the place of the chorus in the ancient drama.

Though the peculiarity of this manifold impersonation is almost sufficient in itself to give us an insight into the ideal circle in which the *autos* move, still it is necessary for a thorough knowledge of their character, to mention some other peculiarities, which are intimately connected with their poetical worth. For the spectator or reader of these poems, it is no easy task, all at once to accustom himself to the new world of ideas, that is here spread out before him, because the allegory in itself often contains a depth, which it requires a very experienced eye to penetrate, as Calderon himself has expressed it:

> "Product both of speech and hearing,
> 'Tis as if no word was spoken,
> When the sense is not appearing."

So that the necessity often arises for the acting beings to define their own signification, and by addressing themselves directly to the audience, give that explanation, which it is absolutely necessary for their hearers to obtain, in order to get the key to the understanding of the whole action. In doing this, they certainly, to some extent, act inconsistently with the parts assigned them: the dramatic illusion is for the moment lost, and a didactic element enters into the whole, which apparently is detrimental to true poetry. But what may be censured as

a real fault in the Calderonic *autos*, is limited almost exclusively to those passages where the action is seemingly broken, and the poetic illusion disturbed. We do not mean to deny, that in some few places, this censure is not altogether without foundation, but even in those, perhaps the fact may arise rather from other accompanying circumstances, than even the necessity of having this explanation with the audience. We must never allow ourselves to forget, that it is impossible to measure the *autos* by the ordinary standard of other dramas; that in many of these, what would be a defect in the other class would not be so in theirs, nay, that it would rather be an advantage; that in the peculiar world in which they play, their nature has no limitations of time or space; that even at their representation, the then present circle of the audience can, to a certain extent, be drawn into the action of the *auto*, without its being obliged to abandon its own sphere, which is the widest and most elastic that can be imagined. It would, therefore, be the greatest injustice to insist here on the observance of all those rules, which the narrow limits of the ordinary world of the stage have prescribed, but which can have no application whatever when this narrowness does not exist. As upon good grounds the so called classical unity of time and place, which the French have carried to an extreme, has long been given up, so in the *autos* we must go one step farther, and take away that partition-wall which separates the time and place of the action on the stage from the presence and the place of the spectator. But as everything is played in a region that lies altogether outside and above time and place, so it is no abandonment of its own peculiar sphere, if the persons of the play put themselves into direct communication with the audience. It is indeed a far more reasonable ground of objection, that those characters find it necessary sometimes to give the expla-

nation of themselves in long speeches, monologues, &c., and that such an exposition is generally necessary, instead of arising out of the development of the action itself. Nevertheless, it will be here evident to the unprejudiced observer, that the latter is the case with Calderon wherever it was possible; that such explanations when they do occur, are interwoven with the development of the action in an uncommonly artistic way, and are themselves frequently of a high poetical beauty, and that the poet does not really require any excuse, when the action itself does not offer him the opportunity of giving that explanation to the spectators, which it is absolutely necessary they should have for the understanding of the whole, if he makes use of that liberty, which the self-created sphere in which he permits his drama to play by its own very nature allows him. That these, it must be admitted, sometimes rather long, elucidatory speeches descend into the depths of theology, is inherent in the nature of the subject; whether those expressions and ideas that have a tendency towards the scholastic form are "a subtle overwiseness" or not, is a question which we do not here intend to dispute with Protestants. In our idea they contain often a truth and depth, the incompatibility of which, with poetry, we cannot understand. They are, moreover, everywhere introduced in a language truly poetical, filled in with the most daring images, and dry and abstract though they may be in themselves, beneath the pen of Calderon, which is ever dipped in the fire of the most brilliant fancy, they gain an impress of peculiar beauty, that at all times essentially distinguishes them from abstract prose. Real faults, in our opinion, are only to be found in Calderon, where he yields to the all-powerful influence of the taste of his time, which, even the strongest minds cannot altogether escape. These are not his defects so much as the defects of his era, among which we may

here specially mention those puns and verbal quibbles which are to be met with, but not very frequently, in the *autos*, although we would by no means deny that plays upon words and deep-meaning etymologies are sometimes very ingenious and poetical, and that many of this class are also to be found in Calderon.

As we shall have something to say upon the language and the poetical expression of the *autos*, we may here, in the first place, remark as to the metre, the trochaic dimeter, in which almost all the Spanish plays are principally written, that they have found in this measure a form of expression which stands in the happiest harmony with the deep thought and all-pervading mystery that characterise this species of drama. This metre, which is such a favourite in Spain, that it is also that of the ancient romances, almost from its very nature, invites to a certain sententious precision, in which, indeed, therefore the essential character of the Calderonic expression consists. At the same time, this measure, which, in its origin, is properly an epic one, possesses such an elasticity and pliancy, that it becomes a peculiarly appropriate vehicle for those long narratives which are detailed with all the wealth of thought and gorgeousness of Spanish fancy with which the *autos* of Calderon as well as his secular dramas are so richly studded.*

* In the eight volumes of Dr. Lorinser's very remarkable work, which have been published up to the present time (June, 1866), I find in the translation no attempt to reproduce the *asonante*, which is the distinctive peculiarity of that special form of Spanish versification, which he rather vaguely calls "the trochaic dimeter." Not having tried it himself, he thought it probably wiser not to allude to it at all; although, in a question of Spanish versification (almost all the old romances as well as *comedias* being written in it), if ever the part of Hamlet was omitted from the play of Hamlet, it is here. The thing is comparatively so easy in German, all German translators of Spanish plays as well as ballads, whom I have met with having used it, with the exception of Braunfels, who deliberately rejects it, that it is very probable Lorinser may have had some reasons which he has not explained for preferring his unrhymed

Besides the trochaic dimeter, which forms the fundamental measure of the dialogue, and is, so to say, the ordinary language of the *autos*, we must also mention some other metres, which are used, not only in especially pathetic passages (monologues, important addresses, and explanations), but which, to a much greater length run through the whole action, of which in particular the *auto*, "The Heart belongs to Mary," is a remarkable example. It begins with the journey of the Holy House from Nazareth to Loretto, which is carried through the air by a choir of angels, and is first let down in Dalmatia, and afterwards brought to Loretto. In order to characterise this flight through the air, the poet, in the beginning of this *auto*, uses for a long time (even up to the dialogue of Guilt with The Deadly Sins), short iambic verses, and allows the trochaic dimeter only to step in when The Pilgrim makes his appearance in the dialogue between him and his Thought.* The particularly pathetic passages are given either in rhymed iambics, in which short verses alternate with longer ones in a

"trochaic dimeter" to the unrhymed trochaic of the Spaniards, or rather the trochaic *rhymed only with vowels, and vowels identically the same throughout the scene*, which the *asonante* really is. But it is rather curious that he should not have referred to it at all. What the *asonante* means I have endeavoured to explain in my preceding work from Calderon, (*Love the Greatest Enchantment*, &c., London, 1861), and there, as well as here, there are frequent examples of it.—M.

* With every respect for Dr. Lorinser, I cannot perceive any remarkable difference in the versification of "*A Maria el Corazon*," from that of the other *autos*. So far from the introductory lines being in short iambics, they are, for the most part, in much longer lines than the ordinary seven or eight syllabled trochaic *asonante*. And this form of versification that he calls the "trochaic dimeter," which he can only detect for the first time in the place he mentions, begins more than 360 lines earlier, at the passage commencing "*En esta de Dalmacia.*" This seemingly extraordinary blindness would be enough to suggest the idea, that the peculiar secret of Spanish versification had not revealed itself to this enthusiastic, laborious, and most remarkable critic and translator.—M.

certain regularity, or in the well-known eight-lined stanza of Tasso, or, but more rarely, in the form of the sonnet. Besides these always rhymed passages, we also find regularly in each *auto* longer portions of dialogue, in which the trochaic dimeter is also rhymed, particularly in a twofold way. Either the first and fourth and the second and third lines rhyme, so that a four-lined strophe is produced, which, nevertheless, in no way makes up an isolated complete sentence, but which is more frequently interfused with that which precedes or follows it; or the strophe becomes a five-lined one, so that either (in a freer alternation) the first, second, or fifth, and the third and fourth; or also the first, fourth, and fifth, and the third and second; or finally, the first, third, and fifth, and the second and fourth verses are rhymed. Sometimes, especially in short intercalated songs, we find another metre, *i.e.*, the dactylic. These occur, especially in those short passages which are generally designated by the title, *Music*, which are sometimes rhymed and sometimes not, and which are often given also in the ordinary trochaic metre.

It would be altogether superfluous to speak here of the nobleness of expression, the language so rich in ideas, the boldness and sublimity of the imagery, the sweet and enchanting tenderness of the words in particular passages, which distinguish the *autos* of Calderon even more than his other dramas. It is enough to remark that in these respects he is certainly inferior to none of the poets of the first order, and to prove this it is merely necessary to refer to the magnificent descriptions of the Deluge, and the building of the Tower of Babel, which occur in "Belshazzar's Feast," and which unquestionably belong to the noblest specimen of poetry that have ever been produced.

Much might be said on the subject of Calderon's language, and

of the exquisite beauty of his versification which are to be met with everywhere throughout the *autos:* it is here, however, our object merely to give their general character, leaving particular allusions for such opportunities as the explanation of the several *autos* may supply. One other circumstance remains to be noticed, to which as yet we have not alluded, but which nevertheless requires some explanation.

The public exhibition of the *autos* during the Octave of Corpus Christi in Spain, was not restricted to the representation of the festival drama itself, but was connected with other festivities, partly of a religious and partly of a worldly character, as has been already pointed out with sufficient clearness in the above mentioned account, which has been given us by the Dutch traveller Somerdyck, who was an eye-witness of the celebration of this festival at Madrid. In particular they were regularly opened by a short allegorical dramatic prelude, called the *loa*, and this was often, but not always, composed by the poet of the *auto* himself. We find, therefore, in all the editions of the *autos*, that to each one of them, such a *loa* is prefixed, which, though much shorter than the *auto*, has likewise an allegorical *personnel*, but without a special action, and consists only of separate dialogues amongst the characters, which lead to the inference that the representation of an *auto* has been decided upon. A real inner connection between the *loa* and the *auto* itself does not exist, so much so, that the *loas* were changed at pleasure, and were frequently connected now with this *auto* and now with that, as a preliminary piece. Although a certain amount of poetical merit cannot be denied to many of these *loas*, their importance, however, as a whole is a subordinate one, entirely arising out of contemporary taste and connected mostly with some casual circumstance of the moment. It would not, therefore, be worth the trouble to translate these *loas*, which, in

their entirety, would occupy a very considerable space in addition to the already great dimensions of the *autos* themselves. To this is to be added the circumstance, that all the *loas* that we find prefixed to the *autos* of Calderon, in the various editions, were not written by him, as is distinctly stated in the preface to the edition of 1717. We believe, therefore, that with a safe conscience we can spare ourselves the labour of adding a translation of the *loas* to that of the *autos*, and confine ourselves to making use of them here and there in the notes, wherever an opportunity presents itself, to show what were the particular circumstances, sometimes outside the Corpus Christi festival itself, which may have suggested the choice of the subject.*

It only remains now to offer a few necessary observations relative to the existing editions of the *autos*, and the following translation of them. It may well be remarked, in the first place, that it would have been far more natural, and far more favourable for such an undertaking as this, if the translation had been preceded by a critical reproduction of the original text in as correct a state as possible, a work which, as far as the *autos* are concerned, nó one has as yet undertaken, whilst the 108 *comedias* of Calderon, that have come down to us, have been republished in the beautiful and correct edition of George Keil, by Fleischer, of Leipzic, so far back as 1827-30. Although Cardinal Diepenbrock, in the first edition of his "Spiritual Garland," expressed the well-founded wish, "that Mr. Ernst

* The *loas* were not confined exclusively to the *autos*, as we find them occasionally prefixed to the secular dramas also. Thus, the well-known *comedia* of Tirso de Molina, *El Vergonzoso en Palacio*, as originally published in his *Cigarrales de Toledo* (Barcelona, 1631), is introduced by a *loa* (p. 37), which has not been retained by Señor Hartzenbusch in the reprint of this drama in the *comedias escogidas* de Fray Gabriel Tellez (El maestro Tirso de Molina), which form the fifth volume of Rivadeneyra's admirable Biblioteca de los Autores Españoles.—Madrid, 1850.—M.

Fleischer, the bookseller, to whom we are indebted for the splendid edition of the *Comedias de Calderon*, would come to the determination of crowning his glorious undertaking by an edition of the *autos sacramentales;*" this wish up to the present day has not been realised, and, indeed, taking into account the comparatively little interest which is felt for these *autos*, is there much prospect of its being so.* We see ourselves restricted therefore, if we would become acquainted with the *autos*, to the few old editions that have appeared in Spain, which seldom find their way into Germany, and which, as far as correctness of the text is concerned, leave much to be desired.† It has been already mentioned above, that Calderon himself, in his life time, published one volume of his *autos*. The existence of this edition is mentioned by Don Pedro Pando y Mier, who took charge of the first collected edition, after the death of the poet, but we are not informed what were the *autos* contained in it.‡ As doubtless this volume has the

* As I have mentioned in a preceding note, the Spaniards themselves seem to have at length awakened to a perception of the national and poetical importance of the *autos sacramentales*, a good selection of them from various authors having been published in 1865, in the 58th volume of the Biblioteca de los Autores Españoles. A critical complete edition of those of Calderon is, however, still a desideratum. The edition of the *comedias*, by Kiel, will always remain a favourite one for the clearness of the text. But its importance to the student has been completely superseded by the elaborate, critical, and illustrative edition of Don Eugenio Hartzenbusch, Madrid, 1865, which forms four volumes of the very excellent *Library of Spanish Authors*, still in course of publication.—M.

† In the selection of *autos*, published in 1865, referred to in the preceding note, there are thirteen by Calderon, the first being "Belshazzar's Feast," and the last, "The Divine Philothea,"—the two *autos* contained in the present volume. The new and corrected readings in this edition I have carefully noted where they occur.—M.

‡ From works recently published in Spain we have now no difficulty in ascertaining the names of the *autos* published by Calderon himself in 1677. They are given by Don Alberto de la Barrera, in his valuable Catalogo Bibliográfico y Biográfico del Teatro Antiguo Español.—Madrid,

highest claims to correctness, it should certainly be consulted above any other, in a new critical revision of the text. After the death of Calderon, it was his heir,* Don Pedro Pando y Mier, who brought out in the year 1717, at Madrid, in six quarto volumes, the first collected edition of the *autos*. In it the editor made use of the manuscripts of the author, which were the property of the municipality of Madrid, and which were preserved in the archives of the town, as well as doubtless the first edition of the poet himself, whose preface he reprints. Although Don Juan de Vera Tassis y Villaroel mentions in his sketch of the life of Calderon (which is reprinted in the edition of Keil, that Calderon composed more than one hundred *autos*, there are only seventy-two of them to be found in the edition of Pando y Mier. It is possible that in the archives of other towns, for which as we know Calderon also wrote *autos*, some of the missing ones might be discovered. On the other hand, many pieces were circulated under the name of Calderon, which never proceeded from him at all; and since he, in the preface to his *autos*, has to complain that in consequence of secular *comedias* having been falsely attributed to him, he was com-

1860, p. 56. A reprint of this volume of 1677, containing the only portion of Calderon's works, published by himself, appeared at Madrid in 1690. This edition seems to be little known in Spain, as in the elaborate catalogue of Barrera just mentioned, it is only referred to in the supplement to the index of authors. Both Mr. Ticknor and myself possess copies of this rare reprint, which was again republished in 1715.—M.

* This is not quite correct. After the death of Calderon, in 1681, the *autos* remained the property of the city of Madrid, "Como Legataria del Doct. D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca," and were not assigned or ceded to Don Pando y Mier until 1717, when the greater number of them were first published, with the addition of the twelve that appeared in 1677, 1690, and 1715, and two or three others that are to be found in early collections by various authors, amongst which may be mentioned "Belshazzar's Feast," which was printed so early as 1664, in the "Navidad, y Corpus Christi, festejados per los mejores i os de España."—Madrid, 1664.—M.

pelled, in order to save his *autos* from a similar fate, to bring out an edition of them himself; it may have happened that subsequently *autos* were assigned to him which he had never written. Pando y Mier confined himself, therefore, to those that had been printed by the author, or remained in his original MS. at Madrid. We can, from this circumstance alone, be perfectly sure that the seventy-two contained in his edition, are, beyond all doubt, genuine. It is also not difficult to recognise their genuineness even from internal evidence.

The edition of Pando y Mier of the year 1717 being then not only the first complete edition, but the most reliable one, has been made use of exclusively as the foundation of the following translation.*

The translator is acquainted also with a subsequent edition, which appeared likewise at Madrid somewhat later (1759), and was edited by Don Juan Fernandez de Apontes, which, in addition to the *autos* contained in the edition of 1717, arranged though in a somewhat different order, contains one *auto* not given in the previous edition. This is, *The Protestation of the Faith*, which without doubt is also genuine, and may be placed worthily beside the others. In this way we have seventy-three *autos*, undoubtedly genuine, that have come down to us.

The edition of 1717, which has been made use of in the present translation,† may be considered, notwithstanding all its faults, a comparatively correct one, and in this point of view

* The remark in the text of course only applies to the German translation of Dr. Lorinser. In my own translation of "Belshazzar's Feast" and "The Divine Philothea," I have availed myself of the recent Spanish edition of Pedroso, which fortunately gives both these *autos* in a carefully revised text, with a collation of the two other editions of Pando y Mier and of Apontes, as well as some extracts from a MS. copy of "The Divine Philothea," in the National Library of Madrid.—M.

† See the preceding note.—M.

is favourably distinguished from most specimens of the older Spanish typography. Allowing for some misprints, which are easily detected, and occasionally, but not very often, for an openly corrupt passage, where the meaning must, to some extent, be conjectured, the original text appears to be preserved with great fidelity.

The translation must necessarily set before itself the task, if it means to be at all satisfactory, of reproducing the metre and rhyme of the original, as well as of rendering its meaning with the utmost possible verbal exactness. To these two difficulties is added a third in those places, where in the original a perfect rhyme is introduced, for the Spanish language being much richer and more musical than the German, the effect will be much more striking in the original than in a translation. In such places it is especially necessary to understand the meaning of the original, and to reproduce it again in other words adapted to the genius of the language of the translator. It is only under such circumstances, when the most pressing necessity required it, that a similarly sounding thought has taken the place of the original. In most cases we hope the intended effect is produced, although conveyed in different words. The unrhymed trochaics,* in the translation of which one might reasonably expect greater fidelity, present very often passages of the utmost difficulty. It is here especially that the uncommon brevity and precision of the expression renders the translation within the same limits almost impossible.† To this is to be added, that the German tongue is much better adapted for the iambic than the trochaic

* See the note on the subject of Spanish Versification, p. 58.—M.

† For the purposes of translation it would appear that English has this advantage over the German, if no other, that the meaning of the original can be given with equal, and sometimes, if it were allowable, even with greater brevity in that language than in the Spanish.—M.

measure* Far be it from us to consider our translation as perfectly successful, we shall gladly be content if it is found even a readable one. Happy shall we be if we have gained the principal object, which we have had in view in this undertaking; namely, in some way to allow the reader even to guess at the beauty of the original, and to raise, as it were from the dust of oblivion, this undying hymn of praise, which Calderon has sung to the most holy Sacrament. We have also been led to this labour by the same primary motive that impelled the poet himself to the composition of his *autos;* namely, to contribute as much as possible, as far as our feeble abilities will permit, to the glorification of the most holy Sacrament, and to unite our own adoration with that which burned in the heart of Calderon, and which in the manifold modes of expression to be found in the Catholic Church from its very beginning, has gathered the hearts of the faithful together round this central point of Divine worship upon earth.

*** Having concluded the very elaborate treatise of Dr. Lorinser, I now present to the reader the valuable essay of Don Eduardo Gonzalez Pedroso, taken from the fourth part of the *Prólogo del Colector* prefixed to his edition of *autos sacramentales*, in the 58th vol. of Rivadeneyra's Biblioteca de Autores Españoles. Madrid, 1865.—M.

* Whatever difficulties Spanish versification presents to a German translator who attempts to imitate its forms, those that it offers to the English translator are infinitely greater, from the stiffness and want of flexibility of the English language compared even with the German.—M.

AN

ESSAY ON THE AUTOS SACRAMENTALES,

From the Spanish of

DON EDUARDO GONZALEZ PEDROSO.

AUTOS SACRAMENTALES, as their name itself almost implies, *are dramatic works in one act, written in praise of the mystery of the Eucharist.* Perhaps we might make this definition more concise by calling the *autos* melodramatic compositions, as well from the very important part which music plays in them, as for the splendid scenic apparatus that is required for their production. But the truth is, that the eucharistic dramas have no resemblance whatever to any other class of theatrical productions, except in the single fact that they are written in dialogue.

In their representation they were accompanied and followed by *loas*, which, by way of prologues or introductions, were little dramas in themselves; by songs and choral dances; by interludes and farces. Sharing in the general sacred character of the pieces that followed, the *loas*, dances, and songs, should be considered first as the origin, and then as the legitimate complement of the *autos* themselves, confounded in the general appreciation that these works merited.

Without the means of determining the exact date at which they commenced to be produced, we think that they must

have originated much earlier than the middle of the sixteenth century, judging by the marks of antiquity which the hitherto unpublished *auto* of *Moselina** bears. It is known, however, for certain, that, in 1551, *The Dance of Death, directed to the praise of the most Holy Sacrament*, was given to the press by Juan de Pedraza, a production which is classed by a learned German critic among the *autos sacramentales*.†

Totally without pretension, and carried along by their own simple ingenuousness, the authors of these primitive sketches invented their plots without much artifice, and unravelled them with little labour. Feeling but slight interest for any advance in art, they merely valued them as a convenient vehicle for the religious object they had in view; and although the intelligent composition of some of these modest works proves the happy genius of those who wrote them, still, generally speaking, there was in them little movement of any kind, they being, for the most part, instead of dramas, *acted sermons*, as the *autos* were called at a subsequent period. These poets never attemped, in the slightest degree, to paint characters, in the sense given to this word in modern times. The height of their ambition being to compose clear and significant allegories, they employed, for this purpose, abstract personages, rather than beings belonging to the world of reality. Typical figures were wanting, and their creators found it impossible, at a time when even the comic poets never thought of such a thing as the joining in one person different instincts, passions, ideas and habits, vigorously to define their characters, without taking them from the sphere of human life.

* It is given by Pedroso in his Collection.—M.
† Republished, also, in Pedroso's Collection.—M.

It is not to be inferred from the foregoing statement that these works are destitute altogether of some most effective scenes, much less that their personages are unable suitably to unfold the sentiments by which they appear to be influenced. When, in the *auto* of *The Gifts*, S. Lazarus presents to the Virgin Mary the instruments of ignominy and death, of which the afflicted Adam makes an offering to her divine Son, the mournful curiosity which they excite in the Virgin, and the prolix explanation of their various uses, which is given by their bearer, create a dramatic situation, the simplicity and intrinsic beauty of which must have moved the hearts of the spectators to their lowest depths. With an equally happy result Timoneda avails himself of a similar thought, in presenting, covered with the same funereal offerings, the table at which Christ celebrates his union with Human Nature; and thus, both in one and the other case, that true instinct that has suggested such pathetic combinations to the poet, supplies him, at the same time, with the sweetest words for expressing them. Within the limits of the affections we do not feel the slightest hesitation in asserting, as far as expression is concerned, that the *old autos* have greatly the advantage of the contemporary profane dramas of those days. These latter recall, under its most repelling form, the turbulent epoch in which they were born. In its revolting quarrels, its bawds and panders, its suicides, adulteries, assassinations, and battles, there is much that appeals to the imagination, but there is nothing that elevates or strengthens the soul: and to find any spectacles in which ideality or cultivated sensibility receives the least support, recourse must be had to the sacred scene. Nor need we wonder at it. Even with regard to those affections that are purely terrestrial, religion was then the only source whence tenderness could overflow the heart. For this

reason, and likewise on account of their genial artlessness, the eucharistic *autos* contain sketches of the utmost delicacy and sweetness; above all, when they show the affinity betwixt grief and love, presenting the latter to us in its most beautiful manifestations, as the love which unites God with his creatures, and fathers with their children. Thus exclaims a mother, addressing her little son, whom she seeks but cannot find:

I that hushed thy cries to sleep,
Now would deem myself too happy
If I could but hear thee weep!*

Thus Isaac, obedient even unto death, asks his father, who binds his eyes:

How can anger ever rise
In the heart of him who dies?†

Thus Abraham, with no less admirable humility, bursts out in the following supplication:

THOU who Thy gifts dost shower like rain,
Receive my son, received from Thee;
For though Thou tak'st him back again,
O Lord! Thy debtor I remain
For the sweet time he stayed with me.

Oh! what a blessing I receive
The offering of my son to make
To Thee, in whom all creatures live!
Him who has the power to take,
Thou deign'st to ask of me to give!‡

Or take the following invocation, which an afflicted spirit addresses to Hope:

* ¡Yo te solia acallar:
Mas no tendria por malo
Agora oirte llorar!

† Porque á veces se levanta
Ira al tiempo de morir.

‡ Recibe, Sumo Dador,
El hijo que me habeis dado;
Que, aunque le tomes, Señor,
Siempre te quedo deudor
Del tiempo que le he gozado.

¡Es merced tan singular,
Dado que yo le merezca,
Quererme á Isaac demandar!
¡Pudiéndomale tomar,
Me mandas que te le ofrezca!

Hope, thou sweet and soothing friend,
Solace of the heart and brain,
Not uncared, through life we wend,
Having *thee*, who light'nest pain,
By the hope that it will end.

Best consoler ever given
To the hearts that here below
Live in anguish and in woe,
Since thy office is to show
The atoning sweets of heaven.*

Or, in fine, the words which Christ addresses to Human Nature on beholding the instruments of His passion :

HUMAN NATURE.

Blessed cord, whose folds invite me,
Hang around this neck of mine !
With my heavenly Spouse unite me !
With His love, O cord, delight me !
Round my very heart entwine !

ONE *who carries a covered dish.*

In this covered dish here hidden,
Comes a bloody crown to thee.

HUMAN NATURE.

To what bitter food I'm bidden !
Better from the feast be chidden !
Wear it though, my love, for me.
Maids of Sion, come and see,
In His crown, and in His cord,
Solomon, your King and Lord !
See the crown how fair it be,
That His people now afford !

CHRIST.

Thou, dear Spouse, the sharp crown wear.
Than a lily among thorns,
Than a white rose that adorns
Blackest boughs, thou seem'st more fair ;
Than the tube-rose, rich and rare,
Grouped with pinks. Thy tresses shine
Radiant in each ruby fold
Through the treasure they enshrine,
Round thy neck the cord doth twine,
Like a collar of pure gold.†

The sacramental dramas, properly so called, of which it is

* ¡ Oh, Esperanza, dulce amiga,
Que, de puro dulce y bella,
Tú nos dejas sin querella,
Desmenguando la fatiga
Con esperar salir della !

† NATURALEZA.

¡ Soga bendita, añudada
Aqui en mi cuello te pon !
¡ Tenme con mi esposo atada,
Soga de amor apretada !
¡ Atate en mi corazon !

¡ Oh dulcisimo consuelo
De los que en el pobre suelo
Viven con llanto y zozobras,
Donde muestras con tus obras
Ser cosa de allá del cielo.

UNO *que trae un plato cubierto.*

En este plato encerrado
Viene sangrienta corona.

NATURALEZA.

¡ Ay cuán amargo bocado !
Con ésta irás coronado ;

our business to speak, were born and obtained their complete development during the course of the two centuries, the sixteenth and seventeenth, and were subdivided into three distinct epochs, which correspond (if we may use the expression) to the infancy, the youth, and the maturity of that kind of poesy.

Juan de Timoneda, a dramatic and lyrical author, a writer of prose stories, a compiler, recaster of older works and bookseller united, shines conspicuously among the eucharistic poets of the first epoch, preceded by the shearer Juan de Pedraza, and at a much greater distance by Gil Vicente, whose *auto* of *San Martin*, however, has no further connection with the Corpus* than from its having been composed for the purpose of being represented on that festival. In addition to the three poets just named, there existed a crowd of anonymous writers, whose works up to the present times have not been published, among whom we may suspect that Vasco Diaz Tanco figured, and who were, most probably, for the greater part priests.

Lope de Vega, interrupting the series of the poets of the old *autos*, placed himself at the head of those of his own epoch, in union with Tirso de Molina and *el maestro* Valdivielso, who is worthy of special mention, for having exercised his delicate pen in no other kind of dramatic compositions except the sacramental ones. Around him were grouped the Doctors Mirademescua,

¡ Póntela, amor, y perdona !
¡ Salid, hijas de Sion,
A ver con corona y soga
A vuestro rey Salomon ;
Que corona le da en dón
Su madre la Sinagoga !

CRISTE.

Póntela, querida esposa.
Pareces lirio entre espinas,
Entre cardos blanca rosa :
Rubicunda estás y hermosá,
Como nardo en clavellinas.
Paresce el rubio cabello
Resplandeciente tesoro,
Que resplandeces con ello.
La soga adorna tu cuello,
Como collares de oro.

* Wherever the phrase "the Corpus" occurs in this essay, it is to be understood to mean the festival of Corpus Christi.—M.

Godinez, and Perez de Montalvan, Luis Velez de Guevara, Rojas, Don Lope Liaño, and some others among the most famous contemporaries of the Phœnix of Spanish geniuses.

Finally, the drama of the Corpus yielded once more to the powerful impulse which was communicated to it by Calderon, who ruled without a rival for the space of more than thirty years in the eucharistic scene of the capital of the monarchy. Of those who succeeded Calderon, towards the end of the seventeenth century, it is only necessary to name Zamora and Bances Candamo.

He who at the present time attempts to form an acquaintance with the sacramental poets, will feel, at first, in taking a survey of their antiquated works, an impulse of aversion more profound than has ever been excited by the most characteristic literary monuments of any other age or nation. It will appear to him that he sees a dance without hearing the music, or he will seem like one who contemplates some rare archœological treasure, the precious material of which, indeed, reveals its importance, but the use or application of which he cannot comprehend.

And the reason of it is this, that in truth the *autos* of the Corpus, ingenuous outpourings of religious sentiment directed towards the people, produced without the slightest reference to posterity, and predestined to be born and die within the frontiers where they originated, are at this day more than mere poetical reminiscences—they are the still palpitating pieces of the heart of that ancient Spanish society, so remarkable among all others for its literature and its manners, for its religious and political life, from the days of Charles I, to those of Charles II., from Juan del Encina to Zamora and Cañizares, from the revolt of Luther to the unsuccessful efforts of Bossuet, Leibnitz, and Spinola, to nullify the work of that heresiarch.

Between our sentiments, ideas, and customs, and the sentiments, ideas, and customs of our ancesters of two hundred years ago, time has opened an unfathomable abyss. Profoundly and totally imbued with the spirit of the epoch in which they were written, the sacramental *autos* require nothing less than a complete transformation in the minds of their modern readers, before this peculiar kind of literature, whatever it may be in other respects, fails to awaken in them a feeling of singular surprise.

But the *autos* had besides, as the fundamental law of their existence, an unheard-of aspiration : they ambitioned to represent dramatically the mystery of the Eucharist—a circumstance that in itself alone is sufficient to destroy any possible resemblance between these remarkable works and any other productions of the human mind whatsoever. We are not unmindful of those dramas based on historical facts and treating of Christian morality, which were known in the middle ages by the name of *Mysteries and Moralities ;* but they never ventured, nor had they the capacity to attempt the labour of adapting the very dogmas of faith to the condition of representable fable. Ways hitherto untrodden had to be sought, in order to subject to such manifestations one of the most abstract and elevated themes that supply nutriment to mystic ecstacies and scholastic speculations—rare contrivances, indeed, to melt together two things so distinct in their nature as theology and the theatre. * * *

Let us overcome, however, the first impression of vague wonder which these dramas produce, in order to enter more minutely into an examination of their characteristic features, like a traveller who having met on his route some curious monuments of an era now extinct, begins to scrutinize each one in particular, after having been detained a moment by the contemplation of the aggregate of the whole group.

When the eye rests calmly on the entire superficies of the *autos* of the Corpus, their literary inequalities, their severe religious, and even semi-theological aspect, their rare structure, and their ornamentation at once archaic, variegated, and profuse, produce a sensation somewhat similar to that which is awakened by certain edifices of the middle ages, whose fronts may be overloaded with grotesque figures of men and animals, but where the grave images of saints guard the porch, and upon whose summit is raised in gigantic proportions the cross of Christ.

Simple beyond all exaggeration in their first years; invested with a thousand capricious forms during the life of Lope de Vega; ennobled by Calderon in his plan, his language, and his pompous scenic apparatus, the eucharistic representations of these separated epochs offer many differences between themselves; but they all agree in this, that nothing like an *auto sacramental*, under the generic name of *drama*, was ever elsewhere designed in ancient or modern times.

And why? The institution of the Corpus was admirably adapted to lyrical outbursts, to scientific meditations, to didactic, encomiastic, ascetic, and moral compositions; it was adapted, perhaps, to every mode of expression known to thought, except that which is strictly called the dramatic expression. Without any other theme than a supernatural and invisible act, without any human personages but those that were necessarily connected with its institution, without anything sensible or real on which to rest, it seemed impossible to conceive the idea of producing dialogistic works that would be more destitute, not only of a reasonable amount of scenic interest, but even of any well-defined outline whatever. To seek to adapt so vague and ethereal a subject to the ordinary laws of a dramatic poem, the most objective and restricted of all known forms of literary

development, appears as wild an undertaking as to attempt to give sound a substantial form, or to put chains upon the wind. Not slight, therefore, was the difficulty of taking possession of so inexorable a subject, to the extent of confining it, for good or for evil, within the limits of a representable composition.

To save themselves from moving for ever in the region of the supernatural, to which they saw themselves condemned, the poets of the *autos* made some efforts. In the beginning, they interwove eucharistic legends with actual personages, and an argument entirely real, which consisted in presenting the interlocutors, explaining and praising the mystery of the last supper. But an interest can never be created on the stage by means of expository and apologetic dialogues, and it is scarcely necessary to say, that by this road the *autos* had little chance of being transformed into veritable dramas. Eminent poets of later years attempted another way, seeking in history for subjects natural and appropriate to the scene, as, for example, the lives of holy men and women, who were conspicuous for their devotion to the Sacrament; but they did not persevere in such experiments, perhaps seeing, in contradistinction to their predecessors, that in proportion as the *autos* became dramatic, their character as eucharistic works was taken away. It was impossible for them to shut their eyes to the fact, that the audience forgot the superhuman event which was the inspiration of these compositions, concentrating its attention altogether on the principal actors, and on those episodes of history which were represented before them.

From whatever cause, then, the sacramental poets remained equally rude and restricted. Without the possibility of captivating the public by the ordinary resources of the dramatic art, they were compelled, notwithstanding, to write for the stage; they were compelled to descend from the skies, and had

not an inch of solid ground on which to plant their feet. A neutral region became necessary, on which, so to say, the abstract and the concrete could be combined, by surrendering, respectively, some portion of the attributes of each, diminishing the vagueness of the subject on the one hand, and not insisting on the positive and palpable as to form, on the other. With a sure instinct, the poets of the Corpus escaped by the only path that in the midst of so many embarrassments lay open to them. They reverted to the allegory, which is, in effect, a sort of intervening medium between the visible and the invisible; the only material realization to which the things of the spirit adapt themselves in the region of art.

In a moral sense, allegories can boast of a no less illustrious descent, than that they were used for the purposes of illustration, by the Redeemer of the human race Himself; and if there were any question of their special right to adopt the peculiar form of the drama, they might present the *Canticle of Canticles*, as the prototype of dramatic poems, both mystical and allegorical. In a literary point, a most honourable place has always been given to those rhetorical figures among the most legitimate resources of the writer, and they will not be absolutely condemned, even by those who combat them with the greatest violence, when they are found in connection with the *autos*.

It is true, that many literary doctors class the eucharistic allegories among the dry, tasteless, and insipid productions of the poetical orchard, not precisely for being allegories, but because these allegories are adapted to the theatre: as if these flowers of genius, which can modestly grow anywhere with the greatest sweetness and the most grateful perfume, must change their beauty into deformity, and contract a certain maleficent character when placed in contact with the atmosphere of a play-house. But to this it may be answered, that

to the generality of men, the stage is not a mere arrangement of boards and painted scenes, where alternately persons and actions of the most opposite kind play their parts. It is insisted on and the truth must be admitted, that allegorical actions, presented in a dramatic fable, do not produce the same interest as the actions of real life; but if, with this disadvantage, the poets of the Corpus have succeeded in making themselves popular, what is to be said, but at once to confess the excellence of the allegory, irrespective of the theatre? Besides which, the people at all times have shown a certain partiality for the wonderful and the impossible, which many spectacles strictly within the limits of the probable, and wholly destitute of any abstract designs whatever, have failed to awaken. To proclaim this truth, there crowd before us all the symbolical figures which have appeared upon the stage, from those of Force and Strength, introduced into the Acropolis by Æschylus, down to those that Spanish poets, in the full noon of the nineteenth century, have brought to light. And it is useless to deny it. Perhaps to future times and nations, it may require a greater effort to believe that at certain epochs, the most extended arguments of history, the strongest contrasts, the most unexpected alternations were described, varied, and compressed, by virtue of dramatic maxims then in fashion, within the limits of one day, and the narrow circle of a few feet of earth, than to comprehend how a thousand fantastic creations could respond to the voice of inspired poets, and abandoning the world of spirit, assume the form of living beings, and speak and move upon the scene.

The result proves how firm and unassailable is this only base upon which, apart from their religious object, the *autos* of the Corpus have been founded. The sacramental character of the subject, and the allegorical form of the expression are,

as it were, the cement and walls of that gothic palace to which we have before alluded—solid structures proof to the most violent assaults, although blackened perhaps by the action of time, to the embellishment of which allegory supplied its most striking features.

Through carelessness, no doubt, the fastidious Moratin attributes to the sacramental poets the introduction of fantastic figures on our stage. The Spanish farce, more ancient than Moratin himself was aware of, is not sacramental, and yet exhibits a fantastic personage as the chief actor. Nor could it in any other way have lived through the latter years of the middle ages, the time in which scholasticism was born and flourished. Driven as they were, thanks to their magnificent impulse, into the pure regions of thought, in order to strengthen themselves against the rough contact of actualities, not only the poets, but the students, the theologians, the mathematicians, the philosophers, the architects and painters advanced in the world of ideality, from symbol to symbol, from one generalization to another. Those interminable subtleties, that fixed tenacity in subordinating facts to ideas, that perpetual aspiration towards the speculative and the immaterial, may, at this day, awaken disdainful smiles, but they were, in their own times, the wonderful means of civilizing Europe. Nations whose heterogeneous population consisted of conquerors, almost like to beasts, and conquered who were less than men; nations delivered up at the same time to Gothic barbarousness and Roman effeminacy, which, far from proving hostile, came to fraternize, and to supply mutual assistance to each other, would have been irretrievably lost, without a violent revulsion, which would re-establish the due preponderance of spirit over matter, although for such a result the most desperate efforts were required. This is what scholasticism effected. And thus it

was that, as if by a spontaneous effort, divine and human philosophy, astronomy, sculpture, heroic poetry, and even chemistry and medicine, ventured on such fantastic experiments, rivalling each other in the attempt to give form to the intangible, activity to the inert, and spirit to the inanimate; and so the result might have been that the scenic poem would have yielded to the same influence, and given allegorical interlocutors throughout all Europe, even if the festival of the Sacrament had not been instituted.

But if the eucharistic poets appropriated these characters to themselves, they were rather imitators than creators, nothing at least exacted from them such unheard-of services, or enabled them to realize such prodigious incursions into the world of allegories, discovered ages before, but timidly resorted to even then. It was precisely because they came last, that they felt an impulse to enlarge the sphere of their conquests, to which also assisted the successive changes of taste, the necessity of repeating the *autos*, and the possibility, very attainable at that period, of following the current of popular liking without danger to religion.

And so it turned out, as it usually happens, that allegory which was first used simply and naturally, soon assumed extraordinary proportions. As one, who in exploring a hitherto unexamined abyss, slides down by a wide and gently sloping descent, the allegories began by taking for their subject the parables themselves, beneath which the Redeemer disguised his mystic teaching, and more frequently still, those events which happened under the Old Law, the figurative signification of which turned them into so many distinct historical parables. The poets thus saw themselves at one blow enriched with an entire repertory of incidents, personages and objects, which, were either clearly symbols of the Eucharist, or could easily be referred to it. Some of them confined themselves to the task

of explaining with scrupulous fidelity in simple dramatic fables, the arguments that could be deduced from these; others combined or re-arranged them, taking from each, what was convenient for their purpose, in order to compose significant pictures, like bouquets of well-selected flowers. Yielding to their free fantasy, especially in the unfolding of these historical subjects, they alternated abstract entities of their own invention, with the human figures which intervene in the biblical narratives; owing to which, the distinctions not only of time and place, but even of nature are confused in the *autos*. And thus it was that these legends, more frequently founded on fiction that on truth, clashed with the plots and figures of pure invention, which, from the beginning, had given a particular character to compositions however obscure; compositions in which the poets, wafted with swelling sails through seas of allegory, advanced without any compass but their own caprice, seeking in everything physical and moral, representable and always fantastic materials, careless of the historical, sacred, and profane events, which, in turn, revolved with them.

He who would wish to know, in a figurative way, all that creation comprehends in its distinct divisions, or all that the human mind can feel or conceive in its different functions, let him take in his hand the sacramental drama, and enter into conversation with the characters therein. Before his eyes, will pass incorporeal spirits that fill heaven and hell; successive phalanxes of metaphysical beings will lead him in unbroken gradation from the Creator Himself, down even to the type of inorganic matter; at the sublime point of departure, the personified attributes of the Divinity will be his servants; to descend from heaven to earth, the Sacraments which unite God with man, will lend him their aid; time and the world will leave him alone among created things; ecclesiastical and

civil institutions will make him turn his eyes towards society; virtues and vices, passions and the capacities of the soul, peculiarities of character and moral relations of every kind, will place him in contact with the higher portion of our nature. But, by little and little, the series of these personifications will begin to decline from the moral to the physical; and continuing the descent once commenced, the personification of Beauty will draw his attention to what is peculiar in the bodily organization of man; that of the Senses, to the phenomena common to all animated races; and that of Day and Night, Winter and Spring, and many others to what appertains to insensible nature. Finally, and that nothing may be wanting, he will see the allegories compelled by the necessities of the case, to represent spiritual essences in human form, adapting themselves to body forth matter, not only in its incorporeal forms, but in its conditions of the tangible and the concrete. Changing altogether the primitive order, the Air and the Earth, the Water and the Fire, will arise with all the appearances of rational beings; the Moon will pass across the stage with vivacity and grace; men and women will lend their noble form to the appearances of bees and bears, wolves and lambs; the Cedar and the Oak, the Laurel and the Vine, will sing, converse and weep; or renewing the prodigies of Armida's forest, will shed streams of blood from the wrinkled bark with which they are covered.

Let him consider then, of how unusual a kind must be the dramatic fables, invented to give full play to such extraordinary personages. Whether they grouped them together, or let them mingle with figures, genuinely human; whether they allowed them to follow the fantastic laws of their own creation, or adapted them as has been said, to the narratives of the Bible; the poets wished, under every circumstance, to unite the

relations of man with his Maker, of the soul with the body, combining them with those great events, which, like colossal mile-marks, arise in well-ordered sequence along the high-way of humanity. They painted, for example, the primitive felicity of our race, its lamentable fall, and its restoration through the bloody sacrifice of a Man-God; a sacrifice, the efficacy and permanence of which are received in an unbloody manner, in the Sacramental Bread. They investigated and defined the contrasted forces with which heaven, hell, and the world united at the sublime mystery of redemption; or they adopted seemingly another theme, in which they entered for a little into the excellences, the causes or effects, proximate or remote, of the Eucharist, whose visible symbols were always exposed to the public, as the necessary crowning termination of these representations. Such was uniformly the allegorized thought. But who will describe in return, with all their differences and variety, the innumerable allegorical veils with which it was clothed?

The relations of the Maker with his creatures, are represented in some *autos*, by the dramatic incidents of a courtship, of a jealous imbroglio, of a disputed litigation; by means of a mad-house, a great fair, an inn, a company of players; through metaphors of war or public famine; by the adventures of peasants, or by palace intrigues; by the histories of ungrateful sons, inconstant friends, unfaithful wives, oppressed princesses, despairing invalids, merchants, pilgrims, highway-men, navigators, redeemed captives, and released debtors.

At other times the apologue was adopted, a form always so well adapted to the comprehension of the people, turning into a symbol of man the trees of the forest, or converting into little worlds the apiary and the sheep-fold. Again were explained in works no less grateful to the multitude, ancient and modern

traditions, as beautiful and pious as that one which supposes that the tree, of which the Cross was made, grew from the seed of the forbidden fruit, sown upon the grave of the penitent Adam.* In various *autos*, the popular taste is flattered in a variety of ways, investing famous dramas with a divine character; as, *The Mountain-Maiden of the Border*,† *The Peasant in his House*,‡ *Gallant, Discreet, and Bold*,§ *The Guest of Stone*,‖ *The Painter of his own Dishonour*,¶ *Pastor Fido*, and *Life is a Dream*.†† And at the same time *The Lily and the Flower-de-luce*,‡‡ *The Second Glory of Austria, and the Divine Margaret*,§§

* Calderon's *auto* on this beautiful legend, is called *El Arbol del mejor fruto*. There are two *comedias* of the same name, one by Tirso de Molina, who died in 1648, and another by Antonio Coello, who died in 1652.—M.

† *La Serrana de la Vera*, is an *auto* by Valdivielso, which has been re-published in Pedroso's Collection. There are two dramas of this name, one by Lope de Vega, written before 1601, and another by Velez de Guevara. The latter does not appear to have been printed, but an autograph manuscript copy, with the date of 1603, is preserved in the library of the Duke of Ossuna at Madrid.—M.

‡ *El Villano en su rincon*, an *auto* also by Valdivielso, is called after a drama of the same name, by Lope de Vega.—M.

§ *Galan, discreto y valiente*, an *auto* by Rojas, called after a drama of the same name, by Mira de Amescua.—M.

‖ *El Convidado de Piedra*. I do not find any *auto* under this name in the *Catalogo* of Barrera. The drama after which it is called, is the well-known one by Tirso de Molina, *El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra*, the play in which Don Juan makes his first appearance on the stage of Europe.—M.

¶ *El Pintor de su deshonra*, both *auto* and drama are by Calderon.—M.

** *El Pastor Fido*, an *auto* by Calderon, called, probably, after the *Pastor Fido* of Lope de Vega. There is a drama of the same name by Calderon himself, in union with Solis Rivadeneyra and Coello. Of Guarini's Italian pastoral there are two translations in Spanish.—M.

†† *La Vida es Sueño*; Calderon has an *auto* of this name, as well as the celebrated drama.

‡‡ *El Lirio y la Azucena*, an *auto* by Calderon.—M.

§§ *El segundo blason del Austria y la divina Margarita*, is an *auto* by Calderon. There is another *auto* nearly of the same name, by Moreto, *La gran Casa de Austria y divina Margarita*, which is re-published by Pedroso in his collection.—M.

narrated the glories of the race of Hapsburg, as a tribute to the princes of that house, who wielded the Spanish sceptre.

Truths and falsehoods, collected indiscriminately from books, supplied also on their side the avidity of the poets of the *autos*, with an abundant harvest of materials. History gave them subjects most discordant among themselves, dating from the Siege of Troy* to the conversion of Constantine,† or the defence of the tower of the Almudena ;‡ whilst fiction opened before them its abundant store of chivalrous heroes and mythological divinities, a subject with which the people were then so familiar. Thus, a turn of these different sources of invention presented to us alternately the Redeemer of the world, as Charlemagne surrounded by his twelve peers, or the Knight of the Sun conquering the Leviathan at the cost of his own life;§ or, again, Jason with his argonauts,‖ Orpheus with his all-powerful voice,¶ Ulysses frustrating the enchantments of Circe,** Mercury overreaching the watchfulness of Argus,†† Hercules sacrificed through the mistake of Dejanira,‡‡ and Cupid preserving his love, while darkness concealed

* Probably *El robo de Elena y la traicion de Troya*, doubtfully attributed to Rojas Zorrilla.—M.

† *La Lepra de Constantino*, by Calderon.—M.

‡ *El Cubo de la Almudena*, by Calderon.—M.

§ *Caballero del Febo*, by Rojas Zorrilla.—M.

‖ *El divino Jason*, by Calderon, (*Navidad y Corpus Christi*, 1664.)—M.

¶ *El divino Orfeo.*—Calderon.—M.

** A translation of this *auto*, by Calderon, *Los Encantos de la Culpa*, was published by the present translator in 1861, under the title of, *The Sorceries of Sin*, in his volume, "*Love the greatest Enchantment, The Devotion of the Cross*," &c. *The Sorceries of Sin* is the first, and was, until the publication of the present volume, the only complete translation of a Spanish *auto*, that has ever appeared in English.—M.

†† *Divino Mercurio*, by Manuel de Acosta Silva, or, José Correa de Brito.—M.

‡‡ *Hercules divino*, by Manuel de Acosta Silva.—M.

him, but who angrily punished the sacrilegious curiosity of Psyche.*

With such significant and suggestive arguments, were contrasted others founded on usage and customs the most trivial. Who would ever imagine that he could discover any connection between the sublime destinies of humanity and something that has occurred in a poetical controversy, a judicial enquiry as to purity of blood, an opposition to prebends, an assemblage of military orders,† and even a public school?‡ And yet all these served in one *auto* or another as a figure of things intimately connected with the mystery of the Eucharist.

They composed, lastly, works of another kind, which, perhaps, may be called *occasional*, or connected with certain contemporaneous circumstances which they made the foundation of their allegories. If queen Christina of Sweden became a convert to Catholicity,§ if the Pope decreed a jubilee,‖ or canonized a new saint, if a new hospital was founded in Madrid,¶ or if the Turks lost a fortress of war, these events were celebrated during the festival of Corpus Christi, endowed, not without immense labour in turn, with the symbolic signification which they required. Occurrences of a character purely secular invaded, equally with these religious subjects, the sacramental theatre. In *El Consumo del vellon* the alteration of the coinage served as a figure of the ransom of man from the infernal powers; and when the states swore fealty to the heir of the crown, or when the Sovereign contracted a

* *Psiquis y Cupido.* Calderon has two *autos* under this name, and Valdivielso a third.—M.

† *Las Ordenes Militares*, by Calderon.

‡ *La Escuela Divina*, by Valdivielso.

§ *The Protestation of the Faith*, by Calderon.—M.

‖ *The Sacred Year of Madrid*, by Calderon.—M.

¶ *The New Hospital of the Poor*, by Calderon.—M.

first or even a second marriage, or went forth to reduce a rebellious province, such ordinary events were allegorized in *The Nuptials of the Lamb*,* *Those of the Soul with Divine Love*,† *The Second Spouse*,‡ *The King in the Fie'd*,§ and *The Oath of Allegiance to the Prince*.‖ Thus Calderon founded an *auto* on the expensive improvements in the *New Palace of the Retiro*,¶ and explained eucharistic mysteries in *The Valley of the Zarzuela*,** taking as the ostensible subject a hunting party of Philip IV. What more? To interest his auditory one thing alone was absolutely necessary for the poet, and that was to translate into dramatic action the ordinary life of the Spanish people. He travelled from idea to idea and from century to century, under the pretext of taking a turn through the streets and squares, by the gates and promenades, the fortifications and the river.

Easy enough was it to conceal the fundamental thought beneath so many disguises; but advancing still further, the very disguise itself was often in its turn covered with a veil, if we may so express it; and then the allegories that seemed complete on the surface, were used only as the means of enclosing deeper allegories within. A phalanx of fantastic figures, for example, represented the defence of the *Tower of the Almudena* against the Moorish hosts; and scarcely had the spectator fallen into this conception, than he is compelled to commence another investigation, for all that has preceded is but a symbol of the resistance by means of which a faithful

* *Las bodas del Cordero, y mistica monarquia.* Anonymous.—M.
† *Las bodas del alma, y el amor divino,* Lope de Vega.—M.
‡ *La Segunda esposa y triunfar muriendo,* Calderon.—M.
§ *El Rey en campaña.* Not mentioned by Barrera—M.
‖ *La jura del Principe.* Mira de Amescua—M.
¶ *El nuevo Palacio del Retiro.*—M.
** *El Valle de la Zarzuela.*—M.

soul disconcerts the tenacious attacks of its adversaries. In the same way those, who in *Humility Crowned*,* might have seen two actors conversing together, dressed in their strange disguise of boughs and foliage, were obliged to project themselves into the following series of interpretations; these human beings represented the thorn and the laurel, shrubs that symbolize Judaism and Paganism, which are themselves allegorical figures of the two nations that assisted at the passion of Christ. It does not appear possible to proceed with more exquisite refinement in the development of a representable idea.

The result was what might be supposed. Just as in the structure of the globe, the different strata are placed one over the other, so in the *autos* they attempted to arrange in a subordinate or parallel position, the symbolized argument, the figurative argument, and the double allegories, which in turn this argument also preserved. Oppressed by such a weight, the moral and religious truths that lay underneath could not always be recognised by the public through the obstructing covering which had been thrown over them; and as in the eyes of the poets these were preferable to everything else, there efforts to bring them forth to light produced effects somewhat similar to those that are noticed in the surface of the earth. The coherence of the Eucharistic fables was broken in obedience to the secret and expansive force which lay at their base; at every step the scenic illusion was suspended, and through the shattered surface the truth began to illuminate the picture, like the flames of a volcanic eruption. At the slightest suspicion of not being understood, the poets ran their most ingenious inventions aground; if they feared that the signification of one of their personages was not perceived, the meaning of a particular

* *Humilidad Coronada de las Plantas*, by Calderon.—M.

scene not fully seized, or the value of a single allegorical expression in danger of being lost, they stopped tranquilly in their course, until the explanation was given by the first of their characters that came to hand.

Thus appearance and reality, the false and the true, the real and the figurative, continually revolved around each other; envy and pride pondered ever their own depravity; the mythological heroes entered upon long dissertations to prove their resemblance to the true Messiah; Lucifer explained his character, now as a demon and now as a doctor in theology; and even a dumb person, forgetting altogether that he was so, answered a curious interrogator, who enquired as to the cause of his being dumb; all which circumstances establish a notable analogy between the *autos* and those old pictures, the figures in which tell us who they are and their story, by means of scroll-like inscriptions issuing from their mouths, and which in themselves neither confer nor take away the merit of the picture.

But when in certain parts of the representable argument, a want of connexion with the true object of the work was discovered, or, as it frequently happened, something totally contrary to it; when the situations and personages taken from histories, fables or novels needed some characteristic stroke, which seemed indispensable to the connection of the composition, then for the benefit of the subject symbolized, they cut away even from the root the difficulties which they could not overcome in any other way, and in this fashion modified those personages and situations, giving them biblical resemblances, which their own chroniclers never attributed to them. Thus, Mercury descended to burst the gates of hell, clad in the magnificent garment of the resurrection; a Duke of Lorraine instituted the Sacrament of the Eucharist, in consequence of a vow

which he made to that effect during the seige of Buda;* Charlemagne rushed to the conquest of the Holy Land, where being sold by Galalon for thirty pieces of silver, he died crucified; or Hercules being asked why he did not revenge himself upon his enemies, answered with evangelical meekness:

My foreseeing love sublime,
Which all human life inherits,
To the just man gives his merits,
To the sinner giveth time.*

It was not possible, in truth, following these paths, to impart to the *autos sacramentales* that interest which consists in correctness of language, consistency of characters, the natural development of a probable action; or, finally, that due proportion of all the parts which enter into the formation of a drama. But in their necessary want of such resources, the poets of the Corpus calculated upon other means of exciting interest, eminently effective when we take into account the faith and manners of our Spanish ancestors; the interest which, among such a people, was sure to be aroused by everything that referred directly to their religion; and the irresistible attraction to immense concourses of people, which could be exercised by him who was able without hesitation to satisfy their tastes and divert their eyes and their ears with popular investigations, ingenious contrivances, and showy scenery. These writers appealed to all. Their only obligation was to introduce the dogmatic and moral instruction into a profane

* Probably in the *Expugnacion de la Ciudad de Buda*, by Don Juan de Montenegro y Neira, or in the *Restauracion de Buda*, by Lanini.—M.

* . . . Mi providente amor,
Que á todo y en todo está,
Méritos al justo da,
Y da tiempo al pecador.

spectacle : wishing that the people would hear this at whatever cost, they sacrificed the accessory to the principal, like him who throws overboard the entire of his useless cargo, when he aims at winning some rich and difficult prize.

To bring to a conclusion so singular an undertaking, recourse was had to things of a sacred character, that were most foreign to an act purely religious, and to artistic things those that were most opposed to a spectacle purely literary. Of the great material means used for the production of effect, we have abundant evidence in the details of the costly magnificence with which these festal dramas were produced. Calderon himself bore witness to this, when he lamented that he could not communicate in words, even to his contemporaries, a true idea of what his sacramental works really were, because he had no way of transferring to the paper the wonderful effect of the music and of the machinery. But to proportion the text to its object, they never made the slightest effort. Simple gifts, with which annually the poets rewarded the piety of their fellow-citizens—free flights of the devout minds of those who, before trying their wings, covered their eyes with the bandage of the faith—the *autos* were filled not only with prolix theological dissertations, which the assembly heard with fixed attention, but also with rhymed and glossed prayers, with prophecies expounded, with epistles explained, with paraphrases of the psalms and gospels introduced, with spiritual canticles of the richest harmony interwoven, and what is even still more unusual in a dramatic work, with abstruse truths, practically demonstrated by the co-operative action of the gesture and the voice, rendering perceptible the mode of grouping and arranging the allegorical figures, which a mere verbal explanation would have left hard to be understood or difficult to be remembered. In this point of view many dramas of the Corpus were works in

which there were no secondary characters whatever, each one playing an independent part, and holding throughout its own special value and significance; compositions whose most trivial incidents, whose slightest words, perhaps, were of the utmost importance to the coherence of the whole piece, and required the same amount of invention as the general disposition of the fable itself, so much the more that, *that*, in case of necessity, was always sure to be the victim. All chronological concordance was trampled down, in order that in a compendious picture the moral concordances between persons of different times might be the result; or to produce eloquent contrasts, they united in scenery of a few yards in length, historical places and fantastic regions, the terrestrial sphere with that of the sun, hell with the highest heaven. The connection of those scenes was broken by monstrous and unexpected intercalations; the beginning was without explanation, and the end without a catastrophe; connection and symmetry were cut away when it became necessary; and the eucharistic dramas sustained themselves sometimes by extravagant ideas piled violently upon each other, like Pelion upon Ossa, through which the fundamental thought would creep lazily along, appearing and disappearing at intervals, like the river Gaudiana among the plains of La Mancha.

Upon the question of style, also, these works present inequalities not less distinct. From every epoch there remain *autos* of a quiet and humble aspect, sober and well-proportioned in their decoration, God-fearing, judicious, irreproachable; but these *autos*, like the modest daisies of our meadows, appear scantier and scantier as time advances. The greater number germinated after the manner of flowers, endowed by the force of a tropical sun, with a penetrating odour—a capricious and exuberant vesture—with splendid and even tawdry colours,

whose loveliness and grace, notwithstanding, the pencil of the artist could never imitate. Sublime passages, precious for the sweetness, the candour, the fancy, the nobleness, or the tenderness that they reveal, are placed, to the embarrassment of the hearers, in juxtaposition with all kinds of plays upon words, puns, quibbles, conceits, allusions, hyperboles, and affectations; the most animated dialogues alternate with interminable silvas and didactic romances; and with moral and political maxims, merry tales and vulgar pleasantries interblend.

In some of the *autos* the shallowest superficiality is placed on a level with the deepest erudition; profound and scientific remarks are placed in the mouths of the most grotesque characters; proper names introduced, often incorrectly; etymologies ready, like miserable slaves, at every call, mingle perhaps with fanciful images born of the analogy which exists between stars, and pearls, and flowers; technical words of the most prosaic familiarity, therapeutical, official, pictorial, maritime, strategetical, scholastic, roll on in impure alluvion, with torrents of rich versification, and with a poesy fascinating, religious, and moral—a poesy popular as well cultured, lyrical and pastoral, doctrinal and vigorously dramatic. They combined, in fine—following the fickle guidance of popular taste—the comic and the grave, the fanciful and the real, the exalted and the lowly, songs and syllogisms, serenades and sermons, games of forfeits and bloody catastrophes, the *Te Deum* and the *Chacona*, occurrences of the day and thoughts of eternity; everything, in a word, that could blend the sacred with the profane, and bring to a profitable conclusion the alliance between the people and their poets. . . . .

A certain foreign lady of the seventeenth century, Madame d'Aulnoy, during her residence in Spain, took the opportunity

of witnessing some of our devout representations, and as we find, in her travels, speaks of them only with contempt and ridicule. This foreign traveller laughed at seeing the whole audience involuntarily throwing themselves on their knees during a certain pathetic passage in an *auto* of St. Anthony. This roving lady was a lively writer; *but she did not understand the autos.* That of St. Anthony was quite beyond her comprehension, when she saw that it so directly struck the hearts of the spectators.*

So much it seemed incumbent on us to say concerning the dramas of the Corpus. With scrupulous fidelity we have pointed out their defects, their frequent want of connection, and the profane details of their representation. And yet, the men of our time, who can calculate so accurately the force of worldly attraction, have not succeeded in explaining upon ordinary grounds the immense popularity which attended the sacramental dramas. Is it not certain that the love of our fathers for such an extraordinary amusement, in spite of so many attractions, will appear, to many readers of this age, mysterious, extravagant, and inconceivable, and that they will denounce the existence of social causes, now completely lost, like the heroism of the so-called *Roman Virtues*, or, if they prefer it, the unutterable degradation of the times of the Cæsars? And where will this cause be found but in the just correspondence of these works with the religious end to which

* Mr. Ticknor's account of this circumstance is as follows:—"How far these plays were felt to be religious by the crowds who witnessed them, may be seen in a thousand ways; among the rest by the fact, mentioned by Madame d'Aulnoy, in 1679, that, when St. Anthony, on the stage, repeated his *Confiteor*, the audience all fell on their knees, smote their breasts heavily, and cried out *Meá culpá. Voyage d'Espagne.* A la Haye, 1693, 18mo, tom. i., p. 56."—*History of Spanish Literature.* Ed. 1863, tom. ii., p. 249.

they were directed? Where, but in their harmony with the lively sentiments of piety, which, in spite of equivocal appearances, made the heart bound beneath the coarse doublet, the jacket, or the vest of the attentive villager, the blushing damsel, the gallant youth, and the gray-haired sage?

Certainly, he who only fixes his eyes on the profanities and buffooneries of these dramas, their historical inaccuracies, the eternal amphibology of their plots, personages, and language, and especially in seeing the Man-God brandishing, with the same dexterity, after the manner of a harlequin, now the club of Hercules, and now the lance of the Knight of the Sun, as expert in the use of the rustic winnowing-fork as the tasseled cane of the professor, and as much at home with the warlike truncheon as the sceptre even of a reigning monarch, to all which positions the poets had no scruple in transferring, in actual living representation, the person of the Saviour of the world: in seeing all this, we repeat, it seems a self-evident thing to declare that the *autos* are not only deficient in moral value, but that they are, to a high degree, sacrilegious and scandalous.

Let us take care, however, not to impute to others faults that are absolutely our own.

The present age knows its weakness, and dare not look by way of diversion, in the theatre, at what in real life constitutes its crime and its punishment. Not in jest, but in earnest, have the distances between heaven and earth been diminished in latter years: debasing one and exalting the other, we hold God in little esteem, and man in much. Deliberate prose writers, and not fantastic poets, are those who, to-day confound Jove with Christ, and Babylon with Jerusalem. A new kind of *autos sacramentales* is this; we read historians who treat as a mystical invention the existence of Jesus; we have to do

with politicians, who, without embarrassment, implant paganism in the Gospel, legalise the power of the passions, sanctify the plurality of religions, and proclaim the rights of brute force. To the exuberance of animal spirits, in which Christian joy burst forth, has succeeded the smartness of the encyclopædists; after those men of genius who made truth masquerade in fiction have come philosophers, who know how to *create* in the same lucubration the true God and the deities of Olympus. Lost in such darkness, how could this age see clearly through the shadows of an allegorical *auto*? Guilty of so many transgressions, why should not its exquisite sensibilities be shocked by dramas, that in every allegory by which they minister to the majesty of the Redeemer, lay before the age its own proper work, saying in an humble voice: *Ecce homo.*

Our ancestors could afford to be less formal in their amusements, because they were more serious in important affairs. Institutions, education, public undertakings, customs, every thing, in fine, had for their only object, that of being, as it were, in the face of the world, the public champions of Catholic truth. Spain owed to the zeal of her children such profound marks of originality, that thus sequestered from the rest of the world, she could be called, like Israel, *a priestly kingdom and a holy nation.* It is of some importance even to nations to have a tranquil conscience. Those who in any manner have given themselves to God, may well claim the privilege, after having adored him as men upon the altars, of playing also, even like little children, in his presence. For them all confusion between the human and the divine was impossible. It did not scandalize them, nor mislead them, nor offend them in the slightest degree, that Galalon should appear dressed as Judas; nor that to the King of Heaven should be attributed the exploits of a king of Spain, who boasted that he was so *by the grace of God,*

nor that the Redeemer of the world should be joined as a bifronted personage with the lover of Eurydice, or the conqueror of the Lernean hydra. They knew the distance that intervened between the creator and his creatures, and between the different classes of his creatures and each other. In intimate contact with the sublime objects which it worshipped, that society knew how to find them as complete and majestic under the faintest allegories, as to adore them in the coarsest images which the rude statuary of the primitive Christians had bequeathed to their veneration. Their sharp-sighted eyes beheld the splendour of the face of Christ, with equal clearness, when he rode upon the humble ass, as when he was gloriously transfigured. In contradiction to us, these men were safe in seeing erroneously, because they felt correctly. They brought to the sacramental festivals two great protectors; the faith to answer for their respect, and the catechism to guide their intelligence. They possessed the simple word that changed everything dark into light; perhaps the most unlettered peasant, who assisted at the *autos*, could maintain firmly the truth of that, which would have been dark to the knowledge of a Plato. They enjoyed at a seasonable time their pious amusements, an exercise prejudicial to brains deteriorated, like ours, by the pride of life; to the robust spirit of our Catholic progenitors, they were things in every way innocent—frivolous perhaps externally, but of priceless value within.

It alone would have been a radical fault in the *autos* of the Corpus, if they did not keep the actions and speeches assigned to the different personages in harmony with the Catholic spirit. With regard to the rest, the same insignia of derisive empire, with which the deicide people mocked their Redeemer, might be changed into an acceptable gift, if offered with humble submission, and a simple mind.

But did this harmony really exist between the essential portion of the *autos* and religion?

Singular circumstance! the profound restorers of our poetical intelligence, who placed French Masters over the Spanish muse to make it speak with discretion, passed near the eucharistic dramas without ever suspecting that there was either elevation or intellectual power in their authors. And while they characteristically asked the government to employ salaried translators from the French, in order, fundamentally, to remodel the national stage, they repelled the poor *autos sacramentales* from them with disdain, not being able to discover beneath their allegories anything that was either civilizing or substantial. In them and beneath them, however, the Spanish populace saw things which are wanting to those who come to examine in what proportion social and religious culture are mixed in the polished theatrical productions of the new school. The poems of the Corpus had an uncommon aspect and slight pretensions; but at least their moral was consoling. They were not made interesting for young girls discontented with old husbands, nor humbly presented to daughters, condemned to misery by good mothers. In a variety of ways, now by complicated plots, now by the neat and temperate exposition of a simple argument, they inculcated attachment between rulers and subjects, offenders and offended, rich and poor; and as the terminal point of all human relation, the love of man towards God. The reasoning may have been inconclusive, but they continually held up to public execration and contempt ingratitude, avarice, pride, hypocrisy, discontent, and flattery; they made humility, obedience, and chastity, attractive; they preached by eloquent practical examples, the blessings of charity and of conformity with one's own state of life. There was no moral principle on which the well-being of society rested that

did not find an active propagator in the eucharistic th
nor could there be found on the contrary, in the dramas
Corpus, one single pernicious lesson; and in point of fr
of language, considered of so little moment in those da
have met with but four among all the works of thi
that we have read that were liable to censure in this r
And those qualities just enumerated were, notwithsta
the least of their merits.

The action of the *autos* was exercised in a region
religious. . . . . In this point of view, it may be
of what consequence then were the superficial extrava
of the dramas of the Corpus? With them or without
the people, who flocked to witness the representation of
spectacles, heard the orthodox explanation of the doctr
transubstantiation and of justification; the motives of
less charity which determined the institution of the Euc
the physical and moral phenomena that assist us to
this mystery, if we cannot penetrate it; the sacril
temerity of him who ventures to set up his own reason
equality with the divine reason; the necessity of a me
both God and man, by whom

> Man pays the price of man's redemption,
> And God atonement makes to God;—*

the distinct characters of the Natural law, the Writte
and the law of Grace; the difference between Atheis
Heretics, Jews and Gentiles; all which were no less nu
food for the intelligence of the auditory, from the fac
containing neither the tragic poison which Medea cor

* "Pague el hombre por el hombre,
Y Dios á Dios satisfaga."

from the blood of serpents, nor those savoury seasonings of which the author of the *Si de las Niñas** was the provider. Along with such a repository of dogmatic truths, the *autos* had also the privilege of resorting, as if it were an open treasure, to the historical proofs of our religion. They familiarized the people with the signification of the types of the Old Law; they fixed in their memory, embellished with metrical ornament, the most sublime passages of the prophets; and in using those mythological fables, so repugnant to our philosophical austerity, they let them see in them a disfigured tradition of the promises of paradise; a precious testimony in themselves to the certainty of a primitive revelation. They explained, likewise, in every mode of expression, and made plain under every form anything that was obscure concerning the realization of those promises; they published in eloquent language or in practical representation, the precepts, discourses, and parables of Jesus Christ; and drawing forth every action of His life, from the time that He was born at midnight in an obscure stable, until His sufferings and death on Calvary in the glare of day, they pointed out in a popular mode of expression the most hidden and wonderful lessons of perfection, which the penetration of the holy fathers and the meditations of contemplative men have discovered in the history of the Redeemer.

Nor were the *autos* mere words, scenes, or isolated pictures. The strong frame work of these poems frequently contained ideas capable of humbling our presumption by their contrast to contemporary ideas. Every one knows what kind of morality the theatrical muse of the present day teaches us: but what recollections were stored up in *his* memory, what lessons

* "The Young Maiden's Consent," written by Leandro Moratin, and performed with great success at Madrid in 1806.—M.

did *he* bear away with him, to be remembered at needful moments in his after life, who returned from a Eucharistic festival? Perhaps the representation at which he has just assisted, had for its principal object to show him on what pagan principles man acts, when, forgetful of Providence, he attributes the vicissitudes of his life to fortune;* perhaps it was to confirm his patience by teaching him that suffering is a crown of strength which God places on the forehead of His elect, as trials are often a merciful stimulus to languid souls. To explain the actual fact of visible miracles, perhaps it had shown him how the power of heaven works its invisible miracles around him at every moment;† perhaps attending to its religious institution, the *autos* had explained to him the words and actions of the Sacrifice of the Mass,‡ at which he had so often assisted without comprehending their meaning. Perhaps by the example of the seed, which only fructifies after it has died, it may have taught him to offer the sacrifice of his heart to God;§ perhaps by reducing them to sensible form and systematic demonstration, it may have cleared up the relations which exist between the creature and the Creator, between spirit and matter, between the past and the future of human history. Returning to his chimney corner, the spectator of an *auto* did not say carelessly, thinking only of the external action of the piece, I have seen mythological fables, or feats of knightly prowess, or adventures of the cloak and sword class. With greater penetration, perhaps he might have said, I have just seen man's ingratitude and pride rebelling against the Power, the Wisdom, and the Love of God; and this,

* A lesson taught in Calderon's *No ay mas fortuna que Dios.*—M.
† In Calderon's *No ay Instante sin Milagro.*—M.
‡ In Calderon's *Los Mysterios de la Missa.*—M.
§ In Calderon's *La Semilla y la Zizana.*—M.

will you believe it? in the same picture in which even the insensible elements, struggling with each other in universal confusion and disorder, become amenable successively to the law of Power which separates them, of Wisdom which directs them, and of Love which compels them to sing their sublime harmonies in never ceasing hymns.* I have seen (perhaps he would say at another time) the Water and the Earth, the Air and the Fire, as if in the sight of Justice and Mercy, the whole Creation had become animated, presenting in Paradise their flattering service and their exquisite gifts to Human Nature when in a state of innocence, but turning in furious revolt against her, when they perceive that she has sinned; or again, bursting into cries of lamentation and fearful disorder at the consummation of the catastrophe of Golgotha; until, at last, obedient to the decrees of Divine Goodness, they supply with joyful submission the material elements for the sacramental restoration of our race.† I have seen (he will finally say, if another reference is permitted to us) in the darksome caverns of the earth the Body of man, still inanimate, but trembling with the hope of its near exaltation, whilst the Soul descends from heaven to be its spouse, dowered with resplendent beauty, robed in spotless apparel, and departing from its native country with sorrowful tears. I saw Life kindling his torch, approach to meet them; I saw them joined together, reciprocally assisting and injuring each other; I saw the Spirit and the Flesh, attended by the Senses and the Mental powers, thus united in uncongenial wedlock, perpetually disagreeing and walking along the path of the world between the snares and

* In Calderon's *auto* Life is a Dream (*La Vida es Sueño*).—M.

† All described in Calderon's beautiful *autos*, *The Poison and the Antidote* and *The Cure and the Disease* (El Veneno y la Triaca— La Cura y la Enfermedad). For a translation of the first scene of *The Poison and the Antidote*, by the present writer, see the Appendix to this volume.—M.

pitfalls of Sin and of Death. At extinguishing the torch of Life, this significant story terminates in a manner worthy of its commencement: the Soul, purified by penance, remounts to its happy centre; the Body sleeps anew in the reopened bosom of the earth, awaiting in impenetrable lethargy the final resurrection; while, as the most holy pledge of its eventual ransom, the symbols of the Eucharist dart their splendours from on high.* . . . . .

During the first period of the sacramental drama, whilst Spain defended throughout all Europe the integrity of its faith, the feeble population of our cities and of our plains clustered around writers, unknown in our day, in order to arm themselves with fortitude against Protestantism. Didactic and laudatory, if not disputatious and aggressive, were the *autos sacramentales* of that period. With its ancient peace disturbed by the noisy clamour around them, the people only asked of their poets Christian instructions wherewith to defend themselves, simple words which would explain dogmas in the time of controversy, and tender excitations which might keep their own fervour alive. And the poets dedicating themselves with simplicity and calmness to the fulfilment of this civilizing duty, with a vast accumulation of truths, which many, who think themselves at this day much more enlightened, do not possess, succeeded in scattering their works even among the huts of miserable hamlets, penetrating by the lucid exposition of disputed points, to the intelligence of busy burgesses and uncultivated peasants.

In the second epoch the religious spirit, firmly rooted in the

* This *auto*, *El Pleito Matrimonial*, was left incomplete by Calderon, and finished by Zamora. It is given in the fourth volume of the *Autos Sacramentales*, with the several portions by Calderon and Zamora distinctly marked.—M.

healthy heart of the people, which the *autos* suppose, was neither perverse, gloomy, nor destructive. We see it burning rather, like the lamp lit up before the altar, intense, brilliant and tranquil. In no nation whatever, were there poems so winning, or so directly calculated to bring into relief the beauty and sweetness of the Catholic religion, as the dramas of the Corpus with which the Spanish nation recreated itself at the time of its greatest asceticism. The spirit of charity filled them with life; their formulas were expressed in language of invariable gentleness and infantine grace; one attribute of the divinity they seemed to fly from as a theme—that of its justice; but in exchange they praised the magnificence of God, and excited their hearers to hope for His mercy, showing how untiring it was, and how easily satisfied, until if they had added but one line more, the picture would have been overdrawn. Joyful and pious, as those who have a conscience at peace, these works give a precious indication of that culture for which most of those who witnessed them were indebted to Catholicity. In them may be seen the true temper of our ancient people, who carelessly went to and fro, whilst their active governments worked, organizing the whole nation, like a vast machine, to resist impiety; a people happy in its faith, content with its civil state, gladdened with its sun, ingenious and spiritual in its nature; a people whose instincts and qualities are admirably summed up in the persons of two of its writers who died in the course of one half century—among the religious St. Teresa of Jesus, and among the profane the universally popular Lope de Vega.

And when, after him, Calderon set the seal of his noble intellect upon the *autos* of the Corpus, he did not present to us the Spanish people as a maniac who seeks in senseless occupations a distraction adapted to his diseased brain and superstí-

tious mind, but as a subdued paladin, who retaliates on the whole confederacy opposing his generous designs, by praying for them, at all times and under every form, in the innermost sanctuary of his heart—consolations and victories which fate cannot take from him. At no time did the *autos* affect to be less grave, and yet there never was a time in which they contained fundamental thoughts of so much gravity. A shadow of solemnity, almost of sorrow, had already altered their genial smile. The anger of God and the depravity of his creatures gave a sombre character to those recognitions of celestial goodness; they aspired to exercise a severe moral control, along with the religious; the plots acquired greater complication and expansion; the composition from being tranquil became vehement, from being ingenuous became gorgeous; and to such an extent did it invade the whole circle of theological science that, to transform them into complete mystical and dogmatic manuals, nothing more would be required than to present the ideas in another form of language. The active intelligence of Calderon, as Catholic as it was Spanish, rejoicing to meet with subjects so congenial to its nature, employed its powers to the utmost. At one time we see him comprising in a drama of apparent insignificance the whole range of human philosophy, making the explanation of our destiny simple to all, by means of elegant pictures and splendid similes. At another, we judge of his internal exaltation by those rapid and profound improvisations into which he bursts in spite of himself, when he only aims at unfettering the forces of his genius in bold and hazardous experiments, playing with his subject as the hero of Ercilla did with his *macizo líbano fornido.**

* His "*massive beam a mighty tree-trunk strong.*"—I have found the Spanish quotation in *La Araucana*, Canto II. stanza xxxix. The passage

For him, as for all Spain, the days which he consecrated to his *autos*, were days of cordial enjoyment, high spirits, and abundance. If any one would study those days, let him follow Calderon when borne on the double wings of sacred learning and of faith, and yielding with a smile to the caprices of popular favour, which at the same time caressed him and controuled him, he gave a free flight to his serene spirit in the symbolic drama. . . . . .

Let us take our leave then of these joyous and humble eucharistic compositions, whose authors we may be sure could never have believed that in their own country they would be submitted to such a critical study as the present; let us allow them to sink back into the shadows of a past age; let them sleep the sleep of neglect in the solitary study, unless when proposed as hieroglyphics to the curiosity of new generations, which on this point, as in everything else, are only powerful and energetic in doubt. Lope de Vega recalled to his mind the memory of his sacramental works, in order to gain strength and consolation in the hour of death; and Calderon with his head encircled by the aureola of his glorious old age, after having for the last time partaken of the Bread of eternal life,

in which it is given refers to the election of a captain-general among the Caciques, by the test of personal strength in supporting a massive beam upon the shoulder. The allusion in the text is to the easy manner in which the successful competitor, Lincoya, went through the ordeal. I quote from a subsequent stanza :—

"De los hombros el manto derribando
Las terribles espaldas descubria,
Y el duro y grave leño levantando
Sobre el fornido asiento le ponia :
Corre lijero aqui y alli mostrando
Que poco aquella carga le impedia;
Era de sol à sol el dia pasado,
Y el peso sustentaba aun no cansado."

Canto II. stanza xliii.—M.

exhaled his fervent spirit in adding some verses to the rough draft of an unfinished *auto.** . . . . .

The *autos* of the Corpus are the most secular among works that can strictly be called religious, but at the same time they are the most religious among all those that may be considered secular. *Sermons in a representable idea*, as their authors called them, they were in spite of their external insignificance grave works in three points of view; firstly, as public exhibitions of Spanish faith; secondly, as food that nourished and kept alive the popular enthusiasm; and thirdly, as vehicles of Christian instruction. Hybrid compositions, if you will, but vigorously constituted; scintillations reflecting the sun of truth, but exhibiting neither sterility of intelligence, nor coldness of heart, nor such a deficiency of splendour as would prevent their lightening up before the eyes of Europe the most beautiful social spectacle that can be conceived—a united people. From them the professors of the poetic art may keep aloof, but let no one disdain them who wishes to understand the character and the soul of our fathers. Nothing, at any time, has amused a people so much through religion; nothing has edified it so much by amusing it.

To him who would regard such a union with a frown, we

* "He died in 1681," says Mr. Ticknor, "on the 25th of May, the Feast of the Pentecost, while all Spain was ringing with the performance of the *autos*, in the composition of one more of which he was himself occupied almost to the last moment of his life." On which subject Mr. Ticknor adds the following note:—"Solis, the historian, in one of his letters says 'Our friend Don Pedro Calderon is just dead, and went off, as they say the swan does, singing; for he did all he could, even when he was in immediate danger, to finish the second *auto* for the Corpus. But after all he completed only a little more than half of it, and it has been finished in some way or other by Don Melchior de Leon.'"—*History of Spanish Literature*, 2, p. 351, and *Notes*. Edition of 1863.—M.

can only reply in the words of a sacramental poet, that for simple hearts

> Joy is in itself religion,
> As religion is a joy.*

If the *autos* do not present to us the ancient Spanish people secluded in ecstatic devotion, they as little exhibit it at war with its maker, or even forgetful of him. These representations which astonish us by their antique mingling of joviality and asceticism, were the more profane part of the festivities attendant on the great day of Corpus Christi. Celebrated as it was with the utmost pomp, the people who crowded to witness these performances enjoyed their relaxations in conformity with the encouraging excitations of the Church; they responded to the voice of Urban IV., who at the institution of this festival, spoke to them in these words:—"Let all the clergy as well as the laity, with joy and gratitude sing canticles of praise! Let all offer hymns of salutary joy to God, with the heart and with the will, with the lips and with the tongue! Let Faith carol joyfully, let Hope dance with exultation, let Charity rejoice and Devotion be made glad; let the choir ring with rapture; let Purity rest secure! Let every one assist with willing alacrity and a happy mind, bringing all their holy desires into action, and solemnizing the great festival which is this day instituted."

* Tambien es culto el contento,
Como el contento sea culto.

AUTOS SACRAMENTALES,

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

EXPLANATORY PREFACE.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST belongs to the noblest compositions that we find among the *autos* of Calderon. If the subject in itself seems singularly well adapted to dramatic treatment of every kind, nevertheless to Calderon unquestionably belongs the glory of having produced from it, by the masterly treatment of the magnificent material on which he worked, an effect that could only be obtained under his hands.

This *auto* must be classed with those whose action relates directly to the Blessed Sacrament, because it puts before us, in the profanation of the vases of the Temple by Belshazzar, a type of the desecration of the Holy Sacrament, and symbolizes to us, in the punishment that follows this sacrilege, the magnitude and sublimity of the Eucharistic Mystery. Although this immediate relation between the action of the *auto* and the Sacrament becomes only manifestly clear in the last scene, nevertheless, all the preceding part, which is only preparing us for the final catastrophe, stands in intimate connection with it, and, through it, with the action of the *auto*.

The wonderful simplicity of this relation, and the lively dramatic treatment of the subject, allow us to place this *auto*, justly, in the same category with those that, comparatively

speaking, are easy to be understood, and which, like *The Great Theatre of the World*, have especial claims upon popularity, even if many of its details contain very deep allusions, the meaning of which, at first sight, is not very intelligible.

In order to understand the importance of the characters in the *auto*, the following observations may be of use in this place, as the more specific explanations will be given in the notes. The person of Belshazzar has, throughout, a complete historical character, and can only be considered an allegorical one in so far as it supplies to the poet, in the last scene, the type of an unworthy communicant. His character is faithfully delineated in general, according to the picture of him which Holy Scripture has given us. The two wives of Belshazzar, VANITY and IDOLATRY, are allegorical figures, which represent, in a double point of view, the predominant vice of the king, which is eventually to be the cause of his downfall, inasmuch as it consists on one side of that bewitchment and complacent delight in his own earthly greatness, and the splendour that surrounds him (which is vanity), and rising on the other side, even to the madness of self-deification, which, not satisfied with present earthly greatness, aims, seriously, at the position of a supernatural being, and enters the lists, as it were, in rivalry with God Himself (which is idolatry). This is, in our opinion, the real deep and only right signification of the figure of IDOLATRY, which we could not seize in its full meaning if taken only as the personification of Belshazzar's personal proclivity to idolatrous worship. THE THOUGHT, which plays the part of *Gracioso*, is the personification of the Thought of Belshazzar himself, and, as such, his Jester or Court-fool. But it represents, at the same time, the essence of Human Thought in general, and thus occupies a position very similar to that which it holds in the *auto* of

*A Dios por razon de Estado.** DANIEL is, in the first place, the historic Daniel, such as he is described in Holy Scripture at the Court of Babylon; but at the same time he is the herald of the councils of God, and the representative of His everlasting wisdom. According to the etymology of his name, he is the allegoric personification of the Wisdom and Judgment of God. As such, we find, standing at his side as the executor of his commands, and kept in bounds by his orders, the completely allegoric figure of DEATH, which, nevertheless, has been delineated in such magnificent and sharply-marked outlines that he appears almost the chief actor, or most essential person, in the whole piece, and would, in a real representation, supply a most effective part for the performer.

The time at which Calderon wrote this *auto* must be placed in the reign of Philip IV., (that is before the year 1665)† as in the *loa* that precedes the *auto* in the original, the king is mentioned as reigning. In the same place, we learn that the first representation took place in Madrid, and that the expenses of its production were defrayed by the Parish Church of S. Gines: as also that, annually, the united parishes of the capital carried out similar representations at their own cost—most likely in connection with the procession of Corpus Christi day, which the different parishes in the great towns were accustomed to celebrate, one after the other, during the octave of that festival.

Of this *auto* two German translations have preceded that of Lorinser, one by Eichendorff (Stuttgart, 1846), and the other by Braunfels (Frankfort, 1856). The latter is written all through in Iambic verse, and is generally so free as to be considered rather a re-casting of the Spanish original than a translation.

* The name of which may have been suggested by Tirso de Molina's *Comedia*—To Love for reasons of State—*Amar por razon de Estado.*—M.

† See Note by the Translator, next page.—M.

NOTE TO THE INTRODUCTION

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

LORINSER evidently was not aware that *La Cena de Balthasar* had been published in the year 1664, along with many other *loas* and *autos* by various writers, in the rare volume *Navidad, y Corpus Christi, Festejados per los mejores ingenios de España:* Madrid, 1664. This volume contains also another *auto* by Calderon, *El Divino Jason*, which, as has been elsewhere remarked, is not included under that name in any subsequent edition of the *autos*. It is to be found, however, in an unpublished seventh and eighth part of *Autos Sacramentales de Don Pedro Calderon*, prepared for the press by Don Isidro Fajardo, in 1718, and now in the possession of Don Sancho Rayon, of Madrid. In this collection there are fifteen additional *autos* attributed to Calderon, of which six, at least, are by other known writers. There still exist, at Madrid, in the archives of the city, MS. memoranda in the autograph of Calderon, in which he gives the names of all the *autos* contributed by him to the festival of Corpus Christi, from the year 1659 to 1664. Among these *La Cena de Balthasar* is not to be found. From this circumstance, and from contemporary allusions in the *loa* that precedes the *auto* in the original, the recent editor of the collection of *Autos Sacramentales*, published in Rivadeneyra's *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, the late Don Eduardo Gonzales Pedroso considers that *La Cena de Balthasar* was written much earlier than 1659—probably about the year

1637. Among the twelve *autos* published by Calderon himself in 1677, in one volume, and in the re-print of that volume in 1690 (the existence of which Señor Barrera, in his valuable *Catalogo del Teatro Antiguo Español*, seems only to be aware of from its being mentioned with a third re-print of 1715, in the MS. Collection of Fajardo just mentioned), *La Cena de Balthasar* is not included. From the circumstance of his having omitted so fine an *auto* from his collection, we may infer that the property in it had passed altogether out of Calderon's hands. Some difficulties of the same kind may, perhaps, have been the cause of Calderon's discontinuing the publication of the *autos* as he originally intended. That it was his intention to do so is almost certain, from the fact of his having called the volume of 1677 *Primera Parte*. These words are omitted from the title-page of the volume of 1690, though given in the *Suma de la Licencia*, and in the *Suma de la Tassa*, prefixed to that volume, as if all hope of a further publication of the *autos* was then abandoned. Nor, in fact, as has been mentioned in the General Introduction to this volume, were any more of them published until 1717, when Don Pedro Pando y Mier gave seventy-two of them to the world, in six volumes, quarto. These were re-arranged and re-printed by Apontes, in 1759, with the addition of the *loa* called *La Fabrica del Navio*, and the *auto*, *La Protestacion de la Fè*, which are to be found at the end of the sixth volume of his edition. In both editions, the *autos* are called *obras posthumas*, though twelve of them, as I have said above, were published by Calderon himself in 1677, and were printed a second time in the volume of 1690, and a third time in 1715.—M.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

La Cena de Balthasar.

Navidad y Corpus Christi, Madrid, 1664.—*Coleccion* de Pando y Mier, 1717.—*Idem* de Apontes, 1759.—*Tesoro del Teatro Español*, de Ochoa, tomo iii., Paris, 1838.—*Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, tomo lviii., Madrid, 1865.

Belshazzar's Feast.

PERSONS.

THE KING BELSHAZZAR.	THE THOUGHT.
DANIEL.	DEATH.
IDOLATRY.	AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE.
VANITY.	MUSICIANS.

The beautiful Garden of Belshazzar's Palace, terminated by a Summer-House and Wall.

Scene the First.

Enter THE THOUGHT, *dressed in a coat of many colours, as The Fool, and after him* DANIEL, *detaining him.*

DANIEL.

Stay!

THOUGHT.

Why stay? the road is free.

DANIEL.

Stop!

THOUGHT.

Why stop? the coast is clear.

DANIEL.

Hear me!

THOUGHT.

I don't want to hear.

DANIEL.

See though . . . .

THOUGHT.

I don't want to see.*

DANIEL.

Who before, in words like these,
Questioned thus, has thus replied?

THOUGHT.

I, for I, by rules untied,
I alone say what I please.

DANIEL.

Say, who art thou?†

* The form of verse used in this first scene is a four-lined stanza, in which the first and fourth and the second and third lines rhyme.—M.

† The person of Thought has, in the following piece, a triple part to play. In the first place it represents the court-fool of King Belshazzar, and, consequently, appears upon the stage in a dress appropriate to that character. At the same time, it represents the fickle, frivolous mind of Belshazzar himself, and is, therefore, in the second signification,

THOUGHT.

Thy not knowing
This offends me, I confess:—
Tells it not to thee this dress
With a thousand colours glowing,
Like the many-hued emission
The chameleon's skin gives out,
Leaving its true shade in doubt?*
Hear, then, this, my definition:—
I am of those attributes
In which deathless being prideth;
I that light am which divideth
Man's high nature from the brute's.†
I am that first crucible,
In which fortune's worth is tested—‡
Swift as sun-light unarrested—
Than the moon more mutable:—
I have no fixed place wherein
To be born, or live, or die.—
On I move, yet know not I

the personification of his own thoughts—the Thought of Belshazzar. Lastly, it represents Human Thought generally, *in abstracto*, because its nature adapts itself even to the Thought of Belshazzar, his court-fool. From this three-fold character, which the person of Thought thus combines in itself, may be explained the address that follows, and also the exposition which he makes to Daniel of his own nature and being.

* That is to say, whose real colour, from its perpetual shifting and changing, is very difficult to determine.

† Here, and in the following verses, Thought defines itself to be Human thought in general. As such, it is a light which forms the distinguishing characteristic mark of men (and, consequently, also of Daniel, who is here addressed) as contrasted with the lower animals.

‡ The sense is: Through *me* man is able to contemplate his fate. Fortune, or Fate—that is, the exterior objective perception of events must pass, at first, through my subjective crucible, in order to reach men.

AUTOS SACRAMENTALES,

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

And, in fine, I, being a fool,
Did not like to stop and pause
Here to speak with thee, because
It would outrage every rule,
That we two were joined, and trod
On together, badly mated ;*
For if "Daniel," when translated,
Meaneth Wisdom as of God,†
It were difficult to try
To keep up a conversation,
We being in our separate station,
Wisdom thou, and Folly I.

DANIEL.

Yet to-day I know no rules
That forbid our casual speaking,
Thou the way of the wise man seeking—‡

this account, that although he takes infinite pains to appear before the public of a sensible disposition—that is to say, to speak sensibly in the part assigned him—he, notwithstanding, wishes to intimate that, at the bottom, he is a fool—a self-consciousness which most men know how to conceal, because they are very cautious not to give expression to all their secret thoughts. The apology which Thought makes for his fool's dress is, therefore, not very complimentary to the spectators; but the court-fool has the privilege to take liberties. Behind the Fool stands, indeed, the Poet himself; and Calderon, without doubt, was familiar with the proverb, "Children and fools speak the truth."

* That is, if both our minds would come in contact with each other by conversation.

† Daniel is called, according to the Hebrew etymology, properly the Judge of God. In so far as wisdom is the most essential quality of a judge, the explanation of the epithet, "Wisdom as of God," or "God's Wisdom," may be justified. But in Spanish the analogy is closer—*Juicio* in that language (like the Latin *Judicium*) meaning judgment as well as wisdom.

‡ Daniel signifies by these words, in an ingenious way, that folly, though rather common, is not at all a necessary and inseparable attribute

I not stooping to the fool's :
For, although the distance be
Great 'twixt wise and witless words,
Still 'tis from two different chords
Springs the sweetest harmony.*

THOUGHT.

Well, I'll answer with decision,
And get over my confusion,
Since it is a right conclusion
Thought should tell the Prophet's vision.†

DANIEL.

Say what pleasure, deeply drawn,
Art thou now in spirit drinking?

THOUGHT.

Of the bridal I am thinking,
Which, to-day, all Babylon
Celebrates with festive roar.‡

DANIEL.

Now the bridegroom's name declare.

of the human mind, and that, as a rule, it is voluntary, and springs from our own fault.

* A beautiful and deep thought. The meaning of the passage is, that the man who is truly wise is able to converse rationally even with a fool, if, on the one side, he knows how to treat his companion in the right way, and if, on the other, the fool will, for the occasion, lay his folly aside, and assume the gravity of a sensible man.

† Even the wisest prophet requires the Thought as a medium for his visions. As far as the Thought is received *in abstracto* (as the Human Thought generally), it can be reconciled very well with the highest wisdom.

‡ Thought does not answer, as in the preceding speech, as Thought in general, but in his special individuality as the Thought of Belshazzar, and as his court-fool.

THOUGHT.

King Belshazzar, son and heir
Of Nabuchadónosór,
Heir of pride, by pride encreased :—

DANIEL.

Who is, then, the happy bride?

THOUGHT.

She who rules the Orient wide—
The fair Empress of the East,
Cradle of day's infancy.*

DANIEL.

An idolatress, is she?

THOUGHT.

Yes,
And so great an idolatress
She is *herself* Idolatry.

DANIEL.

Is he not, in marriage vows,
Wed already to a wife,
In the vanity of life?

THOUGHT.

Yes; but then his law allows
Two, or even a thousand wives;
And, though wed to Vanity,

* The East is called "the cradle in which the day is born," from the sun rising there.—M.

Now for Paganism* he,
With imperious passion, strives,
Daniel, or "God's Wisdom," names
(For the two† are one) to thee
Given by Scripture.

DANIEL.

Woe is me!

THOUGHT.

Would you wed yourself the dames
That you thus take on you so?
[*Aside.*
This to tell was wrong, I see.

DANIEL.

Woe! God's people! woe to thee!
Woe! unhappy kingdom, woe!‡

THOUGHT.

If the truth were told, thy deepest
Pain is now the contemplating
The great bride-feast celebrating,
While a captive here thou weepest.
This it is that saddens thee;
For if he had chanced to wed

* "Paganism" is here synonymous with Idolatry, the symbolical bride Belshazzar.

† "The two"—that is the two epithets, "Daniel" and "God's isdom."

‡ Lorinser's note here is merely explanatory of his own translation of e passage.—M. That is, Woe to thee, God's people, if Belshazzar does t repent of and abandon his present intention.

With the Jewish rite instead,
Thou wouldst be redeemed and free;—*
(Clarions are heard.)
Hark! the distant music sounds;
Now I pass to other things;
Babylon with rapture rings,
Every heart with joy rebounds,
Welcoming, with jubilee,
The new Wife-Queen.—Let us go.

DANIEL.

Woe! unhappy kingdom, woe!
Woe! God's people! woe to thee!
(They retire.)

* That is, that he preferred to abandon himself to idolatry, instead of hearkening to thy precepts.

Scene the Second.

Peal of Trumpets. Enter BELSHAZZAR *and* VANITY *at one side, and* IDOLATRY, *fantastically dressed, at the other, with Attendants, Followers, &c.*

BELSHAZZAR.

Crown thy fair forehead at this feast
With all the dazzling splendour of the East,*
If for so bright a diadem
The sun itself is not too dull a gem.
Beauteous Idolatry,
Queen of my kingdom, dearer queen to me,
Thrice welcome be the hour
That thou to Babylon's imperial bower
Hast come; where, o'er thy royal head,
My greatness a fit canopy shall spread—
Presenting at thy feet
The noblest statues, the most rare conceit,

* Idolatry (the worship of idols) is represented as one of the Queens of the East, whom Belshazzar has chosen for his spouse, along with his other wife, Vanity. The East, indeed, was not only the cradle of the earliest culture, but of idol-worship also. For the truth of the conception of our poet, it is quite unimportant whether Babylon, which itself is situated in the far east, took its system of the worship of many gods from a remoter east, or not. Even if this could not be established historically, Idolatry remains always the Queen of the East. The Orient, as the kingdom of light and splendour in which the sun rises, has always imposed, by its sensuous magnificence, upon the peoples of the West. The splendid brightness that cometh thence, which irradiates everything, forms, therefore, the characteristic mark of the seducing Idolatry that captivates the heart of Belshazzar.

By sculptor ever wrought for man to adore,
Which, with whole holocausts from every shore,
Their fealty shall pay
In gold, in silver, bronze, and stone, and clay.*

IDOLATRY.

Great King of Babylon,
Generous Belshazzar, earth's most potent son,
Whose sacred name sublime
Defeats oblivion and defieth time,
Because its Hebrew sense
Translated, means a hidden and immense
Unfailing treasure ;† She—the happy She—
Empress of Day's fair house—Idolatry,
Queen of the Orient clime,
Where the young sun, resplendent and sublime,
Receives the homage first of wondering eyes—
Himself the primal source of wonder and surprise—‡
She to thy kingdom comes to-day—
By right she to thy altars finds her way,
Because, when from the Flood's abysmal throes,
The World, like some great swimmer, struggling rose,

* It is Idolatry (*i.e.*, the worship of idols personified) which has given life and existence to the different single idols. From the breath of her favour they are nourished; and, therefore, while they themselves are worshipped, they fall, in their turn, at the feet of her who gave them birth, according to the bold image of our poet.

† The true etymology of the name Belshazzar is not easily made out. The one given here by Calderon is, perhaps, taken from an explanation of it by one of the Fathers of the Church.

‡ The splendour and the wonder of the Orient are ascribed by our poet, most poetically, to the circumstance that it is the birth-place of the sun, whose light seems to have a fresher and more beautiful lustre there than elsewhere.

Here in this kingdom, here,
First polity arose, and codes severe,
And laws commanding and remitting things—
The human fond idolatry of kings;
Then followed after the divine,
With gods and votive flames at every shrine.
Thus Nimrod was adored;
Thus Moloch, 'mid the fires that round him roared.
Nor undeserved such heights of honour deem—
Nimrod for king was held, Moloch for god supreme.*
Then followed after (a stupendous sight!)
As many idols as to-day unite
These bridal-rites, auspicious to attend,
For here with offerings strange,† that clash or blend,
Full thirty thousand barbarous gods behold,
In clay, in stone, in bronze, in silver, and in gold.

* The Chaldeans, to whom the later Assyrian and Babylonian empires owe their origin, were, as is well known, the earliest civilized people of the East, and to them may reasonably be ascribed the origin of idol-worship. Their kings were, most probably, the first who claimed for themselves divine worship. Nimrod, in Holy Scripture (Genesis, x. 9-10), is called the founder of the Babylonian Empire. He established, therefore, the worship of his own person, "by law," and appears, in this way, the first originator of "the worship of kings." Moloch (*i.e.* King), the idol of the Ammonites, was worshipped far and wide in the East as the highest divinity. He appears identical with Baal (whose name has the same signification), and passes with our poet as the representative of all oriental idols.

With regard to the quotation "by law," in the foregoing note, it is explanatory of Lorinser's translation of the old reading of the line in the original: "Nembroth por *ley*, Moloc por Dios supremo." Pedroso (1865) reads: "Nembroth por *rey*, Moloc por Dios supremo," which I have adopted.—M.

† "Offerings strange:" that is, the various forms of worship which they receive for themselves and pay to her.—M.

THOUGHT *(in the back-ground, aside to Daniel).*

Could Thought himself a happier life invent?
What! thirty thousand gods all different!
Man need not fear to ask whate'er he choose,
One god will grant what other gods refuse.—
And thou, O Judah's Son!*
What canst thou hope to gain from only ONE
I tremble but to think of or to name?
How can one god hear each particular claim
Among so many?

DANIEL *(aside to Thought).*

HE alone can hear;
HIS hand it is that holds the universe, far and near.†

BELSHAZZAR *(to Idolatry).*

Speak to fair Vanity, until this morn
My only bride; and since you both were born
Of one idea, my ambitious duty
Is to unite you thus :‡ What loveliness! What beauty!
(He looks from one to the other, standing between them.)

* These words are addressed to Daniel as the proclaimer of the one true God.

† That is, the attribute of omnipotence can be given to God only when He is One.

‡ The two cardinal vices of Belshazzar, which eventually cause his destruction, are represented, in a symbolic way, by his two wives, Vanity and Idolatry. The last is, so to say, the representative of his own self-worship. As such, Vanity is naturally associated with her; the common fundamental idea that is the parent of both, is disorderly self-love, the vice of pride, the "ambitious duty" (*ambicion*) which he discharges by uniting the two.—L. & M.

IDOLATRY.

Let me embrace thee, haughty Vanity.

VANITY.

Eternal must such sweet embracements be.

IDOLATRY.

Beauty like thine would pierce my heart like steel,
If the divine could aught of envy feel.*

VANITY.

Splendour like thine would turn my heart to stone,
If jealousy were a thing to Vanity known.†

BELSHAZZAR *(Aside).*

One day doth darken to another day,
Whilst thus my trembling soul, in sweet dismay,
Doubts which of these is fairer—the sweet face
Of Vanity, or proud Idolatry's grace ;
For each is fair, as each fond tongue deceives me,
Or calls me king,‡ or as a god receives me.§

IDOLATRY.

Why art thou standing in such deep suspense ?

VANITY.

What thought has seized thy mind and drawn it hence ?

* Idolatry, believing herself a goddess, is too proud to envy the mere earthly beauty of Vanity.

† Vanity, belonging to the earth, is too much taken up with herself to think it possible to lose the favour of Belshazzar.

‡ His vain complacency at being king, intoxicated by his own Vanity.—L. & M.

§ Raised up, by the whisperings of Idolatry, to the culminating point of pride.

BELSHAZZAR.

Thy glorious beauty, O Idolatry! fires me;
Thy voice, O Vanity! whispering sweet inspires me.
And thus, in order to divert my sadness,
Moved by thy beauty, and thy words of gladness,
To-day, my grief forsaking,
I wish to woo, and win ye two, thus making
Idolatry be sharer of my glory,
And Vanity proclaim my conquests' wondrous story:—
Of that haughty King Nabuco,*
To whose valorous hand triumphant,†
To whose majesty and splendour
Fortune, fate, and power were subject;
Of that lightning of Chaldea,
Which, as from a sphere of thunder,
Bursting, left Jerusalem
Weeping 'mid its fires unnumber'd;
Of that king, who captive led
All that was of Jewish culture,
Best in blood and birth, who still
Pine in Babylonian dungeons;‡

* Nebuchadnezzar, or Nabuchodonosor, according to Daniel, v. 2, is called the father of Belshazzar, although, in reality (according to Berosus), he was his great-grandfather. It is a well-known custom in Holy Scripture to call ancestors by the name of fathers.

† The metre changes here, for the first time, to the ordinary double asonante in the last two syllables of every alternate line, the penultimate being always accented. The vowels in the Spanish are *u-a*, as in "fort*una*," "j*usta*," "d*ura*," &c. In the English, the vowels used very nearly represent the same sound, *u-e* being the predominant ones, as "s*u*bject," "th*u*nder," "tri*u*mphant," &c. This metre continues unbroken nearly for the next 350 lines.—M.

‡ It is well known that Nabuchodonosor took by storm, and destroyed, Jerusalem, dragged the Jews into Babylonian captivity, and carried the precious vases of the Temple as booty to Babylon.

Of that king, who, from the Temple,
Golden cups and treasures plunder'd—
Sacred spoil which, round my throne,
Casts a new and dazzling lustre;
Of that king, in fine, who fed
On the green grass and the stubble
Of the fields, half man, half beast,
Hair-clad as with plumes of vultures—*
I am son, fair deities:—
And to be in all things worthy
Of my father's fame and kingdom—
Of his fame, as of his fury—
The high gods whom I adore
Have bestowed such noble nurture
On me, that my breast, I doubt not,
Bears repeated, or redoubled,
His proud spirit: thus succeeding
To his soul as heir, it worketh
In my body, if two bodies
Ever so with one soul flourished:—†
Not to be, then, Sovereign King
Of the lands that with their currents
Tigris or Euphrates bathes,
Or the sun in his effulgence
Lights—those numerous lands which he
Rises early from his slumbers
But to see (that so his task

* Daniel, iv. 30: "The same hour the word was fulfilled upon Nabuchodonosor, and he was driven away from among men, and did eat grass like an ox, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till his hairs grew like the feathers of eagles, and his nails like birds' claws."

† That is, if it is possible that the same soul can inhabit two different bodies, one aft[illegible]

May be over ere the sunset)—*
Can the thirst of my ambition
Satisfy or well keep under;
Nothing can do that, I feel,
Be it madness or presumption,
Until I o'er all these mountains
Am sole ruler or usurper.
'Tis the region of Senaar,†
'Tis that rude and rigorous country,
Which beheld, 'twixt heaven and earth,
That stupendous strife and struggle,
When the pride of daring men
Boldly, but with little judgment,
Built, to counteract the gods,
Towers that soared sublimely sunward.
And that thou, O Vanity!
Mayest thy triumph know still further,
Thine, too, O Idolatry!
Listen, and be mute with wonder.‡

* The meaning is, my kingdom is so extensive that the sun has some difficulty in shining upon all the provinces it contains in one day; a real oriental hyperbole, which is very characteristic of the ridiculous presumption of Belshazzar.

† Senaar was designated in Holy Scripture (Genesis, x. 10) as the country in which Nimrod, the first King of Babylon, reigned, and as the region in which the building of the Tower of Babel was attempted. (Genesis, xi. 4.)

‡ In the following highly poetical description of the Deluge, and the building of the Tower of Babel, which Belshazzar gives us, he shows himself thoroughly acquainted with the Mosaic accounts of these events, and conceives them (although as an idolater he uses the expression "gods" for "God") quite in a Jewish—one might almost say in a Christian spirit. Although this, at first sight, seems rather foreign and contradictory to the character of Belshazzar, yet, on closer consideration, it shows itself to have been done from a sound motive, and to have been so arranged by the poet, not without substantial reasons. At the same

Calmly was the world enjoying,
In its first primeval summer,
The sweet harmony of being,
The repose of perfect structure;
Thinking, in its inner thought,
How from out a mass so troubled,
Which, by poesy, is called
Chaos, and by Scripture *Nothing*,
Was evolved the face serene
Of this azure field unsullied
Of pure sky, extracting thus,
In a hard and rigorous combat,
From its lights and from its shadows,
The soft blending that resulteth,

time, it is not only possible, but exceedingly probable, that the teaching of Daniel, who was held in great honour and esteem at the court of Belshazzar, was not without producing its effect upon the king, just as even Nabuchodonosor himself (whom Belshazzar has pointed out as his highest model), after he recovered his understanding, was led to the knowledge of the true God (Daniel, iv. 31, 34). We have, then, in this speech of Belshazzar about the Deluge and the Tower of Babel, to consider it merely as a re-production of what he had heard from Daniel. But whether the fact that a purer knowledge of God may have reached Belshazzar, through Daniel, is based upon historical truth or not, the poet was, at all events, at liberty to suppose it, because such supposition is, upon one side, not repugnant or contradictory to good sense, and, on the other, because it gives him an opportunity of exhibiting, in a more glaring light, the guilt of Belshazzar, who, notwithstanding his better knowledge, gives himself up from mere vanity and immeasurable pride to idolatry; and thus makes the tragical contrast more effective. If a Solomon, notwithstanding his wisdom, fell, in his old age, into idolatry, why should it not be allowed to the poet to presume, that the profligate Belshazzar, with whom the prophet Daniel stood in such intimate relation, should have sinned with the full knowledge of the truth, yielding only to the over-mastering impulse of his pride? The extraordinary circumstances that accompanied the miserable end of Belshazzar, point to this conclusion, that his sin was extraordinarily great, and committed deliberately, with a full knowledge of its enormity.

From the earth and from the waters,
The elaborate knot that couples,
By dividing and disparting,
Things which (each one taken asunder)
Form a separate something so,
But when all are joined, are nothing :—
She considered how the earth,
Though till then a wild uncultured
Waste it lay, grew bright with flowers,
Painted of a thousand colours ;
How the vacant air was peopled
With the blithe birds' flight and flutter ;
How the silver sea grew brighter,
As the fish clove through its surges ;
How the fire, its torches twain,
Sun and moon, with fresh flames furnished,
Day and nights' undying lamps,
Night and day for ever burning.
Finally, she thought of Man,
Who of all His glorious works here
God has fashioned like Himself,
As Creation's crowning wonder :—*

* In the preceding verses, in order to put in strong relief the contrast of the fearful disorder which the Deluge (about to be described) occasioned upon the earth, the poet depicts the peace and beauty that lay outspread over the primitive creation, whilst he assumes that the world, at that time, had been reflecting, so to say, in still meditation upon the wonder of its own existence, and had brought its full beauty, as it had received it from the hand of the Creator, little by little, to its own complete self-consciousness. But this contemplation of its own beauty had made it vain-glorious, and led it away from God, and was, in this way, the occasion of those vices which produced the Deluge. The words :

"The elaborate knot that couples,
By dividing and disparting
Things which (each one taken asunder)

Vain of such transcendant beauty,
All restraint she soon trod under,
Since for Beauty to be vain,
Is as ancient as the world is.
Vain and beautiful in truth,
An eternal home she judged it,
Not perceiving that for crimes,
Such as those that she indulged in,
Was reserved a universal
Deluge for her sure destruction.
In this fatal confidence,
Vicious men alone consulted
Their own passions; sin-possessed,
They to gluttony were subject;
They to avarice, anger, lust,
They to pride and self-indulgence.
Growing angry then, the gods,
From whom nothing can be curtained,
Counsel took to destroy the world,
Which to make had cost such trouble.
Not red deluges of lightnings,
Forged and falling from heaven's furnace,
Worked their wrath; but flames of water—
Since, of gods, the sire and sovereign,
Often thunders with the snow-fall—

Form a separate something so,
But when all are joined are nothing,"

would say: Through the separation of the particles that had been dissolved, or melted together, in chaos, terrestrial things have been created, of which each one, so to say, is a little world in itself, while the formless chaos, though it contained within it the germs of all things, was little more than a No . The Form only is that which, added to the Substance, bestows Thing created its individual existence.

Often with the fire inundates:
Covered thick was Heaven with clouds,
Dense, opaque, and dark, and turbid,
For though angry, that it might
Not revoke the absolute justness
Of the world's dread sentence, wished
Not to see the rigorous fulness
Of its own revenge; and thus
Hid itself in clouds and thunder—
Wrapped itself in robes of darkness—
For even God, being God, oft suffers,
When His wrath He most exhibits,
Slight excuses to o'ercome it.*
First began a dew as soft
As those tears the golden sunrise
Kisseth from Aurora's lids;
Then a gentle rain, as dulcet
As those showers the green earth drinks
In the early days of summer;
From the clouds then water-lances,
Darting at the mountains struck them,
In the clouds their sharp points shimmer'd—
On the mountains rang their butt-ends;†

* The meaning of this rather obscure passage may be as follows: To inflict punishment is always something disagreeable; and as even human judges go out of the way of witnessing the carrying out of the sentence which they have pronounced, and leave the execution of it to others, so it would appear also as if Heaven, by covering itself with thick clouds, was anxious to withdraw from the contemplation of the punishment which, in the Deluge, impended over the world.

† The clouds collect themselves on the summits of the mountains. The butt-ends of those water-lances, which Heaven hurled down upon the earth, were to be looked for on the mountains, where the clouds originated.

Then the rivulets were loosened,
Roused to madness, ran their currents—
Rose to rushing rivers—then
Swelled to seas of seas :—O Summit
Of all Wisdom ! Thou alone
Knowest how Thy hand can punish !
Drinking without thirst, the globe
Made lagoons and lakes unnumber'd ;
Then a mighty sea-storm rushed
Through the rents and rocky ruptures,
By whose mouths the great earth yawns,
When its breath resounds and rumbles
From internal caves. The air,
In a prison dark and murkey,
Now was held, which lower air,
When it sought to reach the upper,
Roared confined—the palpitation
Of its fierce internal pulses
Making the great hills to shake,
And the mighty rocks to tumble.
The strong bridle of the sand,
Which the furious onset curbeth
Of the white horse of the sea
With its foam-face silver fronted,
Loosened every curbing rein,
So that the great steed, exulting,
Rushed upon the prostrate shore,
With loud-neighing, to o'errun it.
The scared wild-beasts, dispossessed
Of the savage caves that nursed them,
Flying to air-piercing peaks,
M t have thought, with slight presumption,

They were birds. The birds, too, swimming,
Might have thought some power had turned them
Into fishes ; and the fishes,
Seeing earth's great caves and culverts,
Might have thought themselves transformed
Into land-beasts ; for so jumbled
Was each separate species, that
In this moment of convulsion
('Twixt two waters, as we say
Of a man in doubt and trouble,)*
The poor bird, and beast, and fish
Roamed disconsolate and discursive,
Seeking where skin, scale, and plume
Might some sheltering home discover ;
And at the last paroxysm,
When despair's lethargic dulness
Numbed each nerve, in mighty fragments
Burst the world's great frame asunder :
And as one, when drowning, strives,
With convulsive arm, to struggle
'Mid the waves, which, at their will,
Raise or sink him like the plummet,
Thus the World, in life's last throes,
Struggled so, and so was worsted.
Here a palace was prostrated,
There was hid a peak's proud summit,
Until utterly o'erwhelmed,
Amid groans and dying murmurs,

* The proverb which is here alluded to, "*entre dos aguas*," probably corresponds with the German "zwischen Thur und Angel schweben"— "To hesitate between door and hinge." The English "to choose between fire and water," or "wind and water," is nearer.—L. & M.

To the depth of forty cubits,
Water every portion covered—
Tomb too small for corse so great,
Was the ocean it lay under.*
Forty sunless mornings rose,
For the clouds hung dark and dusky,
Mourning the sad obsequies
Of the mighty form defunct there.
That first saving ship alone,
Safe 'gainst every wild wave's bluster,
Borne upon the swelling sea,
Floated free o'er all its surface—
In such vicinage to the stars,†
Near, so near, the day-star's lustre,
Venus was its topmast's lantern,
And its beacon-fire Arcturus :—
To this ship had Noe's care
What remained of the world conducted,
There depositing, in safety,
Every species that earth nurtures,
Till the moment came, the sea,
To its God-given laws made subject,
Wondering, saw once more, once more,
The pale earth, now moist and musty,
With its tangled, matted hair,
Full of wrinkles, cracked and crumpled,
Lifting up its mournful face,

* The sea, overflowing the whole world, formed, as it were, a shallow ve, in which the gigantic body of the earth was buried.
† As the water overran the highest peaks of the mountains, it is, ording to the then conception of the construction of the firmament, too daring a conception of Belshazzar, that the Ark was carried, by upheaving of the waters, near even to the stars.

Touched, but warmed not, by the sun-beams,
Lifting its sad countenance,
Draped with sea-weeds, dank and muddy,
And in silent eloquence,
With a grateful heart saluting,
O'er the Ark, the bow of peace,
Shining golden, green, and ruddy.—
Thus men's second Adam came,
And a second birth resulted
In the numerous living things
With which all the earth was furnished.
Nimrod, son of Canaan,* heir
Of the thrice-transmitted curses,
He and his, a hateful brood,
Full of evil and injustice,
All the broad lands of Chaldea,
With their families and sons there,
Occupied; their sons, of whom
Each was of a size so bulky,
As to seem a moving mountain,
Formed of members and of muscles.†
These, then seeing that an Ark
Saved the world, conspired, consulted,
With a fabric more ambitious—
With a safe and surer structure—

* In Holy Scripture, Nimrod, was called son of Chus, not of Canaan. Both were sons of Cham.

† If Holy Scripture places the existence of giants in the antediluvian era, and makes no mention of the gigantic nature of the sons of Nimrod, this inaccuracy may be excused in the vain-glorious Belshazzar, whose object it was to magnify the importance of his ancestors as much as possible. At the same time, even St. Augustine designates Nimrod as a giant. (*De Civit. Dei* xvi. 11.)

How to counteract Heaven's anger,
By a force so proud and stubborn,
As might, in a second deluge,
Save, restore, and re-construct them.*
They to make a lofty tower
Mountains upon mountains tumbled,
And the proud neck of the earth,
Bending 'neath so great a burden,
Felt as if it needs must break
From the pressure that it suffered,
So that with the weight it groaned,
So that with the load it shudder'd.
Higher grew the tower, and higher
The ambition of the workmen
To a double height to raise it,
For there were none there but further'd
The great work, intent to see
The tall tower's stupendous structure—
Straight as the Ionic column,
Strong and simple as the Tuscan,†
A huge hindrance to the winds,
The moon's plaything and obstructor:‡
Now with its imposing front
Had it the blue sky encumber'd,

* The idea that they wanted to secure themselves against the recurrence of a deluge, by the construction of the Tower of Babel, is gratuitously assumed by Belshazzar. Holy Scripture gives, as a reason for the building of the tower, the wish to have a common rendezvous upon the earth.

† In the original it is the *Doric*, which, like the Tuscan, is distinguished from other pillars by massiveness and durability.—L. & M.

‡ The moon may be said to play with the immense masses of the tower, because they give it the opportunity of reflecting its rays in a thousand fantastic forms.

And its great trunk in the air,
As with shadowy night had blurr'd it,
When, in all the pomp and pride
Of this daring and presumption,
Heaven was pleased to stop its course,
For it was displeased, disgusted
To behold the attempt to scale
Heaven's high walls, by God constructed.
And that, therefore, by assault
Man should never gain the summit,
It such varied forms of language
Introduced among the workmen,
That not one could understand
Even the words himself had muttered.
Voices mingled all together
Inharmoniously concurrent—
Sounds were spoken, human sense
Ne'er before had heard or utter'd;
This one knew not what was said,
What he heard confused the other,
So that every order given
Caused confusion, cries, and blunders.
Two and seventy tongues were those,
Which these men with strange and sudden
Impulse spoke—it pleasing Heaven
To inspire so great a number.—
Two and seventy dialects
Echo, which each sound redoubles,*

* The number 72 passes, according to an old tradition, as that into which human speech was then divided, and out of which, by degrees, all other tongues and dialects developed themselves. (Compare St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, lib. xvi. cap. 11, n. 3.)

Quickly formed from every tongue;
So that men, confused and puzzled,
Almost rushed from their ownselves—
That is, if one e'er so rushes.*
And so ceased the mighty siege:
Nothing from the attempt resulted—
Nothing of that wondrous fabric—
Nothing of that glorious structure.
For a cloud, with storm-fire pregnant,
That to a more swift destruction
It might bring it, from its entrails
Darted flames, and smoke, and sulphur,
Making of the tower's high daring
Its own solemn tomb sepulchral—
Monument, and pyre, and urn,
Of its ruined walls constructing.
I, then, seeing that my breast
Even for Nimrod's glory thirsted,
Think that from the existing ashes
Of the tower that so has crumbled,
I am he who should rebuild it.†
Since in synchronous conjunction
Vanity and Idolatry

* The meaning is, perhaps, as follows: The miracle of the confusion of languages, through which the tongue of each individual was compelled, against the will of its owner, to talk in unusual sounds, spread such a panic and terror around, that each one who, by his speech, had become almost a stranger to himself, tried, as it were, to fly from himself, in order to get rid of the strange element that had entered into him.

† The intention, which Calderon attributes to Belshazzar, of resuming the building of the Tower of Babel, is not only an appropriate and highly poetic conception, as characteristic of his unbounded pride, but contains, at the same time, a very deep symbolic meaning, because the foundation of all pride is, at bottom, a cr[illegible]al desire, as it were, to take Heaven by storm—a wish to elevate o[illegible] above the proper limits of man.

To this high achievement urge me :
Since if Thou wilt give the boldness
That to empire must conduct me ;*
If, for me, the Gods Thou movest—
If thou, Vanity, giv'st me succour,
If, Idolatry, thou dost aid me,
Who will dare deny, distrustful,
That thus, desperate and undaunted,
I so great a deed can compass ?
Idolizing thy proud beauty—
Vain of thine, too, so effulgent—
Sacrificing to thy idols,
Of thy favour ever trustful,
Kneeling reverent at thy altars,
In fruition of thy fulness,†
Upon plates of gold and silver,
High embossed or deeply sculptured,
Shall my name endure for ever,
While the years of time are numbered.‡

IDOLATRY.

At thy feet thou'lt see me lie,
Ever fond, and faithless never.

* That is, if thou, O Vanity ! remainest the continual impulse that compels me to strive ever after a higher dominion.

† That is, the happiness of dominion which you promise me. The preceding verses are addressed alternately to Vanity and Idolatry.

‡ The double asonante versification in *u-e* ends here, and changes to a full-rhymed quatrain, the first and fourth and the second and third lines rhyming, as in the first scene. This form of verse continues through the remainder of this, the following, and a portion of Scene iv., when it changes into the eight-lined stanza of Tasso, in the fine descriptive address of Death.—M.

VANITY.

Ever, O Belshazzar! ever,
Of thy life, the light am I!

IDOLATRY.

Wouldst thou have a god's position?—
Thee, as God, will I adore!

VANITY.

And my wings, that thou may'st soar,
I will give to thy ambition!

IDOLATRY.

Crowned by me, thy star shall live,
Though the dark cloud round it gathers.

VANITY.

I, a ladder of light feathers,
So to scale the sun, will give!*

IDOLATRY.

I, in sculpture's fair relief,
Shall thy form to time hand down!†

VANITY.

I, the laurel of thy crown
Shall increase by many a leaf!

* Variegated, showy feathers, are a symbol of vanity that points as well to the beauty of their colours as to their volatility and transitoriness.

† The meaning is: If you desire it, I shall so arrange that your statue shall be put up and w ipped.

BELSHAZZAR.

Give me both your hands : I've trod
Doubtful paths, but this embracing—
This close bond—this interlacing—
What shall break ?

DANIEL *(advancing)*.

The hand of God !

BELSHAZZAR.

Who has ventured—who is he
That has dared this bold reply ?

THOUGHT.

I it was not.

BELSHAZZAR.

Who, then ?

DANIEL.

I !

BELSHAZZAR.

How, O Jew ! and can it be,
That you thus so bold have grown,
In Jerusalem, the holy,
Late a captive, now a lowly
Dweller here in Babylon ?*
Exiled from that natal sod,

* Daniel was brought from Jerusalem to Babylon in the reign of Nabuchodonosor, where he lived under the name of Baltassar, at the court, in a very honourable position, attached to the service of the king.

Which a home, a shelter, gave you ;
Poor and wretched, what can save you
From my power ? *(Half draws his dagger.)*

DANIEL.

The hand of God !*

BELSHAZZAR *(aside).*

Oh ! this potent voice that dares me—
Strong to stop the heart's pulsations—
Makes me wonder at my patience,
From my very anger scares me ;
Something strange, mysterious, odd,
Marks us two.—*(Aloud.)* Since I intend thee
Here to die, can aught defend thee ?
Speak ! say what ?

DANIEL.

The hand of God !

THOUGHT *(aside).*

How he the upper hand maintains !†

VANITY.

Leave him, for I can't express,
How I loathe his lowliness.

* The answer of Daniel, "The Hand of God," which contains, at the same time, a prophetic allusion to the subsequent vision of the mysterious Hand, makes Belshazzar tremble, because the poet lets him here feel a kind of presentiment of his tragic end.

† Literally, "How he persists in the Hand !"—*i.e.*, because Daniel answers nothing else but "The Hand of God."—L. I have ventured to add the little play upon the word in the text.—M.

IDOLATRY.

How his Faith my faith disdains !*

BELSHAZZAR.

Safe from my chastising rod
Take your life ; but you should know,
It to these two queens you owe,
Not unto the hand of God !†

(Exit with Vanity, Idolatry, and Attendants.)

Scene the Third.

DANIEL, THOUGHT.

THOUGHT.

You have got off nicely now,
And I thank you for the lesson,
Since when any troubles press on
My attention, I know how,
In a moment's time, to clear me ;
I, not knowing why or wherefore,
Need but say " God's hand," and therefore
Every soul about must fear me.‡

* Vanity holds it beneath her dignity to occupy herself with one in the humble position of Daniel ; and Idolatry is offended by his Faith.

† *i.e.*, I spare your life at the request of my wives, in order to show how indifferent I am to the vengeance that you threaten.

‡ *i.e.*, Since you, to-day, have saved yourself by the words, "God's Hand," and I have learned from you the same magical charm.

Since the thing's so nicely planned,
That at hand good guardians hide here,
Let us, shaking hands, divide here ;
Go, in God's name, to God's hand. [*Exit.*

Scene the Fourth.

DANIEL.—*Presently* DEATH.

DANIEL.

Who, O Lord of night and day !
Can endure these dread offences—
Sinful Vanity's pretences,
Bold Idolatry's display ?
Who will end so great an ill ?
Who will give my faith full scope,
'Neath the buckler of my hope,
To avenge such wrongs ?

nter DEATH, *wearing a sword and dagger, and dressed symbolically in a cloak covered with skeletons.*

DEATH.

I will.

DANIEL.

Awful shape, to whom I bow,
Through the shadowy glooms that scre t
Never until now I've seen thee ;
Fearful Phantom, who art thou ?

DEATH.

Daniel, thou Prophet of the God of Truth,
I am the end of all who life begin,
The drop of venom in the serpent's tooth,
The cruel child of envy and of sin.*
Abel first showed the world's dark door uncouth,
But Cain threw wide the door and let me in;†
Since then I've darkened o'er life's chequer'd path
The dread avenger of Jehovah's wrath.
From Sin and Envy, then, I first drew breath,
That these two furies might possess my breast;
Through envy is it that I give white death
To all who have the light of life possessed;
Through sin it is my dark breast treasureth
Death for the soul, for souls die like the rest:
If to expire doth bring, with dolorous dole,
Death to the body, sin doth kill the soul.‡
If from God's Judgment thou thy name dost take,
And I, with fatal flash, must strike the blow,
Since 'neath my feet as victims I must make
All things that live or think, or breathe, or grow,

* Death is called the Child of Sin and Envy, alluding to the well-known passage in Scripture, "By the envy of the devil, death came into the world."—*Wisdom*, ii. 24.

† The body of Abel was, so to say, the door through which Death first entered the world: it was thrown open by the crime of Cain.

‡ If Death here speaks of himself, as carrying in his breast the two furies, Envy and Sin, it is to be understood that he, as the consequence of both, carries these poisons within him, as a punishment, but not as guilt. Death appears throughout the whole piece, so to say, as an ally of Daniel and God Himself, not as the evil of guilt, but as the evil of punishment. At the same time it is to be observed, that his person represents not only the death of the body, but also that of the soul, inasmuch as he is not identical with sin, but simply exhibits its effects.

Why art thou frightened at me? Why dost quake
With what is mortal in thee, weak and low?
Take courage, then, and let us two, to-day,
God's Judgment thou, and I His Power display.
Though 'tis no wonder thou art frightened—no,
Even wert thou God, to look and gaze on me,
Since when will come the flower of Jericho—
The blood-bright beauteous rose of Calvary,*
He, in his human part, though God, will show
A trembling fear; and when He yields to me,
The stars will fall, spark after mighty spark—
The moon grow pale, and even the sun grow dark.
This hapless fabric shall appear to fall,
This lower sphere shall feel the earthquake's shock;
The earth shall faint as at the end of all,
And flower on flower lie crushed, and rock on rock;
Long ere the evening spreads her purple pall,
Long ere the western sky shall fold his flock
Of fleecy clouds, the day shall die, and night
Don its dark cloak in mourning for the light.†
But my sole duty in this present hour,
O Wisdom sent of God !‡ is thee to obey;

* When, one day, Christ will be willing to bloom as the heavenly flower of Jericho: that is, to descend to earth through His Incarnation. In the subsequent passage of the text, there is an allusion to the death-anguish of the Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane.

† Death can exhibit his frightful power in no greater outlines, than by enumerating the fearful events that must happen should he be permitted to approach the God-head itself in the humanity of Christ.

‡ Daniel represents here, according to his name, the Wisdom or the Judgment of God, directed against Belshazzar. The person of Daniel has, in the whole piece, besides its historical, also an allegorical character, as it usually happens in the *autos*, when historical personages a introduced.

Give thy commands, the deathless need not cower,
And that which cannot die, may surely slay;—
Mine is the arm, but thine the motive power—
Mine is the work, but thou must point the way;
So great my thirst of life is, that its rage
Not even an angry deluge could assuage.*
The proudest palace that supremely stands,
'Gainst which the wildest winds in vain may beat—
The strongest wall, that like a rock withstands
The shock of shells, the furious fire-ball's heat:†
All are but easy triumphs of my hands—
All are but humble spoils beneath my feet;
If against *me* no palace wall is proof,
Ah! what can save the lowly cottage roof?
Beauty, nor power, nor genius, can survive,
Nought can resist my voice when I sweep by,
For whatsoever has been let to live,
It is my destined duty to see die.
With all the stern commands that thou may'st give,
I am, God's Judgment, ready to comply;
Yea, and so quickly shall my service run,
That ere the word is said the deed is done!
In the brief respiration, which between
The heart and lip doth flow, while life doth last,
The movement of the marvellous machine‡
Will, by a breath be stopped, and all be past!

* To Death the poet ascribes an insatiable thirst of Life, because it wishes to annihilate all life, and to absorb it completely in itself.

† An anachronism, such as this mention of bomb-shells in the time of Daniel, was universally allowed to poets in the age of Calderon, at which no one but a narrow-minded pedant would take offence, and of which, as is well known, many examples are to be found in Shakspeare.

‡ That is, the human organism, which a breath can put into disorder.

Corse of itself,* the heart will then be seen
To fall, like some lost world through chaos cast,
And that which was the throne of life become,
By just decree, its sepulchre and tomb.
I Nimrod's fields shall waste with burning fire,
I shall bring low proud Babel's rabble rout,
I shall the dreams of Behemoth† inspire,
I shall the plagues of Israel pour out,
I Naboth's vines shall stain with dyes of Tyre,‡
I the bold front of Jezebel shall flout ;§
I shall revengeful Absalom's board make red
With the warm blood of Amnon foully shed !‖
I shall the majesty of Achab smite,
Dragged in his crimson chariot o'er the plain ;¶
I with the daughters of the Moabite
The unsullied tents of Zambri shall profane ;**

* "Corse of itself," the heart will be called in death, according to the analogy of the expression, "the shadow of himself."

† Behemoth is the name of a fabulous colossal animal which is described in the Book of Job (xl. 40). The word, in Hebrew, means an immense monstrous beast. Several of the Fathers understood by it the devil. The expression "The dreams of Behemoth," which is used by Calderon elsewhere in the *autos* (as in *A Dios por razon de Estado, autos sacramentales*, 1759, t. ii. p. 24), generally signifies the oppression or weight of any anguishing dream, in which it appears to the sleeping person as if a heavy animal was lying on him—analogous with our nightmare.

‡ Compare 3 Kings, c. xxi. Death dyes the vineyard of Naboth blood-red, because Naboth's blood, although he himself was stoned outside the city (v. 13), stuck to his vineyard, which was the cause of his unjust murder.

§ Compare 4 Kings, ix. 30-37.

‖ Amnon, the brother of Absalom, through the treachery of the latter, was murdered at a banquet. (2 Kings, xiii.)

¶ Compare 3 Kings, xxii. 34, 35.

** Compare Numbers, xxv. 14.

I shall the spears of Joab guide aright,*
And if a greater glory I can gain,
I shall inundate, in my sateless mood,
Senaar's broad plains† with lost Belshazzar's blood!

DANIEL.

Minister severe and just,
Agent of an angry God,‡
Thou whose dread judicial staff§
Is a scythe and not a rod;
Since we two His dread tribunal
Represent here, I would not
That the awful book's decree—||
Book that, in all strictness, ought
To be book the best remembered,
But which *is* the most forgot,

* By the killing of Absalom by the commander Joab, against the express prohibition of David (2 Kings, xviii. 14). All those bloody deeds here enumerated by Death, which mostly appear as the just punishment of past sins, should prove to Daniel his readiness to inflict retribution upon Belshazzar also.

† "Senaar's broad plains," as *pars pro toto* for the Babylonian kingdom.

‡ On this metre, which is the *single* form of the asonante, that is, where the accented vowel in the last syllable of every second line is the same, as well as on my mode of using it in English, see the note at the commencement of *The Divine Philothea* in this volume. In the present instance, the accented vowel, both in the Spanish and the English, is the letter *o*. This metre is continued to the end of scene ix.—M.

§ This is an allusion to the staff, or rod, which the Spanish alcaldes wear as a sign of their dignity.

|| By this book is meant the account-book of Death, in which is marked the tribute which all men must pay. Calderon, in other places, mentions this book; as, for instance, in the *auto*, *Las Ordenes Militares*, t. ii. p. 102, where, in the opening scene, SIN enters with a book in his hand, in which is registered the various tribute that man owes to death since the vassalage of Adam.

You should execute, until,
In a voice with pity fraught,
You have given him needful warnings,
Ere his final doom is wrought.
King Belshazzar's name doth mean
Hidden treasure, and I know
That, 'mong men, their souls, unseen,
Like a hidden treasure glow.
His I wish to win; and thus
Only give thee leave to go
To Belshazzar, to awake him
To a sense of coming woe:
Make him think that he is mortal;
And as anger the swift blow
Oft suspends, the sharp sword clutching
Ere that it unsheathes it—so
I permit that you should clutch it,
But that you unsheathe it, no. [*Exit.*

Scene the Fifth.

DEATH, *solus.*

DEATH.

Woe is me! how great a yoke
On my hapless head you throw!
O'er my feet what chains of ice!
O'er my hands what numbing snow!
By thy precepts bound, O thou

Type of God's unfathomed course!
Death is without any vigour,
Anger without any force.
That he is a mortal man,
To remind him, and no more,
Faintly adumbrates my rigour,
Gives my voice, but not my roar.—*
Thought, come hither.

Scene the Sixth.

THOUGHT, DEATH.

THOUGHT.

Who doth call me?

DEATH.

I am he who called.

* The following scenes are symbolic representations of the sad presentiments that preceded the final destruction of Belshazzar, and of those last admonitions of God's grace, which are not wanted to the most obstinate sinner. Death, which can be kept back unwillingly, only by the express command of Daniel, represents the sword of Divine justice suspended over the head of the sinner, which is continually provoked to fall by his ever-recurring culpability, and can only be averted by the great forbearance of God, whose representative is Daniel (the Wisdom, the Judgment of God). Death itself must contribute to the object of this forbearance, because the warnings which Daniel allows him to give are so many acts of grace, the aim of which is the conversion of Belshazzar. The elevated poesie contained in all these considerations, in which the ever-watchful Death is prowling round his victim, and in which the light-minded Belshazzar throws to the winds all the warnings he receives, owing to his intercourse with Vanity and Idolatry, and advances more

THOUGHT.

And know
I am just the one who'd rather
Ne'er be called to thee to go.

DEATH.

Why, what reason have you?

THOUGHT.

Dread.

DEATH.

What is dread?

THOUGHT.

The fear I show.

DEATH.

What is fear?

THOUGHT.

Why, fear is terror.

DEATH.

What is terror?

THOUGHT.

Pictured woe.

and more in his pride until it reaches its culminating point in the desecration of the vases of the Temple, produces one of those dramatic effects which can only be paralleled in the greatest tragedies of Shakspeare, and would render this, perhaps, the most effective of all the *autos* in actual representation.

DEATH.

Ah! you speak an unknown language;
None of all these things I know.

THOUGHT.

Then you give the thing you have not.

DEATH.

It, not having, I bestow.*
Tell me, where is now Belshazzar?

THOUGHT.

In the garden there below,
With the two he worships.

DEATH.

Place me
With him. Swift as winds that blow,
Bear me thither.

THOUGHT.

I will do so,
Since the courage to say no
Wholly fails me.

DEATH.

How most just
Is God's precept this doth show,
That to make him think of *me*,
With his very Thought I go. [*Exeunt.*

* It is because Death bears no human feeling in his breast, that he appears so frightful to feeble mortals.

Scene the Seventh.

Enter BELSHAZZAR, IDOLATRY, *and* VANITY.

IDOLATRY.

Oh ! my lord, what sudden sadness . . . .

VANITY.

Oh ! my lord, what painful throe . . . .

IDOLATRY.

Interrupts thy conversation ?

VANITY.

Thus disturbs thy fancy so ?

BELSHAZZAR.

Ah ! I know not this strange pain.*

Scene the Eighth.

Enter the THOUGHT, *followed by* DEATH.

THOUGHT *(to Death).*

Come, he's here.

BELSHAZZAR.

I only know
I was thinking of the threats

* The approach of Death acts already at a distance on Belshazzar, cause, in the preceding scene, he had a sort of anticipation of it in the son of his own Thought.

By the prophet's voice foretold,
In what way God's promised hand
Would its vengeance wreak.

(The Thought recedes, letting him see Death who was behind him.)

DEATH.

Behold!*

BELSHAZZAR.

What is this I see, O Heavens?—
Phantom, that no blood doth warm,
Vision, feigning form and voice,
Without having voice and form!†
Say, how didst thou enter here?

DEATH.

With his light the bright sun throws
Shadow also: I'm the shadow,
If He as the World's Life glows,
I am the World's Death, and thus
I can go where'er he goes;
Since to lights and shadows space
Equally possession owes.‡

IDOLATRY *(aside)*.

Who is this at sight of whom
We two here are left forlorn?

* That is, behold in me the way that God means to execute his vengeance.

† The external appearance of Death, although assuming a human form, is, nevertheless, of that kind that shows him not to be a human being.

‡ As light and shadow are continually changing on earth, and one is caused by the other, so are life and death. Whilst you sun yourself in the light of life, the reverse side of all these things is, for the same reason, very near to you.

BELSHAZZAR.

Why at every step of mine
Does my pride seem backward borne?

DEATH.

'Tis because thy steps turn back;
Mine press on untired, unworn.*

THOUGHT (*aside*).

It was wrong in me, I see,
To have borne him to his bourne.†

BELSHAZZAR.

Say, what wouldst thou, and who art thou,
Light or Shadow?

DEATH.

I'm no more
Than a creditor of thine,
Who wants payment of the score.

BELSHAZZAR.

What do I owe thee? What do I owe thee?

DEATH.

Here is the whole debt you owe,
In this note-book written down.

(*Takes out a memorandum-book.*)

* As Death, at every moment of time, approaches one step nearer to an, so man recedes incessantly from the opposite of Death—Life.

† The Thought already repents of having introduced Death to Belazzar: a symbolic expression for this, that the thought of death, wh- ıpresses itself on Belshazzar against his will, becomes troubl m, and he tries to escape from it.

BELSHAZZAR.

'Tis a false and treacherous blow,
For this note-book is mine own,
Lost by me some time ago.*

DEATH.

Yes; but then the memoranda
Which you lost, I found;—and so
Read them.

BELSHAZZAR *(reading)*.

"I, the great Belshazzar,
Of Nabuco-Donosór
Son, confess my mother's womb
Me in sin conceived and bore,
And that I received a life——
(Oh! I freeze to read it o'er!)
Which I'm bound to pay to Death,
When and where, on sea or shore,
He is pleased the debt to claim:—
'Tis the primal bond of yore
Moses' pen transcribed, to which
Adam, Job, and David bore
Their attestation."† 'Tis too true,
I confess it; but implore
For my life extended time.

* That is, that the remembrance of my mortality had vanished out of my memory.

† Moses is mentioned here as the person by whom the bond was originally drawn out, because he, in his Genesis, is the first who speaks of sin, and of death as its common punishment. Adam is mentioned as the first testimony, because he was an eye-witness of the promulgation of the judgment in Paradise. David and Job speak, in their writings, of original sin, and of human misery as its consequence, and are, as such, therefore, to be taken as most creditable ear-witnesses.

DEATH.

Well, I'm liberal now, the more
That this is not the fixed day
When God's Mercy will be o'er.*
And that you, Belshazzar, may
Recollect the debt hencefóre,
Take this note of highest wisdom,
On the dread memorial pore.

[*Exit, giving Belshazzar a paper.*

Scene the Ninth.

BELSHAZZAR, IDOLATRY, VANITY, THE THOUGHT.

BELSHAZZAR.

"It is written, how the Spirit
Spoke to man these words of woe:
Dust thou wert, and dust thou art,
And dust thou'rt doomed to be:"† Oh! no:
Was I dust, and I immortal?
Am I dust, yet no end know?
Can I yet be dust?—the mighty?—
'Tis delusion to say so.

(Stands musing, while Thought moves rapidly round him.)

THOUGHT.

I, the Thought, as fool, dance round
All my masters, high and low.‡

* That is to say, your judgment has not yet been pronounced, according to the Council of God.

† Compare Ecclesiastes, xii. 7.

‡ Scarcely has Belshazzar received this warning, when his Thought

BELSHAZZAR.

Is not Idolatry divine?

THOUGHT *(moving towards Idolatry).*

Lady, now to you I go.

BELSHAZZAR.

Is not Vanity a goddess?

THOUGHT *(moving towards Vanity).*

Now to you my cares I owe.

(Moves round both.)

BELSHAZZAR.

How my vacillating Thought
'Twixt the twain goes to and fro!

IDOLATRY *(to Vanity).*

What can this strange scroll contain,
That can thus divert him so
From ourselves?

VANITY *(taking the paper from him).*

In this way we
Will find out.

THOUGHT.

A clever throw!
The memorial of Death
Vanity takes from him so.

recalls him to the remembrance of his two wives, who, in a very short time, succeed in totally effacing its impression. The motions and gesticulations of Thought express, in a plastic way, what is going on internally in the mind of Belshazzar.

BELSHAZZAR.

What is this that passes from me?*

VANITY.

Useless leaves that thus I throw
To the winds, to be their sport.

(Tears up the paper, and scatters the pieces about.)

BELSHAZZAR.

Then you both were here? Is 't so?

IDOLATRY.

What has happened?

BELSHAZZAR.

Oh! I know not;
Some knight-phantom, spectre, ghost,
All engrossed my phantasy,
My discourse, my words engrossed:
But whate'er the phantom was,
It, with all its horrid host,
Has evanished. Was it much
Night fled frightened—sure to know
That in your bright eyes the sun
Would be seen so soon to glow?
And not only unto me,
Not to me, it seems, alone,

* After Vanity has succeeded in making Belshazzar forget the warning f Death (which is also represented in a plastic way by the action), elshazzar, awakening, as if from a dream, retains but a dark, confused emembrance of what has happened, which, in a short time, totally disppears, after hi conversation with his two wives.

Shines the light that thus illumes me—
Beams the splendour o'er me thrown—
But to the whole garden: since
Dark was the red orient zone
Of the sun, till you it saw;
Then, indeed, the morn arose—
Rose with double light; your eyes
Flash two suns; your cheeks disclose
Two auroras;—waiting these
Day kept dark his realm of rose.*

VANITY.

Since we're suns, then, and auroras,
From its world-wide worship old,†
Idolatry must be the sun,
I the aurora, pale and cold,
By the greater light outshone.
Thus to her the valley owes
All the splendour it enjoys;
Since from shadowy night's repose
'Tis not the aurora wakes it,
But another sun that glows!

IDOLATRY.

I concede that thou'rt aurora,
And to give thee first place so,

* Aurora did not venture to appear until she saw you, because, through you, she obtains a double splendour, and therefore she stands in need of you in order to shine in her full beauty.

† As the worship of the sun was the oldest form of idolatry, therefore, the personification of Idolatry must more fitly represent the sun, if to us respectively are assigned the parts of the Sun and the Aurora, whilst to me (Vanity) belongs the latter and more humble part. The flattering compliments which Vanity and Idolatry pay to each other, arising out

I concede that I'm the sun;
For 'tis on the beauteous snow
Of aurora's clouds of pearl
That the sun's first roses glow.
And her light thus being the first
Over his a charm to throw,
Then aurora's light must be
Fairer than the sun's can show,
Since it shone into the valley
Earlier than the sun's could go.

THOUGHT.

Wit and Beauty here compete
Which the higher place shall hold;*
And since now the garden bowers,
In sweet rivalry enrolled,
Call us to their founts and flowers—
On this couch of green and gold,
Woven by the hand of spring,
Sit ye down. The birds' sweet notes
Woo us, and among the boughs
A delicious soft air floats
Murmuring music, while the leaves
Tremble as its breath steals o'er—
Where in flowing fragrance glide
Streamlets by an emerald shore,

of those names which Belshazzar has given them, are expressions of deep significance, in reference to the relation in which Vanity and Idolatry stand to each other; so that, indeed, it remains doubtful which of them will bear off the palm, when the question is the seduction of the human heart.

* The two rival beauties, in consequence of their spirited flatteries of each other, leave the matter in doubt as to which should have the preference—Wit or Beauty.

And in frankincense and myrrh
Spread the meads' enamelled floor.*

(They all sit down, Belshazzar being in the midst. Idolatry takes off his hat, and fans him with the plume.)

IDOLATRY.

With this beauteous tuft, whose plumes
Vanity's fair finger's wove
From the peacock's radiant tail,
Worthy of the wife of Jove,
I will fan thee.

THOUGHT.

Wer't not better
That was left to me, who go
Thus about, the subtle fan
Of the Thought? But no; not so—
Since 'tis only in appearance
A Japan-faced fan I show.†

VANITY.

Listening to my voice and lute,
Shall the light breeze linger o'er.‡

* In these words the Thought is only to be taken as the Thought of Belshazzar, and, as such, it is his task to render visible the contrast of the King's light-minded forgetfulness of the preceding scene with Death.

† The meaning of these rather enigmatical words may, perhaps, be this:—I, the Thought, am, indeed, in my outward appearance (referring to his variegated fool's dress), only a chequered Japanese fan, an instrument of amusement and agreeable relaxation; under this variegated exterior, however, I conceal my profundity and gloom, which are, by no means, so well adapted to the same purpose.

‡ Lorinser gives a rather prosaic explanation of these lines. He says: This means that the harsh gusts of wind that might molest us, shall, through the vibration of the air, by my singing, be dissipated.

BELSHAZZAR.

Oh ! the music of aurora
Shall not touch the inmost core
Of my heart with tenderer feeling
Than the song your sweet lips pour,
Even when morn, with pearl and flower,
Welcomes the young day once more.

VANITY *(singing).*

Yes, Belshazzar is divine,
Since to-day to his high praises
Statues proud Idolatry raises,
Vanity erects a shrine.

Scene the Tenth.

Enter DEATH.

DEATH *(aside).*

Borne in rapid flight along,*
Here sweet notes salute mine ears,
False as are the crocodile's tears—
Fatal as the siren's song.
Vanity hath done this wrong,

* The metre changes here to five-lined stanzas, which, however, blend with each other with all the freedom of the Italian *terze rime*. There are but two rhymes in the stanza, three lines being given to one, and two to the other. These are arranged by no fixed law, but generally depend on the caprice or convenience of the writer. This five-line stanza continues down to the end of s xii.—M.

Driving from his thoughtless brain
All remembrance of my pain.
Let my shadow then affright him,
Let my awful shape excite him
To new fears, since words are vain.*
Henbane and the poppy's juice
With your slumberous spells enthrall him;
Let my pallid shape appal him
In the dreams that you produce.
Pour, as from some Stygian sluice,
Visions words cannot express,
Typical of me no less—
Frenzy, lethargy, illusion,
Poison, horror, and confusion.

(Belshazzar sleeps.)

VANITY.

Seems he not to slumber?

IDOLATRY.

Yes.

VANITY.

Then a glad delusive show,
From the realm of shadows taken
(That more proudly he may waken),
I athwart his dreams shall throw. [*Exit.*

IDOLATRY.

I desire, too, he should know

* After the first warning of Death in the conversation with Belshazzar, brought about by the agency of the Thought, had been in vain, he tries a second one, no longer through words, but by means of a vision, in which Death allows his shadow to fall upon the sleeping Belshazzar.

To what daring heights and deeps
My proud pinion soars and sweeps. [*Exit.*

THOUGHT.

Here I lay my burden down,
For I only sleep, poor clown,
When my lord Belshazzar sleeps.*
(Lies down to sleep.)

Scene the Eleventh.

BELSHAZZAR *and* THOUGHT *asleep;* DEATH.

DEATH.†

Man the rest of slumber tries,
Never the reflection making,

* When Belshazzar sleeps, his court-fool—the Thought—also rests.

† The following short monologue of Death belongs, unquestionably, to the deepest and most beautiful poetry that has ever flown from the pen of Calderon. Sleep is here, indeed, depicted, if we may use the expression, from his night-side, as the image and kinsman of death—a point of view which is in grim contrast with the conception of him that is usually adopted by the poets, who, as a general rule, prefer to sing the praises of his beneficient refreshment and peaceful calm. But without mentioning the bitter irony that underlies the words of Death addressed to the sleeping Belshazzar, it is apparent from the whole situation, in addition to the here manifestly striking conception of the idea, and apart from the tragically-poetic crisis which is impending, that it contains a deep inner thought; and it may almost seem to us (without at all deducting from the poetic beauty of the passage) as if this was the true Christian view of sleep—a view, however, that is very seldom brought to the test of poetical application. The more or less unconscious state in which man finds himself during sleep; the manifold illusions, and even temptations, to which he is exposed in sleep; the ascendancy of the under animal organisation over the spiritual (the ganglionic system over

That, O God! asleep and waking,
Every day he lives and dies;*
That a living corse he lies,
After each day's daily strife,
Stricken by an unseen knife,†
In brief lapse of life, not breath,
A repose which is not Death,
But what death is teaches life:—‡
Sugared poison 'tis, which sinks
On the heart which it o'ercometh,
Which it hindereth and benumbeth.—
And can a man then live who poison drinks?—
'Tis forgetting, when the links,

the cerebro-spinal system); the temporary extinguishing of the activity of free will, and of deliberate thought, appear, to a certain extent, something unworthy of man, and seem to lower him to the level of the brute: from all which it is to be inferred, that indulgence in sleep, beyond the measure absolutely necessary for health, is to be regarded as a moral imperfection and an undignified weakness; whilst it can be proved that the diminution of sleep—*i.e.*, the reduction of it to a minimum, as in the case of the Christian ascetics—plays a most important part, not only in the lives of the saints, but generally in the lives of all great and extraordinary men. So, in the Gospel, we are never exhorted to sleep, but repeatedly and earnestly rather to waken (the only passage that seems to contradict this—Matt. xxvi. 45—as is well known, and as the Fathers of the Church have explained it, is to be taken ironically), and watchfulness, which is not to be received merely in a figurative sense, passes as one of the most important and necessary virtues. This may be sufficient to exhibit here the deep Christian character of the poetry of Calderon. The whole passage vividly recalls to mind the monologue of Prince Sigismund in the play, "Life is a Dream," with which the second act of that drama concludes. To it the above can be added as a splendid companion picture.

* He dies when he sleeps, and he is born when he wakes.

† Sleep is represented as a murderer, that inflicts every night "a brief homicide" upon life.—M.

‡ The rest of sleep, which is much loved by men, and which seems to have nothing frightful in it, is, so to say, a lesson that Death teaches to Life, by reminding it daily of the eternal sleep of death.

That gave life by mutual fretting
To the Senses, snap, or letting
The imprisoned Five go free,
They can hear not, touch, or see :—
And can a man forget this strange forgetting ?—
It is frensy, that which moves
Heart and eyes to taste and see
Joys and shapes that ne'er can be :—
And can a man be found who frensy loves ?—
'Tis a lethargy that proves
My best friend ;—in trust for me,
Death's dull, drowsy weight bears he,
And, by failing limb and eye,
Teaches man the way to die :—
And can a man then seek this lethargy ?—*
'Tis a shadow, which is made
Without light's contrasted aid,—†
Moving in a spectral way,
Sad phantasmal foe of day :—
And can a man seek rest beneath such shade ?—
Finally, 'tis well portrayed
As Death's Image : o'er and o'er,
Men have knelt its shrine before,
Men have bowed the suppliant knee,
All illusion though it be :—
And can a man this Image then adore ?—

* Death throws on Lethargy, as it were, the burden of his dominion, palsy and the forebodings of death being induced by it.

† Whilst the ordinary shadow is never without its opposite, the light, sleep, like death, knows no light, and brings man into a region exclusively of shadow, which not only envelops his mind, but also his body that requires for its full enjoyment exterior darkness : wherefore, with this object, even those who go to sleep in the day-time, darken their windows as much as possi[illegible] eason sleep is called "the foe of day."

Since Belshazzar here doth sleep,
Since he hath the poison drank,
Since he treads oblivion's blank,
Since no more his pulses leap,
Since the lethargy is deep,
Since, in horror and confusion,
To all other sight's exclusion,
He has seen the Image*—seen
What this shade, this poison mean—
What this frensy, this illusion:
Since Belshazzar sleepeth so,
Let him sleep, and never waken,
Be his body and soul o'ertaken
By the eternal slumber.

(He draws his sword, and is about to kill him.)

Scene the Twelfth.

DANIEL *rushes in.*

DANIEL.

No!†

(He holds back the arm of Death.)

* That is to say, of Death, which consists of illusion, lethargy, shadow, frensy, forgetfulness, and poison.

† In spite of the previously-received prohibition, Death wishes here to strike, and can only be kept back forcibly by the power of Daniel—a plastic expression of the truth, that sin, by its nature, ever provokes Divine justice, and that its natural consequence—punishment—is only kept off by a special direction of God from following immediately on its footsteps.

DEATH.

Who withholds my arm?

DANIEL.

Thy blow
So to stop, 'tis I: because
Payment is not due: to laws
Life and death are subject still,*
'Till their number they fulfil,
Thou, O Death! perforce must pause.

DEATH.

And thy weeks their round will fly,†
(Cruel fate! O pain severe!)
They will end and disappear
When the Sinless One will die
For the sinner's sake: But why,
O thou Judge of what I dare!
Why delay? With scornful air
They to-day mock me and thee—
Listen, there is Vanity,
Look, Idolatry is there.‡

* The forbearance of God has its measure in the limits which Divine wisdom has pre-determined. Within these limits is comprised the number that completes the full measure of each single transgression, and of the time which is left to the sinner.

† The seventy-two weeks which you, Daniel, have predicted, as the period which must elapse before the death of Christ, shall be completed, without any interruption or extension: can you, then, be so careful of the salvation of this sinner as to grant him respite upon respite?

‡ The proud thoughts of Belshazzar which are represented in the following vision, which Idolatry and Vanity play before him, are already the last preparation for the final complement of his sins.

Scene the Thirteenth.

BELSHAZZAR *and* THOUGHT, *asleep;* DEATH, DANIEL, VANITY, IDOLATRY; A STATUE.

The back scene opens: at one side a bronze equestrian statue is seen, the bridle of which is held by Idolatry; and at the other side, upon a tower, Vanity appears, plumed with many feathers, and having an instrument in her hand.

IDOLATRY.

Babylon's great King, Belshazzar,
Thou who, in sweet sleep's soft meshes,*
Thus the sepulchre of thyself,
Diest living or livest deadened. . . . .

VANITY.

Babylon's great King, Belshazzar,
Thou who on the fresh and verdant
Turf-tomb of the spring here liest
Corse-like, yet with soul unsevered. . . . .†

BELSHAZZAR *(in his sleep).*

Who doth call me? who doth call me?
But if I my dreams may credit,

* The double asonante commences here again, the vowels being in the Spanish *e-o*, and in the English *e-e*, or their equivalents. It is kept up during this and two following scenes; is interrupted in scenes xvi. and xvii. by couplets of irregular length; re-appears once more in scene xviii., and so continues to the end of the *auto*.—M.

† The allusions to the likeness which the sleep of Belshazzar presents to death, though here put in the mouth of Idolatry and of Vanity, are only the expression of Belshazzar's own thoughts, which are darkened by the proximity of Death, who is lurking near.

Still, O Vanity ! still I see thee,
O Idolatry ! still thou'rt present.

IDOLATRY,

I, divine Idolatry,
From the sun-god first descended,
Unto thee to raise this statue,
Come from Heaven's high halls eternal,
That your Image on the earth
May be reverenced and respected.

VANITY.

I, the Vanity of the world,
In the abysses first engendered,
And 'mong men being born, for sphere
Have Heaven's vacant void selected,
Worthily to enshrine thy statue,
I this fair fantastic temple,
Dedicate to thee, this structure,
Built upon the wind with feathers.

BELSHAZZAR *(in his sleep).*

Oh ! what triumphs so exalted,
Oh ! what flatteries sweet and pleasant,
Altars, offerings, prayers, and incense,
Thou, Idolatry, dost present me ;—
Oh ! to think that my proud statue
With the mightiest shall be reckoned :—
Rise ! O Vanity ! rise and crown thee
th n ; circling emblems—

And in frankincense and myrrh
Spread the meads' enamelled floor.*

(They all sit down, Belshazzar being in the midst. Idolatry takes off his hat, and fans him with the plume.)

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Vanity's fair finger's wove
From the peacock's radiant tail,
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Wer't not better
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VANITY.

Seems he not to slumber?

IDOLATRY.

Yes.

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Then a glad delusive show,
From the realm of shadows taken
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* After the first warning of Death in the conversation with Belshazzar, brought about by the agency of the Thought, had been in vain, he tries a second one, no longer through words, but by means of a vision, which Death allows his shadow to fall upon the sleeping Belshazzar.

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Here I lay my burden down,
For I only sleep, poor clown,
When my lord Belshazzar sleeps.*
(Lies down to sleep.)

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DEATH.†

Man the rest of slumber tries,
Never the reflection making,

* When Belshazzar sleeps, his court-fool—the Thought—also rests.

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Scene the Twelfth.

DANIEL *rushes in.*

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IDOLATRY.

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Thou who on the fresh and verdant
Turf-tomb of the spring here liest
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IDOLATRY,

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From the sun-god first descended,
Unto thee to raise this statue,
Come from Heaven's high halls eternal,
That your Image on the earth
May be reverenced and respected.

VANITY.

I, the Vanity of the world,
In the abysses first engendered,
And 'mong men being born, for sphere
Have Heaven's vacant void selected,
Worthily to enshrine thy statue,
I this fair fantastic temple,
Dedicate to thee, this structure,
Built upon the wind with feathers.

BELSHAZZAR *(in his sleep).*

Oh ! what triumphs so exalted,
Oh ! what flatteries sweet and pleasant,
Altars, offerings, prayers, and incense,
Thou, Idolatry, dost present me ;—
Oh ! to think that my proud statue
With the mightiest shall be reckoned :—
Rise ! O Vanity ! rise and crown thee
With Dominion's circling emblems—

Prove your essence, one by rising,
One by falling, prove your essence.*

(The Statue descends, and the Tower rises, while Vanity and Idolatry sing.)

IDOLATRY *(singing).*

Down, O Statue, down to be
Worshipped wide on every shore.

VANITY *(singing).*

As a shrine for evermore,
Rise, O Tower of Vanity!

IDOLATRY.

Downward sink!

VANITY.

And upward soar!

THE TWO.

Since to-day the breezes bore. . . . .

IDOLATRY.

Statues consecrate to Me. . . .

VANITY.

And a shrine to Vanity.

* Idolatry is alluded to as a goddess descending from Heaven, because she procures for Belshazzar celestial honour: Vanity, of a more terrestrial nature, lifts him from the Earth, and advances him towards Idolatry.

DEATH.

Daniel, oh ! my hand let loose ;
Let me with one bold stroke level,
Even as mighty Samson once,
Both the idol and the temple :—*

DANIEL.

I shall leave it—O Swift Comet
Winged with fire !—unchecked, unfetter'd,
When the day of wrath comes round :
But until that day descendeth,
This bronze statue shall recall
To his mind another metal,—
Yea, a brazen trumpet, which,
Touched by my command, shall threaten,
Like the trumpet of the Judgment.†

* Death becomes more and more impatient the nearer Belshazzar approaches his end.

† The inner significance of this whole vision of Belshazzar is the following: Belshazzar, troubled already by dark presentiments, which are represented in the person of Death moving around him, but which his pride is powerful enough to put aside, falls asleep. His vanity, and his proud self-deifying presumption (personified in the allegorical figure of Idolatry), bring before him, in his dream, the brazen statue which he had erected to himself as a God, and the fantastic temple in which it is to be placed. But the dark thoughts will rise again in spite of him ; and as it happens in a dream, that pictures pass in wild confusion one over the other, the Statue begins to speak and rebel against him whose pride had conjured it up. Therein lies the last warning of Grace ; and this transformation is, therefore, ascribed by the poet to the command of Daniel, who orders the statue to play this part. It changes itself, to the dreaming Belshazzar, into that colossus which his ancestor, Nabuchodonosor, saw also in a dream, and which addresses to the dreaming man those warning words of threatened punishment, that are decidedly opposed to what Vanity and Idolatry had in view in the creation of the statue. The perfection of this masterly artistic combination appears especially in the relationship into which this vision is brought with the former boastful speeches of Belshazzar in reference to Nabuchodonosor, whose soul, as it were, he fancied he had taken into himself. The

DEATH.

For us both this course is better,*
Since when that dread trumpet soundeth,
The whole universe must tremble
To its base and die: and so,
O thou mighty mass of metal,
In thy breast, even as its soul,
Say what damnéd spirit dwelleth!†
Bare thyself even to thyself,
False bronze deity or devil!‡

[*Exit, with Daniel.*

Scene the Fourteenth.

BELSHAZZAR *and* THOUGHT, *asleep;* VANITY, IDOLATRY, THE STATUE.

THE STATUE.

King Belshazzar!

BELSHAZZAR.

Oh! what would'st thou,
Strange illusion, phantom, spectre,
Why afflict me, why attack me?

Statue represents, so to say, the spirit of Nabuchodonosor, who appears to his vain-glorious grandson in order to warn him, and to cast off from himself the entire responsibility of any such imitation.

* Because, in this way, one common intention can be fulfilled.

† "What damned spirit:" referring to the spirit of Nabuchodonosor, who, although he at length compulsorily recognized the true God, still remained an idolater to the end. His spirit, coerced by the command of Daniel, must here give compulsory evidence of the truth.

‡ *i.e.*, Give testimony now against thyself, that thou art not the thing that Idolatry wished to make of thee.

THE STATUE.

List ! and let the waking senses
Of the soul attend and hear me,
While those of the body rest them ;
I, against Idolatry turn,
Turn as if a brazen serpent,
Since, even as a serpent dies,
I must die in mine own venom ;
And while my hard lip of bronze
Slowly gives its iron message,
Let those flatteries of the wind,
Song and music, be suspended.
I that Statue am, which he,
Nabuchodonosor saw, of many
Metals made, with feet of clay,
Which a stone, by heaven directed,
Struck and crushed, a stone which fell
From the mountain of God's mercy :—
No, in vain thou would'st extort
Worship which high heaven rejecteth,
For I once, such worship seeking
From the Hebrew youths, God's servants,
Lit the Babylonian furnace,
Where, indeed, their faith was tested
By the fire that raged around them,
But in which it was not melted.
Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago,
By their lives this day attest it.*
All the gods whom thou adorest,

* It is well known that it was Nabuchodonosor who ordered the three ebrew youths to be cast into the furnace, because they refused to fall wn before his statue.

Matter-formed of earth are earthy;
Thou adorest bronze in Moloch,
Gold in Astaroth thou respectest,
Wood in Baal, clay in Dagon,
Stone in Baalin, and the welded
Iron in the gods of Moab :—*
And as now my voice expresses
The great God's decree, ye two†
To its metal sounds surrender !—
Rend your feathers ! break your statues !

(The Statue rises and the Tower descends.)

VANITY.

Oh ! I burn.

IDOLATRY.

With cold I tremble !

VANITY.

In the rays of another sun
Has my flight abruptly ended.

IDOLATRY.

In the light of another faith
Has my darkness been dispersèd.

(Vanity and Idolatry disappear, and the scene closes.)

* The original reads "en Moab," which, of course, means in the idols worshipped by the Moabites.

† Idolatry and Vanity are here addressed.

Scene the Fifteenth.

BELSHAZZAR, THOUGHT.

BELSHAZZAR *(awaking)*.

Hear me! linger! listen! wait!
Oh! do not so soon desert me,
Such sweet Vanity! such proud rapture!

THOUGHT *(awaking)*.

Why this outcry? what affects thee?

BELSHAZZAR.

Ah! my Thought, I do not know:—
Since, when as a god I felt me,
Since, when sovereign lord I called me,
And awake from such sweet error,
'Tis thy foolishness alone,
'Tis thy folly I find present.

THOUGHT.

What has passed then? What has happened?

BELSHAZZAR.

In pale sleep, as here I rested,
I beheld my various glory
In one dazzling dream collected.
High I saw my Vanity soar,
'Till her starry brows touched heaven,
From her golden empire down
My Idolatry descended.

This to me a Statue raised,
That a glorious Fane erected,
And they scarce had raised the two,
That the Statue, this the Temple,
When a voice of bronze, a trumpet,
Which even yet doth make me tremble,
Burned, of this, the feathery fane—
And of that, the image melted—
Leaving to the winds the spoil
Of their ruins' smoking embers. . . . .
Woe is me! poor Vanity
Is the fleeting flower whose freshness
Blooms upon the almond tree,
And the rose, whose blood is reddened
By the Sun, Idolatry;
That, with facile fall surrenders
Easily to the first faint sigh,
Which the angry north wind threatens;
This, when absent dies the day,
Faints, or folds the crispéd velvet
Of its buds. Brief sun, brief rose,
Against Time's assaults so helpless!*

* Belshazzar is in the mood of entering into himself, but through the following speech of Idolatry, who uses all her power to captivate him, he immediately falls back into his old state of frivolity.

Scene the Sixteenth.

BELSHAZZAR.—THE THOUGHT.—IDOLATRY.

IDOLATRY.

No, a voice shall not conclude my story,
No fraud shall rob my triumphs and my glory ;—
The pomp that I display,
Shall make this night outshine the light of day.—
Belshazzar, Prince Supreme,
For thee a God, more than a King, I deem.
Whilst thou in sweet suspense
Of sleep gave rest to every weary sense,
Making a truce with thought,
My love, with thy best interests ever fraught,
Its faithful watch would keep,
For fond affection knows not how to sleep.
A supper, rich and rare,
Full of all dainties cunning could prepare,
Things yet unknown to taste,
Are all, by my prevision, duly placed :
What every sense could wish
Breathes from each vase, or tempts from every dish :
Upon the sideboards glow
Rich gold and silver vessels all a-row,
And many a costly prize,
Whose brightness gives a dropsy to the eyes.
Sweetest perfumes
Breathe their delicious fragrance through the rooms
From emerald braziers filled with souls of flowers
That died in fair Arabia's happy bowers :

Sole food, as thou thyself can'st tell,
That satisfies the hunger of the smell.
The music, too, in well-accorded note,
Nor yet too near, nor yet too far remote,
From many a silken string, and mellow horn,
Quenches the thirst wherewith the ear is born.
The table-cloths of white,
Around whose broidered edges pinks unite
With clustered lilies, which commingled throw
A brighter brightness o'er the blinding snow
On which they lie; give to the wondering touch,
A smooth surprise it cannot feel too much.
Nectar, ambrosia, such as gods might claim,
Cold, icy drinks 'tis freshness but to name,
From the rich orange and the rose distilled,
For thee, in golden goblets shall be filled,
To please thy taste, that so in joyous state,
With every course the cups should alternate.
And that these may be*
To-day the surest proof of victory,
The vessels sacred then to Israel's God,
Which Nabuchodonosor, unawed,
Bore off from great Jerusalem, the day
When a remoter East received his sway,
Command them here to bring:—
This night, with them, thou'lt pledge the Gods, O Kin
And thus profane the temple's sacred store,
In honour of the idols I adore:
For sweet dessert, let these my arms suffice,
Inventing, feigning, every fond device

* "These"—*i.e.*, the cups.

By which, as in a cipher's interlacing,
Thy greatness may be known from my embracing,
Love's sweetest manna this, in which unite
Smell, tasting, touch, the hearing, and the sight.

BELSHAZZAR.

In seeing thee, the memory fades away,
Of all the solemn thoughts I held to-day,
Thy living light in lustrous beauty beams,
I wake and find thee fairer than my dreams.
Thy light alone, I feel,
Can from my heart the fatal sadness steal,
That keeps it so dejected.

THOUGHT.

By heaven! this is but just what I expected,
You're not so foolish, though not overwise:
As such a glorious supper to despise:—
Let there be feasting, let us be jolly,
This night, at least, we'll banish melancholy,
My folly rises now to exaltation,
By cynics sometimes called inebriation.

BELSHAZZAR.

Let the gold vessels, which within the shrine
Of conquered Judah, flowed with mystic wine
For Israel's priests, those cups so richly chased,
Be filled for me too.

THOUGHT.

I admire your taste.

BELSHAZZAR.

Go for them.

Scene the Seventeenth.

BELSHAZZAR, THE THOUGHT, IDOLATRY, VANITY ; *Music, Attendants, &c.*

VANITY *(entering).*

Stay ; for I the vessels bring,
From Vanity's hands receive the cups, O King !

IDOLATRY.

Set out the tables for the supper here,
Close by this summer-house.

THOUGHT.

For me ? Oh ! dear.

IDOLATRY.

For thee, my friend ? Why, who here spoke of thee ?

THOUGHT.

He who says supper, speaks he not of me ?
For if I am to sup, the thing is clear,
Señora, that the supper standeth here,*
And this reminds me of an antique song,
Brief is the moral and the stave not long. *(Sings.)*

* In the original there is a play upon the word "*Cenador*," which has two meanings, the first being a person who is fond of suppers, the second a summer-house. To re-produce this strictly, is impossible. As a substitute, I have ventured to use the word "supper" in two senses ; one, the repast itself, the other the person who partakes of it.—M.

" Supper for me was made, I think,
Since I was born to eat and drink,
For in easy mood, I submit to food,
When the wine is old and the meat is good." *

(The Table is brought in, on which the sacred vessels are displayed; the attendants commence serving the banquet.)

BELSHAZZAR.

Here take your seats ye two; along the sides
Sit ye, my friends, and take what heaven provides;
When even the Temple gives us cups at call,
Be sure the supper has been meant for all:—
Now, let the thanks that to the gods belong,
From your full hearts find utterance in song.

MUSIC.

This table, O Idolatry!
Is an altar raised to thee,
O Vanity! thou'rt here adored,
Since, a thing without example,
The rich vessels af the Temple
Decorate Belshazzar's board.
(They all take their seats at the table.)

* Thought plays here the part of the court-fool. In so far as he is the Thought of Belshazzar, these verses seem to characterise the immeasurable frivolity of the King, who, after the solemn events that have preceded, gives himself up, without restraint, to the pleasures of the table.

Scene the Eighteenth.

Enter DEATH, *disguised as one of the attendants.*

DEATH *(aside).*

To the great feast of the king,
Thus disguised I freely enter:
Since at this great supper I
Am concealed and unsuspected,
I believe that I can hide me
'Mong the crowd of his attendants.
Careless here Belshazzar sits,
And of me has no remembrance,
Circled by his women round,
By his nobles and dependants.
Those rich cups which Solomon
To the one true God presented,
And with which his holy priests
Sacrificial rites effected,
Here but grace his banquet board. . . .
Oh! thou Judgment of the Eternal,
Loose thy hand now, let mine loose, too,
For he surely hath the measure
Of his sins at last accomplished
In a sacrilege so dreadful.

BELSHAZZAR.

Give me wine.

THOUGHT *(to Death).*

Halloo! ho! comrade,
Have you an attack of deafness?—

Bring the king a cup of wine,
Whilst I to this dish address me.
(He draws a dish to himself and begins to eat.)

DEATH *(aside)*.

For a servant I am taken :—
Well, the cup I will present him,
Since he can't know *me*, he who
Is so blinded and forgetful.
(He takes a gold goblet from the table.)
This rich vessel of the altar
Holds life in it, it is certain,
Since the soul, athirst for life,
Finds in it its sure refreshment.
But it also holds within it
Death as well as Life ; its essence
Is of life and death commingled,
And its liquor is the blended
Heavenly nectar and the hemlock—
Bane and antidote together—* *(aloud.)*
Here, O Monarch ! is the wine.
(He presents the cup to the King.)

* With the now approaching catastrophe, the deep and mystic relation in which the action of the *auto* stands towards the Sacrament, and which furnishes a key to the understanding of the whole, begins also to be discovered. The sacrilegious ill use to which Belshazzar applies the sacred vessels of the Temple, appears to the poet as a symbol of the desecration of the still holier vessels of the New Covenant which contain the Eucharistic Feast, whose foreshadowed signification in the sacrifices of the Temple of the Old Covenant, to which the vessels plundered by Nabuchodonosor ministered, imparted to them their sanctity. Belshazzar rendered himself, in this way, by the profanation of the vessels of the Temple, indirectly guilty of a crime against the Lord's Supper. His sacrilege appears, therefore, to the poet as a foreshadowing

BELSHAZZAR.

From thy hand I will accept it.
What a beauteous cup!

DEATH *(aside)*.

O woe!
Not to know the draught is deadly!

IDOLATRY.

The King drinks; let all arise.

(All arise.)

BELSHAZZAR.

Ye, the glories of my empire,*
In this cup of Israel's God
I salute our own. For ever,
Moloch, god of the Assyrians,
Live!

(He drinks slowly.)

THOUGHT.

We drink the toast with pleasure:
Thirty thousand gods to-day
Seem too few to fill our revels;
I would like to drink them all.

IDOLATRY.

Let song mingle with the pledges.

type of unworthy communion itself; and the cup out of which he drinks, which is presented to him by Death, and which contains for him death itself, represents, in the same way, the Eucharistic food, which is deadly poison for those who partake of it unworthily—*i.e.*, to whom it presents the death of the soul, in which they find themselves through sin.

* *i.e.*, You, my nobles and vassals, here present.

MUSIC.

This table, O Idolatry!
Is an altar raised to thee,
O Vanity! thou'rt here adored,—
Since, a thing without example,
The rich chalice of the Temple
Drains Belshazzar at his board.
(A great clap of thunder is heard.)

BELSHAZZAR.

What an awful sound! What means
This tumultuous voice of terror
That doth call the clouds to arm
On the battle-field of Heaven?—

IDOLATRY.

When you drank, it must have been
A salute the heavens presented
With their fearful thunder-guns.*

VANITY.

See, a gloomy horror settles
O'er the sky, that hides the stars.

DEATH.

I, who darkest night engender—
How I love this gloom, this horror!

* An allusion to the manner in which, at great festivities of kings, the toasts were accompanied by a flourish of trumpets and the thundering of cannon. (See Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, act i. scene iv.)

BELSHAZZAR.

Comets dark, with burning tresses,*
Through the air, wild birds of fire
Flash the lightning's flames incessant;
With loud cries of grief and pain
Groans the cloud, as if 'twere pregnant:
It in travail seems to be,
And 'tis so, for from its entrails
Breaks a bright bolt forth, the glowing
Embryo that filled its centre:
When the cloud gives birth to lightning,
Thunder but its cry expresses.

(A louder and more terrific clap of thunder is heard, accompanied by lightning: on the ceiling of the hall appears a hand, pointing to a paper, on which is inscribed, "Mané, Thecel, Pharés.")

See ye not? Oh, woe is me!
Through the trembling air projected
What is bursting, what is breaking,
Which, above my head, suspended
Hangs but by a hair, and glideth
Towards the wall? Its form presenteth
The appearance of a hand,
Of a hand, the cloud has sever'd
From some monstrous form unseen!—†

* The lightning flashes are called dark comets, because they do not permanently light up the darkness, but only render themselves visible for a moment.

† The Hand appears to be only a piece or portion of a monster which is cut off, so to say, from its other parts by the clouds from which it projects.

Who, oh! who, in lightning, ever,
Arteries saw 'till now?* I know not
What its finger writes, what message,
Since when it has left the impress
Of three rapid strokes or sketches
On the wall, to join its body
Once again the hand ascendeth. . . . .
Pale my cheek has grown, my hair
Stands on end through fear and terror,
Trembling throbs my heart, my breath
Chokes my parched throat, or deserts me.
For what was the Babel of tongues
Is to-day the Babel of letters.†

VANITY.

I a burning mountain seem.

IDOLATRY.

I a statue of ice resemble.

THOUGHT.

I am neither mountain nor statue,—
But a nice, fine fear o'erwhelms me.

BELSHAZZAR.

Thou, Idolatry, thou that knowest
All the Gods' deep secrets, tell me
What do these strange letters mean?

* The Hand appears to Belshazzar also as if it was formed from the lightning.

† As in Babel there was the confusion of words, so that no one could understand the other, so here there appears to be the confusion of letters, these being so strange and inexplicable.

IDOLATRY.

These I'm powerless to interpret:
Even the character I know not.

BELSHAZZAR *(to Vanity)*.

Thou, whose genius comprehendeth
Deepest science—thou, the augur's,
The magician's, chief preceptress,
What here read'st thou? Say—What?

VANITY.

Nothing;—
Here my genius fails to help me:
These are all to me unknown.

BELSHAZZAR.

Thou, O Thought! dost comprehend them?

THOUGHT.

You have asked a sage at last!
I'm an ignorant fool, heaven help me!

IDOLATRY.

Daniel, the same Hebrew, who
Did so well the dream interpret
Of the statue and the tree,
He will tell it.*

* According to Holy Scripture, it was the Queen who gave the advice that Daniel should be called to explain these mysterious signs. (See *Daniel*, v. 10, 12.)

Scene the Nineteenth.

Enter DANIEL.

DANIEL.

List attentive:—
Mané means that God hath numbered,
And thy kingdom's days hath ended;
Thecel, that thou hast completed
The full number, thy offences
Not admitting one sin more;*
Pharés, that a waste, a desert,
Will thy kingdom be, when seized
By the Medes and by the Persians.
Thus the hand of God hath written
With the finger thy dread sentence,
And its carrying out hath He
To the secular arm expressly
Delegated.† This hath God
Done to thee, because perversely
Thou, with scorn and ribald jest,
Hast profaned the sacred vessels.
For no mortal should misuse
These pure vessels of the Temple,

* According to Daniel v. 27, the meaning of THECEL is, "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting," which has the same signification.

† "The secular arm:" As the Church, in its decrees, limits itself to the pronouncing of the judgment, and leaves the execution of it to the secular arm, in the same way God, after sentence has been passed upon Belshazzar, uses other means for carrying it out—*i.e.*, Belshazzar was slain that very night, and Babylon taken, by storm, by Cyrus. "The secular arm" is here represented by Death.

Which, until the law of grace
Reigns on earth, foreshow a blesséd
Sacrament, when the written Law
Time's tired hand shall blot for ever,
If these vessels' profanation
Is a crime of such immenseness,
Hear the cause, ye mortals, hear it!
For in them, life, death, are present—
'Tis that he who receives in sin,
Desecrates God's holy vessel.*

BELSHAZZAR.

In them is there death?

DEATH.

There is,
When they are by me presented,
I, the pride-born child of sin,
Of whose dark and deadly venom
He who drinks must surely die.†

BELSHAZZAR.

Ah! in spite of all my senses,
I believe thee, I believe thee;

* These words, addressed to the audience by Daniel, are explained by what has been said above (note, p. 195). The poet had, in the selection of this subject, a double object in view—to demonstrate, on one side, the sublimity of the Holy Sacrament, by depicting the punishment that follows its desecration, and then also to act upon the audience by a wholesome fear, and a solemn warning against unworthy communion. Therefore, this apostrophe of Daniel to the circle of his hearers, whilst he is explaining to Belshazzar the mystic ciphers, is here introduced in the right place, and is connected, in the most natural way, with the action.

† Death speaks here as the death of the soul, and, as such, he presents the communion cup to every one who drinks it unworthily.

For though torpid and dejected,
Through the sight, and through the hearing,
Have thy fearful voice and presence
Penetrated my proud bosom—
To my very soul's seat entered :—
Save me, O Idolatry!
From this agony.

IDOLATRY.

I am helpless,
For at the terrific voice
Of that Mystery predestined,
Which you have to-day profaned
In these cups that are its emblems,
All my courage I have lost—
All my former fire and mettle.

BELSHAZZAR.

Help me now, O Vanity!

VANITY.

I am humbled, through Heaven's mercy.*

BELSHAZZAR.

Thee, O Thought! . . . .

THOUGHT.

Thy greatest foe
Now is in thy Thought presented,

* The two allegorical wives of Belshazzar, in the glorious presence of the Sacrament, lose their identity altogether, and become the very opposite, to signify that their part on earth is played out, as soon as the mystery of the New Covenant appears, the real worthy use of which is the effectual way of extinguishing all vices.

Since you did not wish to heed
The death-warnings it suggested.*

BELSHAZZAR.

Daniel!

DANIEL.

I am God's decree:—
Yea, He hath pronounced thy sentence!
Yea, the measure is filled up!

THOUGHT.

Nulla est redemptio.

BELSHAZZAR.

All, ah! all in this dread hour,
In this final need desert me!—
Who, oh! who, hath power to save me
From this horror, from this spectre?—†

DEATH.

No one:—for thou would'st not be
Safe within the abysmal centre
Of the earth.

BELSHAZZAR.

Ah! fire enfolds me!

* Even Thought lays aside his character of the Fool, and rebels against his master—an expression of the inner reproaches of conscience which Belshazzar cannot longer escape.

† Death, namely, who is ever approaching nearer and nearer to Belshazzar.

DEATH.

Die, thou sinner!

(Death draws his sword, and stabs Belshazzar; he then seizes him in his arms, and they struggle together.)

BELSHAZZAR.

This is death, then!—
Was the venom not sufficient
That I drank of?

DEATH.

No: that venom
Was the death of the soul; the body's,
This swift death-stroke representeth.*

BELSHAZZAR.

With death's agony upon me,
Sad, despairing, and dejected,
Struggling against odds, and dying,
Soul and body both together,
Hear! ye mortal men, oh! hear,
What doth mean this fearful message,
What this *Mané, Thecel, Pharés*
Of the one Supreme God threatens;—
He who dares profane God's cup,
Him He striketh down for ever;

* As the death of the soul, Death has presented the cup to Belshazzar; but as the death of the body, he fights now with him, and finally strikes him down.

He who sinfully receives,
Desecrates God's holiest vessel!*

[*Exeunt Death and Belshazzar struggling together, and after them the Thought.*

Scene the Twentieth.

IDOLATRY, VANITY, DANIEL, *Then* DEATH.

IDOLATRY.

Like a sleeper I awaken
From the dreams of my forgetting:
And since even Idolatry
God Himself hath not excepted
From the crowd of living things
In the mystic sheet collected,
Which one day will Christ command
Peter there to kill and eat of,†
Would that I could see the light
Of the law of grace, O Heaven!
Now while reigns the written law!—‡

* Even in this, as a consequence, Belshazzar is obliged to imitate Nabuchodonosor, inasmuch as he, like the former, was compelled to give testimony against himself in his vision, and was obliged, in the same way, loudly to witness for the truth. In this is to be found his most complete annihilation, and the highest spiritual punishment of his pride.

† The vision of S. Peter (Acts of the Ap. c. x.) signified, that from that time heathens were to be admitted into the Church. The different forms of the animals have been explained, by the Holy Fathers, as symbols of the different forms of idolatry.

‡ The light of the true knowledge of God, and especially the inner

Enter DEATH, *dressed as before, with sword and dagger, and a cloak covered with skeletons.*

DEATH.

You can see it represented
In the fleece of Gideon,
In the Manna of the desert,
In the honey-comb the lion's
Mouth contained, in the unblemished
Lamb, and in the Sacred bread
Of Proposition.*

DANIEL.

If these emblems
Show it not, then be it shown
In the full foreshadowing presence
Of the Feast here now transformed
Into Bread and Wine ; stupendous
Miracle of God ; his greatest
Sacrament in type presented.

(The scene opens to the sound of solemn music ; a table is seen arranged as an altar, with a remonstrance and chalice in the middle, and two wax candles at each side.)

IDOLATRY.

I, who was Idolatry,
Who to idols false and empty

knowledge of the greatest mystery of the New Covenant, after which Idolatry is longing, was then contained only in a symbolic way in the Mosaic law.

* All these are types of the Eucharist.

Worship gave, to-day effacing
Both their names and mine for ever,
Will be Latria,* adoring
Thus this Sacrament Most Blesséd.—
And as its high Feast, Madrid
Celebrates with fitting splendour,
May Don Pedro Calderon
For his manifold demerits
Find excuse :—His faults and ours
Deign to pardon, and remember
That the Poet's works but shadow
What the Poet had intended.

* It is well known that in the language of the Church the word *latria* signifies the worship due to God alone, in opposition to *dulia*, which is given only to the saints.

End of "Belshazzar's Feast."

THE DIVINE PHILOTHEA.

THE DIVINE PHILOTHEA.

EXPLANATORY PREFACE.

THE DIVINE PHILOTHEA takes indisputably among the *autos* of Calderon an especial place of honour, and there are few among these children of the Sacred Muse that surpass it for depth of thought, as well as splendour and boldness of com position. To understand it thoroughly, therefore, is a matter of no small importance, as well as difficulty; and we can by no means flatter ourselves that in the following commentary we have opened up to the reader all the secret and deep hidden meanings which this *auto*, in the rich stream of its sublime imagery and ever-varying scenic splendour, carries along. It is a magic mirror, into which the longer we look the more wonderful and enigmatical are the objects that we behold, without our being able to perceive any limit to a fecundity so astonishing.

The understanding of the whole *auto* mainly depends on the right comprehension of the significance of the person of Philothea, and in this is concentrated, as in a focus, the entire difficulties which it presents. Now, on one side, nothing is easier than to perceive that Philothea, in the first place, means the God-loving human soul, which Christ, the Prince of Light, has chosen for his bride, which is obliged

to live in earthly banishment, far away from its heavenly bridegroom, until He comes to lead it to the marriage. But with this, the character and signification of Philothea is by no means exhausted. If we can see nothing more in Philothea than this, many riddles of the *auto* will remain unsolved, and many of its scenes misunderstood. Calderon, who is accustomed to draw forth his subject always in a real philosophical way from the innermost depths of its being, includes, therefore, in the person of Philothea, a much deeper and wider signification than that it means merely the allegorical representation of a single human soul in the New Covenant. He sums up, under this idea, rather everything human that can be the object of God's love—be it in the individual or in the species, be it in the Old or the New Covenant, everything that in Holy Scripture is described as the bride of God—from the highest ideal to the last of the elect, from the magnificent congregation of the whole Church to the special personality of each individual, from the idea of the creation of man, which lay present in the mind of God from before all time, up to its perfect realization when the number of the elect shall be filled up in the unveiled future—everything is to Him Philothea: with what is typified by Philothea everything must be in harmony, because in the peculiar and profound idea which she represents everything is contained. From this alone, it may be perceived what a depth and fulness of reference must be included in the several actions of this *auto;* and if sometimes the one or the other signification of Philothea steps into the foreground—if it should so happen even, what, indeed, cannot be denied, that her first and simplest meaning asserts throughout its superiority—nevertheless there is always present a necessary inner connection with the whole extent of the more general idea, and the continual remembrance of it is absolutely

indispensable for the understanding of the action. Only so much can be said here, in a preliminary way, upon the person of Philothea, whilst what is more special and exact must be reserved for the notes.

With reference to this grand elastic conception of Philothea, it is, indeed, very difficult to give the fundamental idea of the *auto* with exactness and precision; nevertheless, in a general way, it may, perhaps, be explained in the following manner:— It is meant to represent, in all the vicissitudes that may happen to it, the struggle of the soul (the intended bride of God) upon the earth, which is rendered necessary, in the first place, by the fidelity which it endeavours to preserve towards its heavenly bridegroom; and, in the second place, by the manifold enemies that besiege it. It is especially intended to exhibit the help which the bridegroom gives to His bride, either in an open or a hidden way, such as that final glorious victory which He wins for her at the cost of His own life; and it is meant, at the same time, to glorify that celestial aid which, in the Sacrament, invigorates and nourishes the strength of Philothea for the conflict. This last object—namely, the reference to the Sacrament as the heavenly means of nourishment, as well in its foreshadowing types as in its later fulfilment, as represented by that bread which preserves the garrison of the castle of Philothea, and with which it is provisioned when the Prince of Light comes to raise the seige—appears altogether so much in the foreground, and plays so important a part in the whole history of the siege, that we have no hesitation in placing this *auto* among those that directly and immediately refer to the Blessed Sacrament. Whilst the Sacrament in the *auto*, called *The Viatic Lamb*, is glorified as the viaticum, which is so necessary for the earthly pilgrimage when it is considered in the light of a journey, so it is here

the heavenly provender by means of which the life of grace maintains its existence, when, under the figure of a long and weary siege, is described what the soul here on earth has to endure in the castle of the body, from the manifold enemies that are banded against it.

The army of these enemies is led on by The Devil, who, in the first place, with his two old allies, The World and Voluptuousness, lays the plan of the siege of Philothea. The World then, in order that they may fight under his guidance, enlists, as recruits in his service, Atheism, Paganism, and Judaism. Subsequently, Voluptuousness, seduces to the service of The Devil The Human Understanding, who deserts from the army of Philothea in order to serve as the engineer of Voluptuousness in the construction of the inflammable powder mines of the latter. The garrison of the castle of Philothea consists of *The Five Senses* and *The Three Theological Virtues.* The last remain faithful to her, whilst the Senses, when their quarter has been set on fire by the mine of Sensuality or Voluptuousness, fly away in a cowardly manner, and are only brought back to their obedience under Philothea by the direct interposition of the Prince of Light, who arrives in a ship, in order to bring relief to the castle.

The *loa* prefixed to the *auto* in the original, mentions that the latter was represented in the royal palace of Madrid, and in the presence of King Charles II. *The Divine Philothea,* therefore, belongs to the last years of the poet's life, and the date of its composition must be placed after the year 1665.—*See Note of the Translator opposite.*

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

*** *The Divine Philothea* was, probably, the last *auto* written by Calderon, as proved by documents necessarily unknown to Dr. Lorinser. On this subject, Don Gonzalez Pedroso, in his edition of this *auto*, in the Collection, published at Madrid, 1865, has the following note:—"According to entries still existing in the archives of Madrid (ii. 199-10). this *auto*, as well as another by Calderon *(The Lamb of Isaias)*, were performed, evidently for the first time, in the year 1681; and the memoranda for the machinery of both compositions, which were dictated by D. Pedro Calderon, and signed by his own hand, in a character which shows the advanced age of the writer, are introduced into the formal report upon the subject. These are, then, to all appearance, the very last works that proceded from the wonderful genius of Calderon, since, if we admit that they were represented for the first time in that year, we have no grounds for supposing that they were composed earlier. Whoever reads *The Divine Philothea*, cannot fail to be astonished at an old man of eighty-one years possessing an imagination of such freshness and force."

From other documents, which are given in the same report, it appears that the *loas* which preceded the representation both of *The Lamb of Isaias* as well as *The Divine Philothea*, were not the work of Calderon, since a sum of one hundred reals was paid for each of them to the dramatic writer, Juan Antonio de Carvajal. Both *autos* were represented by the same Carvajal and Manuel Vallejo, with their respective companies.—M.

THE DIVINE PHILOTHEA.

Edition of Pando, part 1.—Of Apontes, t. 2.—*MS.* in the National Library of Madrid.—*Collection* of Pedroso, Madrid, 1865.

THE DIVINE PHILOTHEA.

PERSONS.

THE PRINCE OF LIGHT.
THE DEMON.
THE UNDERSTANDING.
THE WORLD.
VOLUPTUOUSNESS.
FAITH.
HOPE.
CHARITY.
PHILOTHEA.

THE SIGHT.
THE HEARING.
THE SMELL.
THE TOUCH.
THE TASTE.
PAGANISM.
JUDAISM.
HERESY.
ATHEISM.
A CHILD.

Attendants, Music, &c.

Memorandum of the Scenic Decorations.

First Car.*—*To represent a Castle, surmounted by towers, turrets, and every other indication of a regular fortification, and painted in a suitable manner.*

Second Car.—*A Ship, with all the ornaments of pennants and streamers. The lower portion of this Car is to be painted like the sea. The lantern at the mast-head is to represent a great Chalice with the Sacrament, and on all the flags Chalices and Hosts are to be depicted.*

Third Car.—*A globe of clouds, stars, and seraphim, which is to open at the proper time, and to reveal within it a person seated upon a celestial throne, the interior painting to represent the glory, as it were, of heaven, with its splendours, seraphim, and stars.*

Fourth Car.—*The first division to represent a Wood; the second a Garden, with a Summer-House and a Fountain in its midst, from which, as at the Elevation, a Chalice, with the Host, will arise, this disappearing by the same channel through which it entered, there will appear, in its place, a little Child of the Passion.*—Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca.†

* For a description of the *carros*, or cars, used in the performance of the *autos*, see Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, ed. 1863, t. ii. p. 51, and *Don Quixote*, part ii. c. xi.—M.

† This is the document referred to in the note to the Explanatory Preface of this *auto*. It was first printed in 1865, by Pedroso, who gives the title it bears in the official paper: "Memorandum of the scenes for the *auto* entitled *The Divine Philothea*." The only part of it in the handwriting of Calderon is his signature.—M.

The Divine Philothea.

THE PLAIN BEFORE THE CASTLE.

Scene the First.

Drums and trumpets are heard within, and THE DEMON *enters, dressed as a soldier, with truncheon, scarf, and feathers.*

DEMON.

Ha! from yonder snow-peaked mountain,
For whose feet and haughty head,* *(To one Car.)*
Heaven a canopy of splendour—
Earth a carpet green doth spread! . . . .
Ha! from yonder vale's bright garden
(To another.)

* The metre of this and the five following scenes, containing altogether about 700 lines, is the same. It is a *single* asonante vowel rhyme in the last accented syllable of the second and every alternate line. This vowel, both in the original and the translation, is the letter *e*, as in the Spanish *altivéz*, *dosél*, *vergél*, *pués*, &c., and in the English *stéms*, *kén*, *spréad (spred)*, *géms*, &c. To such an extent as it is used in this *auto*, the comparatively weak sound of *e* would be scarcely perceived in English, and, if perceived, would, I fear, be a perpetual disappointment to the ear. It has occurred to me that I might possibly, to some extent, preserve that fidelity to the original which I think essential, and yet not deprive the lines of some more emphatic and decided harmony. I have, therefore, while rigidly observing the asonante *e* everywhere it occurs, added to it *consonants*, which are the same frequently for many lines together, thus combining and preserving the distinctive features of

Flower'd with roses whose bright stems
Now the moonlight drapes with garlands,
Now the sunshine crowns with gems! . . . .*
Tell it to the World's wide circuit,
All comprised within thy ken,†
Since in thee Olympus crowned him
King of mountains amongst men :—‡
Tell it to lewd Love, the serpent
Of thy flowers, whose scales present
In their shining hues the poison
With all beauteous seemings blent.—§
Listen to this invocation!
To this trumpet call attend!
To this combat, the most glorious,‖

Spanish and English versification. As I have previously said, Dr. Lorinser, in his German translation, makes no attempt to re-produce this, or the double form of asonante verse; and, indeed, seems scarcely to have perceived either. See page 158, where I have adopted the same mode of treatment towards the single asonante in *o*.—M.

* *The Devil*, in these words, summons his two allies, *The World* and *The Flesh*, or *Voluptuousness*, to arms. His call to the first is addressed to the heaven-aspiring mountain, whose summit overlooks all the kingdoms of the earth (perhaps alluding to the history of the temptation, Matt. iv. 8). The message to the second is confided to the delightful garden, beneath whose beautiful flowers poisonous reptiles (the types of sensuality) lie hid. The mountain, at the same time, serves as a symbol of pride and the lust of the eye; the garden as a type of the lust of the flesh. The latter, also, has a reference to the Garden of Paradise, in which the poison of the serpent first worked insidiously.

† These words refer exclusively to the mountain.

‡ That is, on the summit of a hill as sublime as thou art had Olympus crowned himself "monarch of mountains." This mountain of the heathen divinities appears to the poet to present an especially suitable symbol of worldly splendour.

§ He here addresses the garden. Under the words, "lewd love," Voluptuousness is referred to.

‖ "To this combat, the most glorious." The words in the original are "Para el más glorioso *duelo*," which Lorinser translates "Bei dem ehrenvollsten *Schmerze*," with the following note: "The spirit of pride

Sun e'er saw, that doth impend.
(Drums and trumpets.)
With this military salvo,
Hail the two, my trusty friends,
Whom a triple tie uniteth,
Whom one mutual interest blends.

Scene the Second.

THE DEMON; THE WORLD *and* VOLUPTUOUSNESS *descend from the two cars.*

THE WORLD.

O unconquered prince! what need for
This salute, since none need tell
That thy most familiar follower
Is the World?

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Thou knowing well,
That the inner flame I furnish,
Is thy truest, firmest friend;
To what end, both one and the other,
Hast thou called us?

DEMON.

To this end,
That you may before the battle,

calls his rage 'the most glorious *pain*,' because his defeat in the battle with God was the greatest that could possibly be endured." It appears to me less forced to understand by *duelo* the *fight*, or *combat*, that is about to take place with Philothea, for which he has summoned his two allies.—M.

Know the cause you must defend;
For which purpose it is needful
Even the things you know to tell;
Since the consequence is surer,
When the first point is made well.—
In my native land, they called me,
Prince of Light, Fair-light, Luz-bel—
Lucifer—but which henceforward
Is but *Bel*—not *Luz*—since Hell
Calls me now the Prince of darkness,
'Mong the idol gods of Bel;—*
What occasioned so much ruin
Was that, though created well,
Near my royal master's person,†
In his very grace to dwell,
In that grace confirmed not fully,
I fell off, and so rebelled;—
(Thus 'tis, with inflexible courage,
I would hold what once I held.)
Briefly, in the very instant
Ere that dread mischance befel,
He a signal favour gave me,
Trusting in my faith too well:

* "Bel" (Baal) is the well-known name of one of the many idols worshipped by the oriental nations, which serves with Calderon, in several of his *autos*, as a representative of the Devil. The proper signification of Bel is Lord. Calderon, in giving to Lucifer the name of Luzbel, gets thus an opportunity for a pun. *Luz* means, in Spanish, *Light*. In consequence of his fall, the Devil, who, instead of being a Prince of Light, has become a Prince of Darkness, has lost also one-half of his name, and is now only Bel, or Baal, a lord—a ruler over the kingdom of darkness, and over men who have devoted themselves to his service.

† The companion to a prince, or nobleman brought up at court, and who, by particular favour, has been admitted to the closest intimacy with his sovereign, is evidently intended in this passage.

He the form of His Idea
Full before my rapt eyes set
In a picture, where so many
Miracles of beauty met,
That it was not strange He chose her
For His bride :* Her loveliness,

* For the understanding of the following words, the knowledge of some theological opinions, relating to the primary cause of the sin of the angels, is necessary. Although they are, by no means, dogmas of the Church, and can only be received as the opinions of individuals which have never obtained a very wide extension in theology, at the same time they have never been rejected by the Church, or pointed out as errors, and may be defended in many ways on grounds that cannot be despised. They could, therefore, with full right, serve the purpose of the poet in supplying the foundation of a highly poetical conception, the development of which forms an essential momentum in the action of the present *auto*. At first there occurs to us a passage of St. Cyprian, from which it would appear that the holy Fathers had ascribed the sin of the angels to the envious jealousy with which Satan regarded the creation of man after the likeness of God. This remarkable passage, which must, at all events, have floated before the mind of the poet, and which was the occasion of these words which he puts in the mouth of the Devil, is as follows. (De zelo et livore, sub principio) :—"Videamus, unde zelus, et quando et quomodo coeperit. . . . Hinc diabolus inter initia statim mundi et periit primus et perdidit. Ille angelica majestate subnixus, ille Deo acceptus et carus, postquam hominem ad imaginem Dei factum conspexit, in zelum malivolo livore prorupit, non prius alterum dejiciens instinctu zeli, quam ipse zelo ante dejectus, captivus ante quam capiens, perditus ante quam perdens, dum stimulante livore homini gratiam datæ immortalitatis eripit, ipse quoque, id quod prius fuerat, amisit." That this passage was really made use of by Calderon, is manifest from the almost verbal resemblance of the phrases which have been placed here in the mouth of the Devil in several sentences. Compare, for instance—"Though created near my royal Master's person, in His very grace," &c., with "Ille angelica majestate subnixus, ille Deo acceptus et carus;" and again : "I would hold what once I held," with "Id quod prius fuerat amisit." But with this opinion of St. Cyprian, Calderon has connected also a different theological view, which has been entertained by some later theologians—namely, that the sin of pride committed by Satan was the refusing his adoration to the most holy humanity of Christ, whose incarnation had, from the beginning, been openly decided on in the providence of God (because human nature takes rank under

Like some rich and radiant jewel
Flashing in its opulence,
Lights and shadows as of sunrise,
Woke in me desires of sense,

that of the angels); and, therefore, he would not, for the same reason, acknowledge Mary as their future queen. This first opinion has been defended by Ambrosius Catherinus (de gloria bonorum angelorum et lapsu malorum et in Comm. Epist. ad Philipp. cap. ii., et ad Hebr. ii.) and by Dionysius the Carthusian (in ii. dist. 5, q. 1). The opinion of the latter has been re-produced, with great ability, in our times, by the celebrated French preacher, Combalot, in his sermons on the "Glories of Mary," where, among other things, he says (II. Sermon): "After this foundation, which represents to us the divine Word made Flesh, as the central point of the whole universe—as the key-stone of the vault of the world of nature, of the world of grace, and the world of glory—it was necessary that the angels should believe in the infinite humiliation of the eternal Word, in order to reach the unspeakable height of the heaven of the beatific vision. They were obliged to worship the despised humanity of Christ, in spirit and in truth. And as in the divine plan the incarnation, when it took place, included in it the divine maternity of Mary, so the angels, as little as man, could recognise and adore the glorious humiliation of the God made Man, without bending down in humble love before the supernatural splendour of her whom the will of the Most High was pleased to call to the most elevated throne in heaven next to His own," &c. As to the picture mentioned in the text, which Lucifer saw with such astonishment, from its representing so clearly the beauty of the intended bride of God, nothing else is indicated here than that ideal of human nature which had been revealed to the angels, and which was realised, with the utmost possible fulness of divine grace, in the Philothea κατ' ἐξοχην—the idea of Mary—the Queen of Angels, to whom the Church applies the well-known words of the Book of Wisdom: "Ab initio et ante sæcula creata sum . . . Nondum erant abyssi, et ego jam concepta eram," &c. In addition to the opinion of St. Cyprian, just mentioned, the poet ascribes to the Devil here, also, the crime of jealousy and envy towards that chosen bride, made pre-eminently after the image of God—that bride which, in his pride, he would not give to God, but rather would have wished to have kept for himself, in which, perhaps, is to be found a sympathy with those opinions entertained by some of the early Fathers (Irenæus, Justinus, Tertullian, Clemens of Alex., Origen, and others), that the sin of the Devil had been a *peccatum luxuriæ*—an hypothesis originating in the erroneous comprehension of the words *Bne Elohim*, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, which the scholiast Duns Scotus seeks to idealise by attributing to the Devil a kind

Even more numerous than the beauties
That His pencil could present,*
Philothea (which of *Theos*,
God, and *Philos*, Love, is blent,
Meaning the *God-loved*, or *loving*,)
Give us, without violence,
(In the Philos, love and beauty,
In the Theos, power and sense)
Some idea of the nature
Of a soul by grace possess'd,—†
By which name it is presented
Unto us, as when the breast

of spiritual voluptuousness, which is carried out in a metaphorical way. But it is remarkable, and may possibly lead to the discovery of the source of the above-mentioned theological opinions, which lies probably in an old tradition, subsequently made use of by Mahomet, that in the Koran it is frequently taught, that the first man was created a more perfect creature than the angels, and that it was on this account that God commanded the angels to humble themselves before man, which they all did, with the exception of Satan.

* God is here represented as a painter—an image that often recurs in Calderon, as, for instance, in the *auto*, "The Painter of his own Dishonour," where the idea is fully developed. The creation, then, is that magnificent picture which has been designed by the artistic hand of God, according to His eternal idea, which the malevolence of the Devil has defaced. In this passage, however, it is the ideal of human nature, which God had permitted the angels to see, that is considered as a picture—a sketch—so to say, which was afterwards to be carried out in reality. At the same time, an idea underlies these words, which is thoroughly Spanish and romantic in its nature—namely, that God, as the bridegroom of the human soul, had worn the likeness of His bride, as if in a locket, in the idea of its creation, which had been present to Him from all eternity.

† "Philothea" may mean either *one beloved of God*, or *one loving God*. The word *love*, that lies in the name of Philothea, points to her *beauty*, in so far as she is beloved of God, and rendered beautiful by the graces which He confers upon her. The word *God* in her name signifies her *power*, because through her union with God, from His love and grace, she is strong and invincible.

Beats for some belovéd object,
It is courtlier to suppress
The true name, and give another
Which suggests, but don't express.—*
Thus the soul and its proud title,
Full of grace, I knew ; and then
Found myself at once attracted
By its beauty ; and again
By my jealousy averted—
Seeing that before I knelt
Her to adore as queen, my bosom
For the woman's love should melt.†
'Twas not strange such love and hatred
Should between them soon beget
A strange monster, in whose nature
Love and hate together met :‡
Of which two extremes of feeling,
That which first its impress set,

* It is well known that the Knights of Romance were accustomed to give their ladies particular names, in order not to betray the secrets of their hearts to any one. According to the conception of the poet, "Philothea" is the name of the divine bride that is spoken in heaven, and under which name God permitted the angels to see her picture.

† That human nature, in the person of Mary, should be raised above the angels, was opposed to the pride of Lucifer. The inordinate love which he was nourishing for the ideal shown to him by God, was mixed up with this feeling of hatred, of jealousy, and of envy.

‡ Here lies, most probably, an allusion to the above-mentioned erroneous interpretation of the sixth chapter of Genesis, where it is said that, from the intercourse of the *Bne Elohim* with the daughters of men, the giants were produced. The sin of spiritual voluptuousness, which seems to be assumed here by Calderon in the sense of Scotus, and which consisted in an impure desire after the ideal of human nature as exhibited by God (in Mary), produced a spiritual monster—a feeling composed of hatred and impure love, which is here given as an attribute of the Devil, in contrast to Philothea.

Was the hatred :* but has ever
Grief by joy been distanced yet?—
When has not the evil travelled
Faster than the good hath sped?—
Let the vile proceeding answer,
Unto which I first was led—
The hindering of another's love,
That mine own might reign instead :—
That she was not born his equal,
Nor my equal, thus I said ;
Adding, that though all His court
Might the investiture attend
Of His Empress, I would never
In obsequious homage bend
Unto Majesties whose nature
Was so low ; by what I said
Roused to mutiny, rose the rebel
Troops whose numerous hosts I led,
So that soon the loud drums rattled,
Wide the banners were outspread,
Heaven's celestial peace was broken,
And a Babel reigned instead.
Then . . . . But whither would I wander?
Where, O Memory ! have I fled?—
Why recall that fearful struggle
When no laurels deck my head?
Let, then, Michael sing his triumphs,

* Hatred may here be so far called the first portion of this monster, ecause, according to the assumption of the poet, it first showed itself n heaven by exhibiting a jealousy towards the inferior human nature, nd this occasioned the fall of Satan ; whilst his impure love manifests self now on earth in the temptations which he prepares for the earthly 'hilothea, in order to force her inclinations.

Let him tell that tale of dread,*
Whilst I would revenge my ruin,
By attempting in His stead,
For myself His bride to win,
Ere with Him she comes to wed;
For although there's been a contract,
To all eyes made manifest,—
A betrothal, which the written
And the natural laws attest,—
Still, with all that, the espousal
For the present is deferred,
'Till the day foredoomed comes round,
Of which all in heaven have heard,
When some certain stipulations
Which by Daniel have been penned
Shall be carried out.† Thus gaining,
For the object I intend,
Time to make experiments,—
That I may her spirit bend
To my power, I need ye two,
So be heedful and attend,
That what now is but ideal
May be real in the end.

* According to the tradition of the Church, it was Michael who executed the punishment of God upon the fallen angels.

† By the wedding which the divine bridegroom has promised to celebrate with Philothea, is here to be understood the time of the New Covenant (the new *marriage*, as our old German writers of the middle ages express it). This marriage had already been pronounced under the law of nature, through the first announcement of the Saviour in Paradise; the written Mosaic law points to it, in all its types, and the prophecies of the Prophet Daniel, as to the lapse of the seventy-two weeks of years up to the coming of the Redeemer, were, so to say, a stipulated contract as to the time of the wedding, in which the prophet plays the part of the notary.

Fancy, then, that the human body
Is, as it were, a citadel,
Where, to guard her against *me*,
Hath the Bridegroom willed should dwell
For a certain time the Soul,
'Till the Spouse who loves her well
To conduct her to his kingdom
Shall descend to bear her thence.*
You will think the metaphor,
'Twixt a castle of defence
And the human body, doubtful,
But a strange coincidence
You will find they both exhibit

* The human soul—the bride of God—must wait in the castle of the body, with which she is united, for the solemnisation of her marriage with her heavenly bridegroom. At the death of the body, the bridegroom comes to bring home his bride. The castle of the body, which he has assigned to her as a dwelling-place, is provided with all means of defence against hostile attacks. Essential for the understanding of the person of Philothea, as well as the entire *auto*, is the double signification of the coming of the divine bridegroom to the wedding festival. This takes place, once at the incarnation of the Son of God, in which He celebrates His espousals with human nature in general—with the human soul, as it were, collectively—with the Church, and then again at the death of each individual, when the Man-God brings home the soul of each person to union with Him. The therefore double signification of Philothea (as a collective or individual being) is not to be lost sight of, because it alone gives us the key to the mysterious riddles of this *auto*, the solution of which becomes, therefore, particularly difficult, because both these very different circumstances of the expectation of the bridegroom are here combined in one symbol. The time of the siege of Philothea in the castle, represents, in the same way, the time of expectation for the arrival of the Saviour in the Old Covenant, and the time of the battle of earthly life, which the pious soul has to go through in the New Covenant. Therefore, we must continually keep in view the double meaning of all actions and events which the poet brings before us, if we would not have everything completely entangled, and represented to us as a confused mass of relations, which apparently exclude and contradict one another.

If you look to either sense.
In all strongly guarded places,
From the outward battlements
To the central fort, the earthwork
Made of clay, its form presents,—
Seeming almost the whole structure;—
If then, as it is, of earth
Is the human body fashioned,
And the castle's circling girth
Made but of the same material,
In this unity of birth
All must see a certain likeness,
Whatso'er may be its worth.
Then as to the guard, whatever
Ammunition of defence
That a castle needs, the body
Hath as well; Intelligence
Sits presiding o'er the council,
Which takes up its residence
In the brain's secluded chamber,
And the body rules from thence;—*
War, too, hath its proper council,
Of whose board in permanence,
Like a General commanding,
Is the heart the President,
To whose orders the remaining
War-troop ever are attent,
Like a body-guard around him
They their faithful breasts present,
Thinking only of his service,

* In so much as the brain is the chief organ through which the works on the body.

On no other thing intent.
SIGHT, within the topmost turret
Of the highest battlement,
Looking over land and sea,
There two sentinels has set,*
Who survey the whole horizon
As from some walled parapet,
For the attack of some strong cohort,
For the approach of some corvette.
But as these two silent watchers
Nightly when the sun has set,
Cannot be secure from dangers
Which by SIGHT cannot be met,
HEARING then supplies two more†
Who are ever on the alert,
And from two embrasures near,
All their faculties exert,
In detecting every murmur,
Be it land or seaward sent,
Their attention of the ear
Being the sight's sure supplement.
Sweet perfumes of saving odour
SMELL doth round about project,
And these three invisible Senses
FAITH, as Captain, doth direct.‡

* The eyes. † The ears.

‡ Why Faith is here called the captain of the three first senses (the Sight, the Hearing, and the Smell), whilst the remaining two (the Taste and the Touch) are not described as being under his command, is not easy to explain. Perhaps he wished to signify by it that Sight and Hearing take the objects on which they exercise themselves somewhat on trust—on *faith*—an explanation which may also be given to Smell, so far as the heavenly fragrance is concerned, of which mysticism knows sometimes how to speak, when a miracle seems to be worked for the

At the Gate of Succour watcheth
TASTE as Warden,* whom attends,
In the Castle's outward precincts,†
TOUCH, who needful provent sends,
Going and coming with his men—
Now in files of five divided,
Now combined in groups of ten.‡
The remaining officers . . . .
But 'tis needless to attend
Now to these, since I have mentioned
What pertaineth to our end,
And 'tis best to think of *that*,
Rather than still further bend
To our wish the metaphor
Which we might still more extend.
Know, then, that it is this Castle
To besiege I hither wend,
For which purpose I have sought ye,
Knowing each of ye my friend:—
For if thou, O World! thy levies
Wilt into my service press,
On thy mighty round enlisting,
With a keen insidiousness,
All thy Laws, and Rites, and Nations,—

confirmation of the truths of faith; whilst, on the contrary, Taste and Touch, being matter of absolute certainty, stand in no relation, or at least a very remote one, to Faith.

* The warden, or commandant, of a fortified place is called, in Spanish, an *alcaide*. This word is not to be confounded with *alcalde*, which means a magisterial functionary invested with judicial power.

† "The castle's outward precincts" are the hands, the principal organs of the Touch; they are outside the body, which has already been compared to an earth-work.

‡ The five fingers of the one hand, or the ten of the two.

And if thou, Voluptuousness,
Wilt unmask thy ever-burning
Batteries—the fires intense
Of thy dread machines exhibit,
Fires, which to the human sense
Are so easy to enkindle,
And so difficult to quench,—*
I doubt not that from the two,
I shall tear away and wrench
The as yet unfastened chaplet—
Ere that bridal diadem
Proves a crown of thorns for me,
And a soft rose wreath for them.†

WORLD.

What I can, O mighty Prince!
Do as thy ally and friend,
For a conquest so heroic,
Is to promise thee to wend
From the burning southern climes
To the coldest ever kenned,
In my year-course, by the sun,
And from all of them to send
Souls to serve beneath thy flag,
Using simply for this end
No more force than their own liking.
Since on this you may depend,

* Voluptuousness and the World represent here the internal and external enemies of the human soul, which try to hinder its union with God.

† I have slightly changed the figure in the text; the allusion in the original is to the soft nuptual tie and the hard rope, or halter. The meaning is sufficiently plain from either.—M.

That persuaded by the World,
There's no law that will not bend
To your orders; there's no people
But a willing ear will lend.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

More I promise thee, much more
Than their liking;—'tis the fell
Fires of my machines to kindle,
Fires in which I so excel,—
Mines discharging, opening breaches,
Terrifying heaven and hell,
Laying pitfalls for the Senses,
For the Virtues even as well.

DEMON.

In this confidence, then, I,
Like a robber whose intent
Is outspoken, while ye two
On your proffered aid are bent,
Her will summon, thus affecting
With deception and pretence
That 'tis only in her service
I am here, to bear her hence
Back to freedom.*

WORLD.

Right: because
In love's conquests 'tis confessed,

* The temptation of the Devil first approaches Philothea under the mask of friendly compassion—an expression of the truth that the enticements to evil ordinarily present themselves to the human soul, first under that form, as if they would procure it some good of which it had been unjustly deprived—the mode of seduction adopted by the serpent in Paradise.

That the victory by persuasion
Is the noblest and the best.*

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

I rely on fire and blood.†

DEMON.

On one and the other I depend,
Since, through jealousy, to love
Is to hate, and so may end.‡
Go, then, and command the squadron,
That I placed here for defence,
To advance; and to the wall,
Which we can descry from hence,
Sound the parley notes of peace.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Ah! what peace can you profess,
If we three must wage for ever
Ceaseless war.

DEMON.

I know it, yes.
Well I know it, that the World,
The Devil and Voluptuousness

* The meaning is: As you pretend to love Philothea, your triumph will be so much the greater, if she surrender herself to you by her own free will.

† Voluptuousness makes use of powerful means in order to conquer, because her temptations deprive him, who gives himself up to them, of all liberty, and, so to say, drags him forcibly along.—LORINSER. It seems to me that in "fire and blood," Voluptuousness refers to the heat and seat of the passion she represents.—M.

‡ The hate of the Devil against Philothea has its origin only in this, that she preferred God to him.

Are the soul's three greatest foes;
But as I would thus express
In symbolic form the fight,
All its movements I would press
Into my service, so to see
What results from my finesse.*

[*Exeunt the World and Voluptuousness.*

Scene the Third.

THE DEMON.—*A trumpet sounds, and* SIGHT *and* HEARING *appear on the walls of the castle, singing.*

SIGHT *(sings).*

To arms! to arms! ye Senses,
As I look from my watch-tower hence,
I see a mountain of polished steel,
The sheen of a host immense.

HEARING *(sings).*

To arms! to arms! ye Virtues,
For I hear, through the dark night dense,
A bugle whose peaceful peal may be
A ruse de guerre, a pretence.

SIGHT.

To arms! ye Senses.

* That is: Because my fight against Philothea is an allegorical representation of reality, I will open my attack in the way that temptation would be likely to begin—by reconnoitering the ground under the mask of friendship.

HEARING.

Ye Virtues, to arms!

SIGHT.

For a stranger hither led . . . .

HEARING.

A knight in bright black armour . . . .

SIGHT.

Within our lines doth tread.

THE TWO.

Oh! listen, be watchful, observe, and attend.

HEARING.

For 'tis needful to know . . . .

SIGHT.

For 'tis right to enquire

THE TWO.

What seeks he, who is he,
A foe, or a friend.

DEMON.

Ho! the wall there!

PHILOTHEA *(within).*

If but one,
What is there so much to fear?
To his trumpet peal of peace
Peaceful notes responsive send,

And the gates unbar, unbar;
For in person I intend
Him myself to reconnoitre;*
Therefore you may change to-day
For the trumpet the horn,
To the olive the bay.

SIGHT *(sings).*

Since fair Philothea, Heaven's favourite and flower, ...

HEARING *(sings).*

Whose name is the cipher of love and of power. . . . .†

THE TWO.

This stranger to question herself doth intend,
What seeks he, who is he—a foe, or a friend?
Let us down and go with her, and change by the way
For the trumpet the horn, to the olive the bay.

MUSIC *and* ALL.

Since fair Philothea, Heaven's favourite and flower,
Whose name is the cipher of love and of power,
This stranger to question herself doth intend,
What seeks he, who is he—a foe, or a friend?
Let us follow her footsteps, and change by the way
For the trumpet the horn, to the olive the bay.

* The ingenuous innocent soul, at the first approach of temptation, meets it openly, not anticipating any evil. It only draws back and breaks off any intercourse with the tempter, when he outrages, by his words, its holy inclinations and instincts, and thus lays bare his own real character.

† In the old editions of the original this line reads "*honor* y poder" (*honour* and power), instead of "*amor* y poder" (*love* and power), of which Philothea's name is made up. It is corrected in the edition of Pedroso, 1865.—M.

Scene the Fourth.

THE DEMON.—*With this repetition the gate of the Castle is thrown open,* FAITH, HOPE, *and* CHARITY *enter as Ladies, followed by* THE FIVE SENSES; *and last of all* PHILOTHEA, *as a Lady, and* THE UNDERSTANDING.

PHILOTHEA.

Say, O thou! whoe'er thou art,
With what motive and intent
Hast thou placed thy wandering feet
On this bastioned battlement,
Where the very sun is fearful
Even his golden beams to send,
Though he comes—the glorious sun—
Comes to light it, not offend?*

DEMON.

Peacefully to speak, the while
Frowns a different thought express,
Doubtful mixture which compose
Cruelty and gentleness,
Are so great a novelty,
That, confused, my fears repress
What I had resolved to say,

* The severity with which Philothea addresses the stranger is to be regarded as an expression of that reticence which is so becoming in the female character in the presence of an unknown person. It is, at the same time, provoked by the appearance of the army that accompanies the Devil, and which has already been perceived by the watchful Senses. The idea in the text, of the sun being almost afraid to shine strongly upon it, refers to that concealment and retirement from the world in which a God-loving soul dwells.

Though I died in vain the less.*
In a mighty realm was I
Born a prince, whose discontent
Stirred my proud imperious spirit.
Thought of some great event
Filled my ambition : so,
Journeying through the world I went.
Seeking the eternal laurels
Which the hands of fame present,†
Being persuaded that in work
Is the one true complement
Of being born —Great victories.
Some reverses, too, I met.
Until finally in my head
The crown of that new world I set.
Once in a picture thee I saw . . . .
Then I said and said it well,
For 'tis only from its pictures
We the soul's true form can tell.‡
Who thou wert I knew, and knew
That through half divine, thou wert
Kept confined within a castle,
Hoping that through thy desert
Thee the Prince of Light would wed ;
But his love's indifference

* The Devil, scared back by the strict reserve of Philothea, suppresses the declaration of love which he intended to make in the beginning.

† The Devil represents himself under the figure of a knight-errant, whose vocation it was to succour the oppressed, to liberate imprisoned princesses, &c.—an allusion to the old Spanish romances of chivalry.

‡ It is in her pictures, or manifestations, that the soul allows herself to be seen ; because, she being by her very nature invisible, can only be recognised by what she externally represents.

Is so great, he ne'er has deigned
Even to go to take thee thence :—
Wherefore I, compassioning
Thee forgotten thus, and left
In thy bright and blooming spring-time,
Of its natural joys bereft,
In a wretched inn here dwelling,
In a fort whose outward fence,
Though it be composed of clay,
Offers but a poor defence
To the south's seductive breathing,
To the west-wind's violence,—
Here have come to set thee free,
Laying at thy feet outspread
All my newly-conquered kingdom :—
Thou shalt fill its throne, thy head
Royal canopies shall cover,
For thy royal feet to tread,
Courtly floors shall spread the carpet
Of a garden, so besprent
With fair flowers, the year shall seem
But one May of sweetest scent.
Nor was this my only motive,
Since I knew thy banishment,
In this place of exile, left thee
Service poor, scant nourishment,
For thy only food has been,
When the sun might condescend
Even so far, a dew so weak,
So far useless. . . . .*

In the last words the Devil betrays his real character; he outrages most holy sentiments of the bride of God, so steadfast in her love,

PHILOTHEA.

Cease; suspend
Words like these; thy voice restrain,
Ere thou darest to present
Sacrilegious lip to that
Dew of milk and honey blent,
Which, condensed within the fleece
Of the whitest skin, is sent
Down from Heaven—the Bread of Angels—
As the soul's best nutriment.

DEMON.

Make inquiry of thy Senses,
They'll be able to express
If 'tis so or not.*

THE FIVE.

They will;
For the soul which grace doth bless
This believes with every sense.

and dares even to attack the most precious token of the love of her bridegroom, the heavenly nourishment allotted to her by Him, which he has thus for ever spoiled with Philothea. The double character of Philothea should here be remembered, because, on one side, she typifies the pious believing soul of the Old Covenant, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Saviour, and, on the other side, she represents the Christian soul in the New Covenant, which, waiting, for the coming of the bridegroom, is nourished by the food of the Eucharist. This nourishment, therefore, in order to unite both allusions, is here designated by the Old Testament figure of the dew that fell upon the fleece of Gedeon. (See *Judges*, vi. 37.)

* The belief of Philothea in the heavenly character of her nourishment is to be undermined by calling on the evidence of the Senses, who can perceive nothing in it. These, nevertheless, remain until now under the authority of the Virtues, especially of Faith, and testify only what she has taught them to believe.

DEMON.

Who has told you so?

FAITH.

The Faith.

DEMON.

And the Faith, by whom?

HOPE.

By Hope.

DEMON.

And to Hope?

CHARITY.

The power whose breast
Burns with charity and love—
Good supreme, first, last, and best.*

PHILOTHEA.

Thou art answered; and since thou
Hast not seen, nor canst expect
Any change in me to see,
Save the wonderful effect
Love for love's own sake may work,†

* Faith was told it by Hope, because in Faith is the consummation which before was only an object of Hope; and Hope received it from Charity, because love, or Charity, was the cause of the promises which had been given to Hope.

† That is: That there can be no change in my feelings, except the change from a lesser to a greater degree of love. The line in the original, "Querer por sólo querer," is probably intended to refer to Mendoza's play of the same name, written in 1623, and "paraphrased in English, *Anno*, 1654," by Sir Richard Fanshaw. "*Querer por solo Querer*: To Love only for Love's Sake," &c., London, 1671.—M.

Take no further step; depend
On it, that 't will be . . . .

DEMON.

No more;
Leave the "what will be" to me.
What will be is this, that I
Go a foe, who came a friend;
For if, trusting to thy Spouse,
Thou wilt change not and relent,
I, perhaps, may change to anger
The respect with which I have bent,
And the favour that I asked thee,
With all courteous compliment,
Gain through fury, forcing thee,
With thine own hands, to present
Unto me this castle's key.
Thus, since so thou wouldst prefer,
Not, as I have vainly offered,
As a queen, but prisoner,
Must thou leave it.

PHILOTHEA.

Though of this,
Thou 'rt convinced, through haughtiness,
I am equally persuaded,
Through a high-souled consciousness,
That thy threats I shall chastise.

DEMON.

Then these threats I must commence
Into act to put forthwith.

PHILOTHEA.

I the means of my defence
Shall prepare, too.

DEMON.

And in vain;
For though thou might'st thee defend
'Gainst the outward force of arms,
Thou, assuredly, must bend
To the siege's strict blockade,
When I intercept that bread
Which was thy chief nourishment.
Hunger, thirst—those swords of lead—
Then will, with their sullen strokes,
Leave thee spiritually dead.*

PHILOTHEA.

The campaign will this decide.

DEMON.

Then, to arms!

PHILOTHEA.

To arms! Amen!

DEMON.

Sound no more the notes of peace,
But again, and once again,
Rending the astonished air,

* Through the withdrawal, or intercepting, of the means of grace, especially of the enjoyment of the Holy Sacrament, the Devil hopes to become master of the Soul by the slow and dull aid of spiritual hunger and thirst.

Let the sounds of war ascend,
Shaking heaven and earth.

ALL *(within)*.

Arm!

(The Demon disappears.)

ALL *(without)*.

War!

Scene the Fifth.

PHILOTHEA, FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, THE FIVE SENSES, THE UNDERSTANDING.

PHILOTHEA,

With their war-cries do not blend;
Let him summon against ús
All his host; let our defence
Against him be this alone,
Humbly to implore the immense
Mercy of my loving spouse,*
Saying oft with confidence
Come! Lord, come!

MUSIC *and* ALL.

Come! Lord, come!

* The arms of Philothea, in her fight with the Devil and the World, are, above everything else, prayer and trust in Divine assistance.

PHILOTHEA.

For the work that Thou hast made
Foes would ruin and degrade.

MUSIC *and* ALL.

Come! Lord, come!

PHILOTHEA.

Come! the sore-beleaguered wall
Of the soul begins to fall,
Guard it with new walls from them,
Like a new Jerusalem.*

MUSIC *and* ALL.

Come! Lord, come!

PHILOTHEA.

Come! and let the heavens behold
A David greater than the old;
Smite, ere Israel's life hath fled,
The first Goliah in the head.†

MUSIC *and* ALL.

Come! Lord, come!

* "Jerusalem" (in a tropological sense) is often received as a figure of the human soul. The building up of the walls of Jerusalem (Ps. l. 20), for which the Psalmist prays to God, is mentioned here very appropriately in connection with the figure of a castle, in which the soul is menaced with an attack.

† Israel is, like Jerusalem, a type of the Church, and of each individual believing soul. Even S. Augustin (Serm. 197, de Temp.) recognizes, in the fight of the shepherd-boy David with the giant Goliah, a figure of the fight of Jesus Christ with the Devil.

PHILOTHEA.

Come ! and with a Jacob's love,
Let the soul Thy sweetness prove,
Listen to its wailing cry—
Like Rachel's in her agony.*

MUSIC *and* ALL.

Come ! Lord, come!

PHILOTHEA.

Come ! Thy Deborah fond and true
The dreadful Sisara will subdue,
Thou the victory canst prevent,
Even like Jael in the tent.†

* In the union of the Patriarch Jacob with Rachel and Lia, the holy Fathers recognized, in an allegorical sense, a type of the union of Christ with the Church, and with the human soul in particular, inasmuch as Lia symbolises its painful active life, and Rachel, on the other hand, its contemplative one. Upon this point, see first, S. Augustin *Contr. Faustum*, lib. 22, cap. lii, and after him S. Gregory (*Moral.* lib. 6, cap. xxviii.), and S. Bernard (*de modo bene vivendi ad Sororem*, cap. liii.) In a similar way, S. Thomas (2. 2. *quæst.* 182, art. i.), and Richard de St. Victore (lib. ii. *de duodecim Patriarchis*). Rachel can also serve very well to the poet as a type of Philothea. With this he connects the passage in Jeremias, xxxi. 15: "Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not"—which contains not only a prophecy of the slaughter of the Innocents at Bethlehem, but of the persecution of the Church, the Philothea of the Old Testament, in which again Herod plays the part of the hostile Demon, as a type of which he is also understood by the holy Fathers.

† Compare Judges, c. iv. Sisara was also understood by the holy Fathers as a type of the Devil. So S. Augustin, *Contra Faustum*, lib. 12, cap. xxxiii., and Ambrosius de Viduis. Also S. Bernard, who especially (Serm. ii., *Super missus est*), in the piercing of the body of Sisara with a nail by Jael, recognizes the crushing of the head of the serpent by Mary. Deborah (*i.e.*, the bee) was considered, by the Fathers, a type of the Church and the holy soul. So, also, declares Cornelius a Lapide:—"*Allegorice Debora et Jahel repræsentant Dei Ecclesiam, et tropologice animam Sanctam, fortem et pro Deo zelantem.*" That Jael acted so, in

MUSIC *and* ALL.

Come! Lord, come!

PHILOTHEA.

Come! generous Ahasuerus, come,
And seal the faithless Aman's doom,
He who was baffled in his pride
By beauteous Esther, the King's bride.*

MUSIC *and* ALL.

Come! Lord, come!

PHILOTHEA.

Come! and let these prayers arise
Like sweet incense to the skies,
Let them at the throne of God
Bloom like the flowers on Jesse's rod.†
Come! console us here below,
Pity our weakness and our woe,
For the work that Thou hast made
Foes would ruin and degrade.

consequence of higher inspiration, was the opinion even of the Jewish historian, Josephus. Cornelius a Lapide remarks:—"*Non est dubium, quin Jahel fœmina arcano Dei instincto ad tantum facinus audendum acta et impulsa sit.*"

* As a companion to the other types of the Devil, which are to be found in the persons of the Old Testament, lastly is added Aman, as, for a very different purpose also, is Esther, who, by the holy Fathers, is considered a figure of the Church. The true Ahasuerus is Christ, who protects His Church against the temptations of the Devil, and destroys his power.

† The rod of Jesse is Mary, the ideal of Philothea, whose virtues were the sweetest incense before God.

MUSIC *and* ALL.

Come! Lord, come!
(With this invocation they re-enter the Castle.)

Scene the Sixth.

In another Car a cloud opens, within which THE PRINCE OF LIGHT *is seated upon a royal throne.*

MUSIC *and* ALL.

Come! Lord, come,
For the work that Thou hast made,
Foes would ruin and degrade.

THE PRINCE OF LIGHT.

How sweetly on mine ear
These mournful sounds of lamentation rise
With music's notes symphonious to the skies,
The soft and sweet attempering the severe,
Even as the dawn when day begins to burn,
That sings and weeps, that weeps and sings in turn :—
How dulcet sweet to me
The melody
That breathes of gladness in its gloomiest strain
And with the jocund music mingles pain !—*

* An essential characteristic of the soul that loves God consists in this, that it seems to be oppressed by a certain holy sadness, the source of which is to be found in its banishment from its divine bridegroom, and

Continue, then, sweet bride, the harmony
Of tuneful tears, the tearful tune prolong,
Nor absent be the song
Whose consonance thy agony makes gay,
For though I have deferred the day
Of thy espousal and my happiness,
'Tis not through coldness, but through love's excess,—
For *thou* gain'st favour in remembering Me,
And I give more, the more I am asked by thee.
Besides, the very conflict and the din
To thee the heiress of primeval sin
Is saving mercy: It is good for thee
To reach the crown by thine own energy.*
For in the battle of the eternal thought,†
Nor king nor clown
Can win the crown
Who has not long legitimately fought.‡

the constant struggles to which it is exposed on earth. But as this sadness springs from love, it is not totally deprived of some compensating sweetness—that is, in Philothea it takes the form of song, which is the most beautiful, because it is that form by means of which the Divine bridegroom recognizes her love for Him. Her sadness is to Him the sweetest music, and in her it turns to song, because the remembrance of the bridegroom becomes to her the source of the sweetest delight. In this, also, is contained an allusion to the words of the Lord: "Amen, amen, I say to you, that you shall lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice: and you shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy." (*John*, xvi. 20.) "So, also, you now, indeed, have sorrow, but I will see you again." (v. 22.)

* The terrestrial combat, the temptations, the separation from God in this valley of tears, in which the God-loving soul finds itself, have been all ordained by God himself, through love for her and for her salvation, in order to increase her merit, and to render her crown in heaven the more glorious.

† By "the battle of the eternal thought" is to be understood the struggle, through which Philothea is to fight her way upon the earth, according to the eternal idea of God in her behalf.

‡ 2 Timothy, ii. 5. "*Non coronabitur nisi qui legitime certaverit.*"

But do not thou for this have any fear
That I can thee forget while thou art here,
Thou art my only thought, my only care
For whom my power makes crowns for thee to wear.
(Drums and trumpets are heard.)

DEMON *(within)*.

Halt here, and pass the word along the line.

ALL *(within)*.

Halt! and the watch-word pass along the line.

THE PRINCE OF LIGHT.

Do not attribute to forgetfulness,
My seeming sleep's inaction, for my heart
Watched thee the while,* here on my throne apart
I looked with pity on thy sore distress,
And saw the machinations of thy foe,
The bold bad World with all its sinfulness.
I also looked below,
And saw how after thee slow-creeping came,
The violent fire disguised in gentlest flame,
Which 'neath its ashes hides Voluptuousness,
Upon whose face of sweet insidiousness
The Understanding gazes and is lost,
For he now marches with the invading host.†
But thou, for all his cohorts gathered near,

* An allusion to the words of the bride in the "Canticle of Canticles:" "I sleep, but my heart watcheth." (v. 2.)

† The Human Understanding, whom we have seen shortly before with the Senses in the train of Philothea, has, in the meanwhile, been seduced by Voluptuousness to enter into the service of the Devil as a spy, and appears in the following scene as one of his army.

Fair Philothea, hast no need to fear;
By love thou'rt made divine, then struggle, fight,
For though he here who doth prepare the assault,
Passes the watch-word and commands the halt,
One will not fail a holier halt to say—
A holier pass-word give to realms more bright,*
Upon that happy day,
When to receive thee, O my beauteous bride!
My palace gates in heaven will open wide.†
(The cloud closes.)

DEMON *(within)*.

Halt here, and pass the word along the line.

ALL.

Halt! and the watch-word pass along the line.

ANOTHER PLATEAU MORE DISTANT FROM THE CASTLE.

Scene the Seventh.

A military march of drums and trumpets.—Enter THE DEMON *and* THE WORLD, *and then successively* ATHEISM, PAGANISM, JUDAISM, *and* HERESY.

DEMON.

Thou art welcome back, O World!—

* That is: I, myself, when I shall come to the relief of thy beleaguered castle.

† That is: When thou shalt be brought by Me from the castle of the body into the citadel of heaven to celebrate our bridal banquet.

WORLD.

Every one who is thy helper,*
Prince, with thee finds hearty welcome.

DEMON.

Tell me whom thou hast collected,
What fresh levies hast thou raised?—
What new troops wherewith to strengthen
The old army I drew down,
When the first encounter ended?—†
Vengeance for which fatal rout
Is by this new fight intended.

WORLD.

Through the earth's great zones I ran,
Circled all its mighty centre,
From the realms the young sun gilds,
To the west waves where he setteth,
And the first that I enlisted,
He whose regiment presenteth
Such a gallant sight there yonder,
Slow defiling in thy presence,
Was the Indian Antitheos,
Who believes not in one endless
Power, the primal source of all things,
Nor about the soul's pure essence,
Save that it is born and dies.‡

* The metre changes here to the double *asonante* in *e* and *o*, as in "serlo," "hecho," &c., for which I have substituted the English double *asonante* in *e-e* (or their equivalents), as in helper," "collected," &c.—M.

† The Devil wishes to know from the World what recruits he has brought him to assist, in this new struggle against God, those rebel angels who, in his fall, he had drawn after him from heaven.

‡ The external enemies of Philothea, which had been enlisted by the

ATHEISM *(enters).*

Honours, favours, I reject them,
For I set an equal value
On rewards as on resentments,
To be born and die suffices
Me, for if I hither venture,
'Tis because to follow the World
Is my pastime and chief pleasure.
Then, long live the World, say I:—
And my god being but my belly,
Since to-morrow we must die,
Let's to-day, eat, drink, make merry,
And what will may last that likes.

DEMON.

Well of him I'm pretty certain,
This day treat him well, O World!

(The Drum: Paganism enters, as a Roman.)

WORLD.

Paganism was the second
Who enlisted 'neath thy banners,
His belief is more extended,
Not one God but many gods
He believes in.

World, are, each in its turn, presented to the Devil, who is holding a review of his troops. The first and the easiest to be enrolled was Atheism. This character plays the same part here that he does in the *auto*, "To God through Policy," and in his dull stupidity exhibits something of a half-comic element, in order to fill up, in some way, the part of the *gracioso*, which, properly speaking, is wanting in this *auto*.

PAGANISM.

And expressly
For this reason, that creation
Is a weight by far too heavy
For one God alone to manage,
As its ruler and preserver.
And thus, the reverse of him
Who believing one, neglecteth
The three thousand gods I worship,
Here I come, and vow to serve thee
With a glad and willing heart.

DEMON.

To one and the other I'm indebted :—
Though to know there's only one, *(Aside.)*
Costs me dearly to remember :—
World, in what way can we pay
Paganism for the service
Which to me he frankly offers ?—

WORLD.

A great army, though collected
Variously, is but one body :
To this body are connected,
On the right and left, two arms,
(Since I dare not call them members
Bearing a less honoured name).*
If he is the right presented,
Which is ever prized in battles

* This probably means that as the army of the Devil is compared to a body, the arms of which are the two wings, the World would have called them not "arms," but perhaps "claws," if he dared, as belonging to Satan.

By the brave, because attended
With the greatest risk, he'll feel
Well repaid and complimented.

DEMON.

'Tis the World, O Paganism!
Unto whom thou art indebted
For the honoured post, the right.*

PAGANISM.

And the World that has elected
Me for that, shall be requited,
When it sees me lying breathless,
On the right wing dead, life losing,
But obtaining fame eternal.†

(The drum: Judaism enters.)

WORLD.

Judaism, which the faith
In the one true God preserveth,
Grown impatient by expecting,‡
In his train here hath assembled
All of those, idolatrous worship
Once seduced when in the desert;§

* Paganism obtains the right wing in the army of the Devil, because, in the persecution of the Christians of the first centuries it was the most fearful external enemy of Philothea (the Church), which had caused so much of its blood to flow; for this reason also, that standing, as it does, on the right (the good) side of the army, it gives us some intimation of its subsequent election.

† Paganism gives expression here to a prophetic truth. The bloody fight with Christianity did cost him his life, because by it he was finally vanquished and annihilated.

‡ The Messiah, whom it is ever expecting.

§ That is, the worshippers of the golden calf. They are properly described as belonging to Judaism, and as almost bringing about the alliance between Judaism and Paganism beneath the standard of the Devil, as being both the common enemies of the Christian soul.

And thus like a root uptorn
From its natal soil and centre,
To thy army he hath come,
From his country's pale rejected.

JUDAISM.

Do not say that I come hither
Through constraint, my own will sends me;
For if I, an idol-maker,
For myself my gods invented,
'Twas that I was tired of waiting;—
Further I dare not express me . . . .
But I thus may dare, because
There is nothing new presented
In the fact of my explaining
What I mean by signs and emblems.
I was wearied out with waiting
For the time, too long extended,
When the Prince of Light would come—
Here the metaphor doth serve me,
From the prison to set free
That rare portent, that sweet essence
Soul of all things, the whole hope
Of my people, their preserver;
Seeing this will, through thy coming,
Be more speedily effected,
It is best I follow thee,
I who once to thee presented
Images and graven things.*

* The meaning of this speech of Judaism may be as follows: Judaism, also, was once obliged, like Philothea now, to wait for the coming of the Lord—namely, when Moses received the Law in the desert, and re-

DEMON *(aside)*.

Thou art pretty right in this,
'Twas for me thou mad'st these emblems.—
Where shall I most fitly place him?*

WORLD.

Having recently selected
Paganism for the right,
Give to his command the left wing—
'Tis a post of equal honour,
And so, worthy his acceptance.

JUDAISM.

Even were it not so, I
Shall henceforth the thing make certain,
If not by a greater valour,
By a daring more excessive.

(The drum: Heresy enters, dressed in foreign costume.)

WORLD.

Heresy, whose whole existence

mained for forty days upon the mountain. This was the waiting of the Philothea of the Old Testament for her typical union with the Prince of Light, which was carried out in the giving of the Law. As thou, O Demon! art now impatient, and wouldst anticipate the coming of the Prince of Light, by the forcible liberation of Philothea, so, also, I was impatient, and anticipated the coming of Moses by the worship of the golden calf. This I did for thee, in order to put thee as bridegroom in the place of the Lord; and, therefore, we are good friends. And as I also now expect my Messiah, so my impatience harmonises again with thine. The Philothea of the Old Testament is called, by Judaism, "the whole hope of my people," because to it is attached the fulfilment of the promises made to it.

* This, and the two preceding lines, are supplied in the edition of Pedroso, 1865; they are wanting in the editions of Pando and Apontes, 1717, 1759.—M.

Is in subtle points and questions,
Nor believing nor quite doubting—
Doubting and believing ever,
With his spirit ill at ease,—
Woe to him whom it unsettles !—
Also with his people comes,
Seeking, as I think, for perverts,*
Hoping to meet some one here
'Mong the various rites assembled,
Who will follow his opinions.

DEMON.

His adhesion is most welcome :—
Since his scorn of mysteries
Makes him my most useful servant :—
Near my person, thou shalt be,
Mine own table I present thee ;
For another table I
Was to thee ere now indebted.†

HERESY,

Me thou'lt ever find, O Lord !
To thy orders most attentive.

DEMON.

Why among so many nations,

* This and the preceding line, which are wanting in the old editions, are given by Pedroso.—M.

† Perhaps an allusion to the demoniac mysteries, in which certain heresies (especially the Manichean, and its descendant that of the Albigenses) wickedly distorted the doctrines of the Holy Communion. Perhaps also, the words of the apostle floated here before the mind of the poet (1 Corinth. x. 21) : "*Non potestis mensæ Domini participes esse, et mensæ dæmoniorum.*"

See I no one here presenting
That delicious soft bewitchment,
That familiar, subtle venom,
That most fatal foe of the soul,
Worse than all the rest together
Who assist me?—

Scene the Eighth.

Enter VOLUPTUOUSNESS *and* THE UNDERSTANDING.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

'Tis, because
I subdue with noiseless weapons,
For my most effective arms
Are the hidden mine's recesses :—*
More than all your troops united
Bring I in this one sole person,
Who comes hither in my staff,
For in him is comprehended
All mankind, a single cipher
That contains the universal.

* Voluptuousness, indeed, appears openly in the army of the Devil, but without much military show, because she effects her object by hidden and secret means, rather than by an exterior attack. She represents the subterranean art of undermining, and brings to the army of the Devil the Human Understanding, who has been caught in her nets, as an expression of the truth that the darkness of mind which fights against Faith has usually its impure source in the aberrations of the human heart.

ALL.

Who is then this person, say?—

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

It is one whom I have tempted,
'Tis the Human Understanding,
Whom I have induced to serve thee
As the engineer: His value
In the siege thou'lt soon know better,
Since 'tis he the mines will open
While I bring the fire to rend them.

HERESY.

What! the Human Understanding!
How it glads me to have met him!*

DEMON *(To Voluptuousness).*

Thou art heartily welcome here:
And thou also. *(To the Understanding).*

UNDERSTANDING.

I, thy servant,
Kiss thy feet.†

DEMON.

Nay, come, nay, come
To my arms.

* Heresy, which derives its existence from the misuse of *the Understanding* that is occasioned by pride, rejoices in the presence of the latter, because he believes that, through his friendship he will be able to defend himself, and so prolong his life.

† The Understanding, seduced by Voluptuousness, is now altogether in the service of the Devil.

UNDERSTANDING *(aside).*

I cannot venture
To approach him without horror:
For though I his army enter
As a volunteer, attracted
By this wondrous beauty's presence,
It affrights me to behold him.*

DEMON *(aside).*

Though I let him come, I dread him;
But if he comes here distracted,
What is there to dread? 'Tis certain
That one vice brings on another,
That when once is lost the freshness
Of wrong-doing, one fall's close
But a new fall's dawn doth herald:—
Let us now the muster end,
And since night descends already,
Let us, 'till with morning, we
See these walls with sunshine reddened,
Spend the night in going round
Through the posts which we have settled
Must be occupied to-morrow.
World, consider well, and tell me
Who can we send forth as spy
(Since 'tis needful to determine
This by eye or ear) to learn

* Although the Understanding is at present blinded, he feels, nevertheless, from sharp intuitive sense, a presentiment of the devilish principle by which he is captured; so, on the other hand, the Devil fears him, in consequence of his internal being, which can unmask him, and is only quieted by the consideration that the Understanding is at present false to his own real nature, because he "comes distracted."

What they've done with their defences,
Whether pickets they send out,
Or within, the fortress strengthen.

WORLD.

As a spy, since my opinion
I must give, I think no better
Can be found than Atheism,
In this walk alone he's perfect.*

DEMON.

Antitheos!

ATHEISM.

Here; your orders?

DEMON.

That you go, by night protected,
Close unto the castle's wall,
And beneath the wood's thick shelter
Watch until the break of day;—
Every movement that's attempted
In or out of the fort you'll note,
Which, before it is effected,
You will come and let me know,
On the instant.

* That Atheism is offered by the World as a spy, may be for this reason, that, as a general rule, it creeps in secret, and dares not openly show itself in its true colours. So it was, at least, in the time of Calderon. It is only in these latter times that some people have not been ashamed to acknowledge themselves Atheists; the great mass of its adherents at the present day however hide themselves under the mask of pantheism.

ATHEISM.

Go! you're jesting,—
For I can't, before or after,
Go or come.

A SOLDIER.

Why not, fool, tell me?—

ATHEISM.

Why? because I nor come nor go,
Either before or after, gentles.*

DEMON.

Waits he? Let him go, or from him
Take his life and soul.

ATHEISM.

I tremble
At your first threat; as to the second,
Having none, it don't affect me.

DEMON.

Let the army for this night
Pass to quarters, placing sentries
All along the avenues;
Let the night-patrols present them
At the various posts, to see
That the camp is well defended.

* Dullness and stupidity are the characteristic marks of Atheism (as in the *auto*, "To God through Policy"). Atheism has no aim, because he denies that which is the highest aim of all being. Therefore, he serves the Devil's aim unconsciously, and obeys, merely through force, in order not to lose his life. He esteems as nothing the threatened loss of his soul, because he does not believe in its continuation after death.

ATHEISM *and* PAGANISM.

Trust that cautious watch to me :—

HERESY *and* THE UNDERSTANDING.

For the post, too, I present me.

DEMON.

Above all things, vigilance,—
So that no one may surrender
To the power of sleep.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Not one ;
For, my lord, I'll take such measures,
Every soul of your vast host
Shall be watchful.

ALL.

Yes ; we're certain
She no rest will give us, who
Keeps the Understanding restless.*

[*Exeunt.*

* Voluptuousness, whose impure works are especially works of night, is the chief instrument of the watchfulness of the Devil.

Scene the Ninth.

HERESY, *detaining* THE UNDERSTANDING.

HERESY *(aside)*.

Ah ! to win him over now !—
It were wrong though not to attempt it.
Understanding ! *(aloud.)*

UNDERSTANDING.

Who doth call me ?

HERESY.

One who yearneth
To make use of this occasion
To present to thee his service,
Knowing thou'rt The Understanding.
Many days I've sought thee, many ;
Since I feel my Understanding
Oft in some strange way deserts me.

UNDERSTANDING.

Say, who art thou ? But 'tis needless;
For now seeing thee I remember
That, in our first early years,
We were both brought up together
In the natural law, to two
Precepts of that law subjected.
And, if I remember rightly,
We from innate instincts severed,
To invent was thine, while I
Choose the better part ; and, therefore,

Men called me The Understanding—
Thee the Spirit of Invention.*

HERESY.

So it was, and so 'tis now;
Though the changes since effected,
In opinion and religion,†
Have to me the name presented
Of Apostasy—a word
Which, in Greek, doth mean defection
From old forms, new questions raising;
Therefore for my good I've met thee,
Since the doubts from which I suffer,
I desire through thee to lessen
Touching certain mysteries,
Deep, inscrutable, repellant,

* The meaning of this difficult passage may be as follows: In the antediluvian period (under the law of nature) there existed already a practical heresy in the family of Cain; it was their deep absorption in earthly things, that showed itself in manifold worldly *inventions* that were then made, and of which the fourth chapter of Genesis makes mention. The real heavenly intellect, on the contrary, in opposition to earthly inventive art, was found with the Sethites, who, instead of earthly activity, had chosen the better part—namely, the invocation of the name of God. The choice which is here attributed to the Understanding, in preference to earthly Invention, appears to be an allusion to the calmly meditating Mary, choosing for herself the better part, in opposition to the anxious and busy Martha. The gift of invention, and the mournful genius of innovation, on the contrary, are the characteristic marks of Heresy, that is ever trying to invent something new, instead of taking firm hold of the old truths which have been delivered to us.

† Heresy has changed with "opinion and religion," because it appears now in a different form from that which it wore in the primitive times under the law of nature, and pursues, in the New Law, a different object, although, in its essence, as representing the spirit of investigation, and as a protestation against the Divine truth, it is the same as it was formerly.

Founded on the literal meaning
Of the two prophetic verses :—*
Specially of a living bread
Which they say from heaven descended,
And the bread of angels there,
Is on earth the sweet refreshment
Of the soul of man, their sense
Now through thee I hope to settle :
Wherefore, as I've found thee, listen
To the arguments that press me,
To my dogmas, my opinions,
And thou'lt see how they coerce me.†

UNDERSTANDING.

For so great and grand a theme
This nor place nor time presenteth ;
Let us for the present go
On the task that we've accepted,
And inspect the various posts.
But when we to our entrenchments
From the field here shall retire,
Then we can at greater leisure
Speak of this : meanwhile, perchance
Time itself may solve the question
By the assault or the encounter.

* The two verses of which Heresy here speaks are the well-known ones of the 77th Psalm, xxiv. and xxv. : "He gave them the bread of Heaven ; Man eat the bread of angels ;" to which also Christ referred when He said (John, vi. 41) : "I am the living bread which came down from Heaven."

† The character of Heresy is here very well indicated by the taste for disputation that has taken possession of its restless mind, and which seizes, with avidity, every opportunity that presents itself for beginning a religious controversy.

HERESY.

Thou art right. Adieu!

UNDERSTANDING.

May heaven
Guard thee! *(Aside)* Oh! that I may find
For love's sweet seductive errors
Some excuse in his discourse!—*

HERESY *(aside)*.

If my arguments o'erwhelm him,
Then my views at length must triumph;
For, who'll venture to reject them,
When the Human Understanding
To inquiry is subjected.† [*Exeunt.*

* The Understanding is perfectly conscious that he has done wrong in allowing himself to be seduced by Voluptuousness. He is, therefore, anxiously seeking for some excuses to palliate his fault.

† Heresy, on his part, has the greatest interest in drawing the Understanding over to his side.

THE SEA-COAST NEAR THE CASTLE.

Scene the Tenth.

The gate of the Castle opens. In the twilight, PHILOTHEA, FAITH, HOPE, *and* CHARITY *enter cautiously, speaking in a low voice to each other.*

PHILOTHEA.

Now that morning hath begun*
Ice-bright seas to turn to fire,†
Where, as on a burning pyre
The Phœnix of the foam—the Sun—
Every day is born and dies,—‡
And the foe so near us stealing,
'Tis not fear suggests the feeling
That his rage has sent forth spies,
Who within the woods concealed,
Have been waiting all the night,
Hoping that with morning's light
All our posts may be revealed;
So to frustrate his intentions,
Ere they reach to our redoubts,
We must intercept his scouts
By obstructions and preventions;

* In this and the following scene the metre used is the four-lined stanza, or quatrain, the first and fourth and the second and third lines rhyming.—M.

† That is to say, as the red dawn of morning is about to break, which can work the miracle of turning ice into fire—by lighting up, with its rosy flame, the white foam of the sea, which glitters like ice.

‡ The sun is called "*The Phœnix of the foam,*" because the sea, whence it seems to rise and set, appears as a burning pyre, in which it expires each evening, and each morning is born anew.

And since my frail Senses, cursed
With a human nature, pine,
From the lack of bread and wine
Weak with hunger and with thirst,
It is needful that ye Three
Beauteous Virtues watch with me,
While my plaints ascend the sky
To my Spouse—as stars supply
The sun's place, when hid is he.*

FAITH.

Mourn not without faith on high,
Since to soothe distress so deep,
We the watch and ward will keep :—

PHILOTHEA.

Ah! without you what were I,
Since with other enemies banding,
(How I mourn his wretched plight—
Lost to me and grace !) doth fight
'Gainst me now the Understanding?—
Thus, then, since 'tis time to hide
'Neath these dark boughs wet with dew,
Watching every avenue,
It were well that you provide
Arms, and let them be of fire ;
Fire-arms suiting faith's fight best.

(They take fire-locks and pistols.)

HOPE.

Thou securely now may'st rest,

* A very deep and beautiful thought. The meaning is : As God Himself, the true Sun of the Soul, cannot, in the night of the soul's terrestrial existence, shine directly upon it, His light is, nevertheless,

And within the fort retire,
But be ready to receive us
When we give the signal; wait
For our coming near the gate.*

CHARITY.

It is also right to give us
Name, and sign, and countersign,†
Lest some enemy pretend
To pass by us as a friend :—

PHILOTHEA.

'Tis a wise precaution, thine :—
Be the name *God one and three.*

FAITH.

And the sign?

PHILOTHEA.

The *Incarnate Word,*
And the countersign, the third
Of these watchwords, let it be
Bread and Wine, when Faith is willing
Its great promise to fulfil :—‡

imparted by the three Divine Virtues (Faith, Hope, and Charity), which are the stars that illuminate the night of this life, whose lustre keeps us in communication with Heaven. They supply the absence of the sun by shining in its stead.

* That is, to admit us into the fortress on our retreat.

† The parole may sometimes be a manifold one. Its particular divisions into "name, sign, and countersign," are most likely expressions of military art, which, in the time of Calderon, were used in the Spanish army.

‡ In these three pass-words is contained a mysterious relation to the different epochs of expectation through which the Philothea has to pass on earth. The last refers to the institution of the Holy Sacrament—the Mystery of Faith—looked at here as something belonging to the future.

FAITH.

That assuredly I will,
And in proof of its fulfilling
Be the first post guarding thee
Given to Faith.

HOPE.

To Hope the second,
Who on Faith hath firmly reckoned.

CHARITY.

Give the third to Charity,
Which till time itself hath ended
Shall be the last proof of love.*

PHILOTHEA.

Since by you, and One above,
Is the castle now defended,
Go; and thou, for thy defences,
Lest new cares, new griefs, assail thee,
Lest the Virtues now should fail thee,
As already have the Senses,
Watch, O Soul!† In deep suspension,
I, with all the rest, will wait
For the event within the gate.—
Go!

* The three outposts which Philothea puts forward and entrusts to the three Divine Vitrues, are not so arranged, without good reason, that the outer post is given to Faith and the inner to Charity. The duty of the virtue of Faith is, first of all, to protect the soul against the most irregular attacks of open infidelity, while Hope and Charity have to defend it against more internal enemies, to defeat whom Faith alone is not sufficient.

† That is: Thou, O Soul! must not allow thyself to confide altogether thy defence to the Virtues, so as to exempt thee from that care and vigilance which thou owest to them, as their mistress and directress.

FAITH *(sings).*
Attention!

HOPE *(sings).*
Attention!

CHARITY *(sings).*
Attention!

ALL *and* MUSIC.
Attention! Attention!

Scene the Eleventh.

THE THREE VIRTUES *place themselves at some distance from each other, and* ATHEISM *enters.*

ATHEISM.

Who'd have thought me such a fool
As to come here dressing, drilling
As a soldier, where good killing,
Not good living, is the rule,
And the life that it may cost one
Is one's all?* Why, then, should I,

* Atheism, sent out as a spy, fulfils his task very badly. He wonders how he could ever have allowed himself to be brought so far as to jeopardize, in battle, his earthly life, which is the only thing in which he believes. He is ready to let himself be taken prisoner, rather than expose himself to danger, and, therefore, lies down to sleep. (The English reader will recollect Falstaff acting pretty much in the same way, and from the same motives, in the last scene of *Henry IV.*, p. 1.: "Give me life: which if I can save, so;" &c.—M.) As a general rule, Calderon

Being not a winning spy,
Let myself become a lost one?
I desire to sleep, and so,
Dreams disturb not my intention.
(He is about to lie down.)

FAITH.

Steps I hear.

ALL *(sing)*.
Attention! Attention!

FAITH.

Who goes there?

ATHEISM.

Why who should go?—
I go!

FAITH.

Stand, or else you die!
Now the settled pass-word give:
Tell me, who doth live?

ATHEISM.

I live,
For none like it more than I.

FAITH.

If you wish to pass, the name
Give.

represents, under the name of Atheism, that easy and indolent epicurism, which has no inclination to fight or struggle for its own opinions, and which as yet knows nothing of that furious fanaticism which Atheism has developed in later times—and firstly in the French Revolution.

ATHEISM.

I'll give it, then, and go :—
Antitheos,

FAITH *(aside)*.

Like a blow,
On the face of Faith it came.*
Ah ! 'tis not in vain, the first
Step I take in this dark place,
Faith a foe meets face to face.—
Horrid monster, beast accursed
Die beneath my zeal's red fire !

ATHEISM.

Since I live but once, then I
Flying shall escape thine ire ;—
Different 'tis when one must die,
Then a slow coach I admire. [*Flies.*

FAITH.

I'll pursue him ; his vain boast
Soon shall feel the dread incension
Of my wrath :—But then my post,
How to leave, that needs me most ?
Hark ! a noise . . . . *Attention !* *(Singing.)*

ECHOES.

Attention !

* Faith, for the moment, is frightened and insulted by this bold assertion of Atheism.

Scene the Twelfth.

THE THREE VIRTUES, THE UNDERSTANDING, PAGANISM, JUDAISM, *and* HERESY.

HERESY *(entering)*.

These must be the outposts, who,
In the precincts of the castle,*
Interchange their signals, showing
Each is on the alert and active.

PAGANISM.

Then since stratagem and cunning
Never fail us three here banded,
That we may be let to pass,
Let us to the gates of the castle
Go straight on.

JUDAISM.

And there not only
Scrutinize their strength and hardness,
But when once upon their threshold
Seize them, and so force the passage.

UNDERSTANDING.

Let us go, then.

FAITH.

I hear people
Whispering yonder. *Hearken!* *(Sings.)*

* The metre changes to the double asonante in *a-e*, or their vocal equivalents, as in "castle," banded," "hardness," &c., and is continued to the end of the twenty-fifth scene.—M.

ECHOES.

Hearken!

FAITH.

Who goes there?

HERESY *(aside, to the Understanding).*

Thou, Understanding,
On the spot invent an answer,
That may cloak our purpose.

UNDERSTANDING.

Friends.

FAITH.

Friends of whom? Your footsteps slacken,
And say who you are.

UNDERSTANDING.

We're soldiers,
Bred to warfare, sons of battle,
Who, in search of a subsistence,
Hoping pay, have hither rambled;
And who having well informed us
Of the truth of all this matter,
Knowing that the proud besieger
Acts from hate and not attachment,
And that the besieged one is
Philothea, beauteous damsel,
Soul of all, *(Aside.* Ah! woe to him
Who confesses why he acted,
And the sin does not confess too.)
Wish to occupy this castle, *(Aloud.)*

So to guard her best; and thus,
Profiting by night's dark mantle,
Have come hither unperceived
By the foe whom we have baffled.

FAITH.

Good; but halt! let one advance,
And exchange the name,* the pass-word.

THE THREE *(aside)*.

Well what name have we to give?

UNDERSTANDING *(to them)*.

Any name will do; no matter.

PAGANISM *(id)*.

I will undertake the duty,
Since there's no one that surpasses,
For antiquity or lustre,
Paganism.

UNDERSTANDING *(id)*.

Well, advance, then:—
And whatever name that seemeth
Better for thy purpose, answer.

PAGANISM.

When I give one all men know of,
I may not be questioned farther.

FAITH.

Who is there?

* "The name"—that is, the parole. See above, n. p. 273.

PAGANISM.

One God of gods!

FAITH.

So He's spoken of by the psalmist.

PAGANISM.

May I pass, then?

FAITH.

Wait a moment,
For the sign the name comes after.

PAGANISM.

What sign's needed more than this,
God of gods, who in three . . . .*

FAITH.

Pass, then.

PAGANISM.

Thousand gods or more I worship,
Holds pre-eminence most ample?
For the God of gods is Jove,
Sole and sovereign lord and master.

FAITH *(aside).*

Paganism, too, it seems,
At the first steps gets entangled
With the Faith :—Wild, wicked monster,
Having hydra heads as many

* Faith refers the word "three" to the three Persons in the Godhead, but is quickly undeceived by the continuation of the speech of Paganism.

As are thy demoniac idols,
That breathe fire, and smoke, and blackness,
Let this lightning in mine hand—
Let God's anger . . . .

PAGANISM.

Hold! oh! hearken,
For what anger, for what lightning,
Can exceed thy voice, that passes
Through my heart—that makes my bosom
Heave, as 'twere, with frozen pantings?—
I will fly thee, since I cannot
Pass thee by! [*Exit.*

Scene the Thirteenth.

THE SAME, *with the exception of Paganism.*

FAITH.

Since I am fastened
To my post here, thou to Heaven
Hast good reason to be thankful;
All the more, that I hear others
Who, as thou dost fly, advance here;
And since those who come must be
Foes to us too . . . . *Hearken!* *(Sings.)*

ECHOES.

Hearken!

HERESY *(aside to his companions).*
Paganism, in his flight,
Even from *us*, his friends, has parted.

UNDERSTANDING.
Let us not, for that, desist from
Striving to persist still farther
In the attempt that we've begun.

JUDAISM.
I'll persist in it: I'm sanguine.

FAITH.
Who goes there?

JUDAISM.
Friends!

FAITH.
Friends of whom?

JUDAISM.
Friends of peace who wish to pass here,
To unite themselves in faith
With fair Philothea's army.

FAITH.
In what name?

JUDAISM.
Of one God only—
Sabaoth—the God of Battles,
In the metaphor of warfare.

FAITH.

Thou the name hast given not badly.
With what sign, though?

JUDAISM.

I don't know
That another sign is wanted,
For, indeed, I have no other,
Save that I recall the language
Used by Him: "Let Us make man
Like even to Ourselves;" which passage
A plurality of persons
In one essence dimly shadows:—
This, too, also I remember,
In my early time what happened,
Seeing three, I worshipped one.*

FAITH.

These two tests are so well answered,
I am satisfied: pass.

JUDAISM *(aside)*.

I now,
Having answered the first challenge,
Pass to the second.

* To Judaism the mystery of the triple personality of God was revealed darkly, and through a veil. The Holy Fathers consider that the plural noun, which occurs in the history of the creation: ("Let Us make man"), refers to the mystery of the Holy Trinity, as also the appearance of the three angels who visited Abraham, upon which S. Ambrose remarks: *Tres vidit et unum adoravit.* The Christian faith being contained to a considerable extent in the figures of the Old Testament, as in a seed, Faith alone cannot recognise Judaism as an enemy. As such it is first discovered by the second sentinel, Hope.

HOPE.

Who goes there?
Speak!

JUDAISM.

One who, of one great Master,
Has given sign and name.

HOPE.

Although
Thou the name and sign hast answered,
Still thou need'st the countersign.

JUDAISM.

I no countersign know farther,
Save that I believe that He,
After whom Isaias languished,
Will, in majesty and power,
When the seventy weeks of Daniel
Are completed, come to earth;
If he comes not in this manner,
In him I cannot believe.*

HOPE.

Woe to thee! in not remarking
That in speaking thus with Hope,
Evidence from thee departeth;
Since thou must believe in Him,

* The false hope of Judaism, that is for ever expecting a Messiah, who has already come, and whose first coming, according to erroneous interpretations of some prophetical prayers, it expects will be attended with great pomp and majesty, betrays itself by wanting the second password, which refers to the Incarnation.

Though he cometh poor and abject,
As the Incarnated Word.

JUDAISM.

Never!

HOPE.

Then attempt not rashly,
To advance one other step,
And be thankful thou canst part hence,
Ere that I with burning bolt . . . .

JUDAISM.

Hurl it not! cease! cease! oh, pardon!
For the thunder of thy voice
Makes me tremble. I am dazzled
By its blinding light; its fire
Burns, consumes me, with its ashes! [*Flies.*

Scene the Fourteenth.

THE SAME, *with the exception of Judaism.*

UNDERSTANDING *(to Heresy).*

Without coming back to us,
Judaism flies distracted.

HERESY *(to the Understanding).*

Me the flight of both doth more
Animate than it unmans me,

Since I wish to know the cause
Why so strangely they depart hence.

FAITH.

Who goes there?

HERESY.

One God!

FAITH.

Pass on.

HOPE.

Who goes there?

HERESY.

One God, in abstract
Essence one, in person three.

HOPE.

Pass.

CHARITY.

Who's there?

HERESY.

Another challenge?
God one and three is my belief,
Who on earth became incarnate.

CHARITY.

Still the countersign is wanting.

HERESY.

What?

CHARITY.

The second sign, or pass-word.

HERESY.

Which is?

CHARITY.

Of the Sacrament.

HERESY.

Then
I to this can give no answer,
For I never will believe
That the substance can be altered,
Bread and wine to flesh and blood.*

CHARITY.

Heresy! blind, dull, lethargic,
Though my mercy thee might save,
By my justice I'm o'ermastered,—
Die beneath my lightning's fire! *(Fires.)*

HERESY.

Wounded I escape thine anger,
But repent not. [*Exit.*

VOICES *(within)*.

Arm! to arms!

* Heresy, after having, by good fortune, escaped the first two outposts (Faith and Hope) is first recognised as an enemy by the third (Charity), because, by the disruption of unity, Charity is most especially injured. Calderon would seem to have wished, under the character of Heresy, to represent those later heresies in particular, which more violently oppose the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist—the deepest mystery of love. Wherefore he assigns the unmasking of her to Charity and not to Faith, who confines herself here to asking the more general parole.

PHILOTHEA *(within)*.

Sentinels, your post abandon,
For the firing and confusion
Show the enemy advanceth:
Close the gates, 'tis needful now
That we keep them all well fastened.

FAITH.

Hope, retreat within the lines!

HOPE.

Faith, retreat too! [*Exeunt the Virtues.*

Scene the Fifteenth.

THE UNDERSTANDING. *Then* VOLUPTUOUSNESS; VOICES, *within*.

VOICES.

Battle! battle!

OTHER VOICES.

Fire! oh, fire!

VOLUPTUOUSNESS *(entering)*.

'Tis all in flames!

UNDERSTANDING.

Oh! confusion unexampled!—
What has happened?

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

What, but this
Could, O Understanding, happen?
Than that that weak point the Senses
In this human fort inhabit—
That defenceless quarter burns
In my fire so fierce and ardent—*
For 'tis where my mines explode
Quickest, that they have been planted.
Roused, too, by this gun now fired
By some sentry on the ramparts,
All her troops have flown to arms,
To resist the assault and guard her.
And since I am she for whom
Thou cam'st here to work this marvel,†
Thy repute is as mine own.

UNDERSTANDING.

By so many doubts distracted,
I am perfectly bewildered,
So that I can scarcely answer
For myself, the Understanding.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Dost thou waver? Dost thou stagger?

* Whilst Paganism, Judaism, and Heresy, in trying to creep into the castle, have been driven back by the Virtues, Voluptuousness, on her part, has not been inactive, and has been more successful in her attacks. She has caused her mine to explode, and in this way has set fire to the quarter of the Senses—a plastic representation of the truth, that very often, whilst external attacks are beaten off, the internal enemy of impurity brings destruction to the soul.

† Namely, to serve with me in the capacity of an engineer, and, as such, to construct this mine which has just exploded. (Compare the verses to which the note to p. 261 refers.)—L. & M.

Nor perceive to what thou art brought
By thy wild and foolish passion,
That thou knowest not where to go.
Hearing some cry . . . .

SOME *(within)*.
Battle! battle!

UNDERSTANDING.
Hearing others cry . . . .

THE SENSES *(within)*.
Fire! fire!

UNDERSTANDING.
And to both . . . .

VOICES IN THE SHIP *(which is seen approaching)*.
To land! to land, there!
[*Exit Voluptuousness.*

Scene the Sixteenth.

THE UNDERSTANDING.—VOICES *from within, from the walls of the castle, and from the ship.*

UNDERSTANDING.
Can it be, O Heavens! more voices,
Loud with naval cries, are added—
Those I hear upon the sea?
But why doubt it, when 'tis granted

Even to mine eyes to see,
By those first faint streaks of amber,
With which day awakes the sun,
When still half asleep, his glances
Shed a tempered twilight round—
A brave bark, that ere it anchors
Hails the shore, and turns its prow
Safe within this sheltering harbour?
Therefore 'tis, that, at one moment,
In the wood, the sea, the castle,
In the army and the ship—
The Five Senses, the pure-hearted
Virtues, cry, repeating . . . .

DEMON *(within).*

All
To the great assault now rally,
For your strength, ye Human Senses,
Hunger wholly hath abstracted,*
And you dread the fire.

THE SENSES *(from the top of the castle).*

Let's go,
And outside this leaguered castle
Save our lives.

THE VIRTUES *(id).*

In its defence,
Better die beneath our banner.

* In the old editions, the Senses are described as being deprived of their strength by "*el hombre*," ("*the man*,") which has scarcely any meaning, although Lorinser has a note upon it. It struck me that the word should be "*hambre*" ("hunger"), which I find confirmed by the edition of Pedroso.—M.

PHILOTHEA *(id).*

To the field, ye Virtues, fly!
Ere they dare, with scaling ladders,
To approach our sacred walls!

[*Exit the Understanding.*

THE PRINCE OF LIGHT *(in the ship.)*

Lower the sail! Let go the anchor!

VOICES *(within).*

War! war!

THE VIRTUES.

To arms! to arms!

THE SENSES.

Fire! fire!

THOSE IN THE SHIP.

To land!

Scene the Seventeenth.

THE PRINCE, *in the ship, dressed in the over-coat of a peasant.*

PRINCE.

To land there!
And when we have touched the shore,
None but I shall disembark there:—
You, my heavenly squadrons, stay
In the ship, which heaven's great artist,

Even the sun, through clouds of gold,
Paints upon the sea's smooth panel,
Sketching it in starry lines
On cerulean plates of sapphire.*
(He descends to the stage.)
None but I, as I have said,
Shall descend, to render patent
The high spirit that inspires me
To this coming, this avátar ;
To effect which, I have wished,
Ere the fight more warmly waxeth,
To examine here in person,
In a masked and covered manner
(For which purpose I have dressed me
In a poor and humble garment),†
Both the army and the fort :—
Ah ! my bride, divinely charming,
Soul and deity of love—
What thou owest me !—If this sample
Of my love seems great, how great
Will be those I'll give hereafter ?
Ah ! how numerous o'er the field
Spread the enemy's tents of canvass,
Crowned by many a scornful flag,
Which his proud presumption planteth !—
Ah ! how few the war-stores are
For the safety of the castle !
O thou Shell of Clay ! in which

* Painted by the golden beams of the morning on the blue transparent panel of the sea.

† The poor garment of the Prince of Light is a symbol of His human nature in which He enfolds Himself, in order to bring help and delivery to Philothea.

Dwells the best pearl ever gathered
From the dripping dews of morn,*
What a numerous host attack thee!—
There I see across the plain
Troops in long files well compacted,
Ready for the word to march,
Eager for the call to battle:
There, within her circling walls,
Philothea also armeth
All her troops, the strength restoring
Of the weak points lately damaged
In the quarter of the Senses,
Where the fearful mine was blasted,
Which Voluptuousness constructed:—
To this part of the encampment
Meanwhile comes the bold, the haughty,
The imperious Prince of Darkness,
With the World, to reconnoitre
The position of his army.
Let this lowly shepherd hut,
In this mountain wild abandoned,
Hide me from them, then.† . . . . But, no,
For they've seen me: let me baffle
Their suspicion, by assuming
A cold carelessness of manner.

* Under "the shell of clay" is to be understood the body of Philothea, and under "the pearl," *herself*, the human soul. According to an old fable, pearls were formed by dew-drops. Towards morning, so it was believed, the muscle-fish rose from the bottom of the sea and opened its shell, in order to receive a dew-drop; as soon as one had fallen into it, the shell closed, and from this dew-drop was formed the pearl.

† An allusion to the circumstances of the birth of Christ. The stable of the shepherds concealed Him from the world. According to St. Jerome, and other Holy Fathers of the Church, this humiliation of His

Scene the Eighteenth.

THE PRINCE, THE WORLD, *and* THE DEMON.

DEMON.

Hast thou not, O World! discovered
What strange ship is this has anchored
On the margin of our seas?

WORLD.

No; for no one yet has landed—
No one from the ship has issued
Since it came into this harbour.

DEMON.

Nor have I:—Best ask this shepherd,
He may know.

WORLD.

And can you fancy
That poor shepherds' simple minds
Knowledge on this point could gather
Earlier than your wisdom?*

DEMON.

No,
You are right. On all the strand here
Let observant guards be set,

external appearance was intended also to hide His divinity f
Devil, to fight whom He had come into the world—an idea whic
to have been present to the mind of the poet in the following sce

* Christ was recognised and worshipped sooner by simple sl
than by the World that knew Him not.

So that none within our land-marks
Shall dare enter, ere we know
Who he is, and what the cargo
This suspicious ship doth carry,
And the name of her commander :—
And since now, throughout the camp,
Ready ranged is each detachment,
Toll the tocsin bell, O World !
That the whole force of our army
May attempt the assault. This day
Philothea's charms shall gladden
Me at length, though Heaven should come,
With its powerful aid, to guard her.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene the Nineteenth.

THE PRINCE.

It will come ; for graces never
Fail the soul that humbly asks them.*
And since now I've known the land
Unto which I came—the thankless
Land, alas ! that knows not me†
(By the World and Devil darkened)
Through my human nature's veil,
Through its coarse corporeal garment,

* The Divine assistance is of no use to the soul, if she does not make herself worthy of it by a free co-operation with grace.

† "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew him not."—*John*, i. 10.

I the succour must supply,
And to give it, to the bark there
Back again must go: but how
Can I reach it, when the passage
(I omit the impossible fact
That I ever could turn backward)
Is cut off by braying trumpets,
And the kettle drums that rattle
To the attack, the gates the while
Opening to the mutinous mandate
Of the Senses, whose base flight
Philothea reprimandeth . . . .

Scene the Twentieth.

THE PRINCE, PHILOTHEA, THE VIRTUES *and* THE SENSE *with swords.*

PHILOTHEA.

Cowardly Senses, whither, whither
Do ye fly?

HEARING.

We fly this castle
For our lives, because no other
Hope have we, between contrasted
Ills like those of inner hunger
And external foes encamped there,
Than to trust us to the mercy
Of the latter.

PHILOTHEA.

Better valour
Here should die, is't not, than shame
There should live? As foremost martyr
I shall forth and meet the foe,
Vowing, on the field of battle,
With heroic pride to perish,
Rather than to yield!

FAITH.

And after
Thee the Virtues, too, must go,
Who, the truest friends and fastest,
Show themselves at the hour of death.

HEARING.

This may palliate their lapses,
That, in death's dark hour, the Senses
Are the first to be disheartened.*

[*Exeunt the Senses.*

(Drums and trumpets.)

* As the full value of the Virtues cannot be known until death, so it is only in death that the utter nothingness of sensuality can be perceived.

Scene the Twenty-first.

THE PRINCE, PHILOTHEA, THE VIRTUES, THE DEMON, THE WORLD, ATHEISM, PAGANISM, JUDAISM, VOLUPTUOUSNESS, THE UNDERSTANDING, HERESY, THE SENSES, *Soldiers.*

DEMON.

Forward! for the besieged are making
Now a fierce and desperate sally
From the fortress to receive us!

ALL.

Arm! to arms! To battle! battle!*

HEARING *(to the Senses).*

To the mountain!†

SENSES.

To the mountain!

(They retire.)

* Calderon, having so frequently quoted Gongora, especially in those little snatches of exquisite melody, which I have referred to in the note to p. 33 of Lorinser's Introduction, and which have sometimes been attributed to Calderon himself, makes it, perhaps, worth noticing, that the war-cries which so frequently recur in *The Divine Philothea* are to be found, almost identically, in one of Gongora's romances. As, for instance:

"*A ellos, dicen, a ellos;*
Cierra, cierra,
Arma, arma,
Cierra, cierra,
Suenen las trompetas, suenen,
Guerra, guerra."

—See Ribadeneyra's "Autores Españoles," t. xxxii. p. 534.—M.

† The Senses retire to that mountain which, as the symbol of worldly splendour, is addressed by the Devil at the beginning of the *auto.*

PHILOTHEA.

O my God ! the Senses hardly
One brief moment's time have left me,
When I feel my strength departed.*

ALL.

Battle ! battle ! Arm ! to arms !

WORLD.

Yonder Philothea standeth.

DEMON.

Followers ! fly to make her prisoner !

VIRTUES.

Fly, ye Virtues ! fly to guard her !

PRINCE *(aside)*.

Now the time hath come, when I
Must declare myself in action,
But with not such openness
As the gift of love to tarnish—
For to grant a thing and tell it,
Is as if it were not granted.†

* The desertion of Philothea by the Senses has paralysed her strength for the fight. In order to regain the empire over them, her own strength is not sufficient, and the direct interference of the Prince of Light becomes necessary. He, therefore, advances; and, in union with the Virtues, assists Philothea to repel the attack of the Devil, and to win back her Senses to her once again—a symbolic representation of the truth, that in a struggle with the Senses, the direct interference of Divine grace is necessary, in connection with the efforts of free will, which are represented by the Virtues that remain faithful to Philothea.

† The assistance of Divine grace works, according to the Divine economy of salvation, in a hidden and mysterious way; otherwise the

Thus, then, with this snow-white veil
O'er my face that else would dazzle,
I, the Knight, Ezechiel saw,*
Panoplied in white bright armour,
Shall, as Prince of Light, descend
To the encounter and the battle.

(He divests himself of his coarse over-coat, and appears in white armour and a sash.)

DEMON *(to Philothea).*

Since thou seest all resistance
Is in vain, ingrate, and thankless!
Yield thee prisoner.

PRINCE.

Who a prisoner?
O thou Spirit most abandoned!
Know'st thou not thou canst not take her,
Being by the Virtues guarded?†

intentions of Divine love could not be attained, as it has willed that Philothea should fight down here on earth, in banishment, and in apparent abandonment by God, in order to enhance the merit of her victory.

* Ezechiel, ix. 2: "And behold six men came from the way of the upper gate, which looketh to the north: and each one had his weapon of destruction in his hand: and there was one man in the midst of them *clothed with linen.*" The Holy Fathers recognise in this man clothed in white linen a type of Christ; as, for instance, St. Gregory (*Moral.* lib. 22, cap. xxiii.): "Vir vestitus lineis est *Redemptor noster*, qui etiam de tribu sacerdotali parentes dignos habuit. Linea enim erat vestis sacerdotum."

† The treachery of the Senses who have betrayed Philothea, is here always to be taken as a symbol of the temptation, but not of the sin itself, because as long as the Virtues remain faithful, the Devil has no power over her. But these require the assistance of Christ, through His grace.

DEMON.

Hast thou power thyself to save her
From my power?

PRINCE.

That power the battle
Soon shall plainly show thee.

DEMON.

Then
Arm! to arms!

ALL *(within).*

War! war! Attack them!

DEMON.

O thou veiled Knight-errant bold!
Say who art thou? Wouldst thou have us
Think thou art the Prince of Light
From thy white and stainless armour?

PRINCE.

Thou hast said it.*

DEMON.

Lift thy veil,
And reveal thyself: unmask thee.

PRINCE.

I am who am.†

(The Demon falls, and is raised up by the World.)

* "Thou hast said it:" that is, I am really the Prince of Light, as thou hast said—an allusion to the answer of Christ before Caiphas: "Thou hast said it."

† Exod. iii. 14.

DEMON.

World?

WORLD.

See me
At thy side.

DEMON.

Say, who this master
Of defence is, whose right hand
All my strokes so swiftly parries?

WORLD.

I nor recognise nor know him:*
All I know is, that his aspect
Makes me tremble to my centre,
So that fear o'erwhelms—unmans me,
(Since 'tis victory and success
That alone the World remarketh),
As if deluges engulphed me,
Or the last fire's fearful ashes.† [*Exit.*

* See above, note p. 297.

† The coming of Christ brings more terror to the World, which is to be taken here as the kingdom of the Devil, whom Christ has called "the Prince of this World," than formerly the Deluge itself, or even the conflagration of the world at the end of time (or if one would prefer this explanation, than the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrha by fire).

Scene the Twenty-second.

THE SAME, *with the exception of the World.*

DEMON.

Paganism! since the World
At the best time me abandons . . . .

PRINCE.

When has not the World proved false
At the best time?*

DEMON.

I am sanguine
Thou wilt come to help me.

PAGANISM.

I
Can do little, for this ardent
Beauteous Virtue, Charity,†
Bars my passage.

CHARITY.

I thy passage
Stop, that thou may'st live, not die;
For my clemency would rather
Thee convert than see thee dead:
Take thy life.

* "At the b[illegible] t is, wh its assistance was most required.
† Charity fig[illegible] be[illegible] Paganism is destined rather to be conquered[illegible] ed. The [illegible] of Heathendom al[illegible].

DEMON *(to Judaism)*.

Do thou, then, hearken !—
Judaism, help me !

JUDAISM.

I
Cannot help thee, since I hardly
Can defend myself 'gainst Hope,
Who, with greatest force, attacks me.*

DEMON.

Heresy ? . . . .

HERESY.

I cannot reach thee,
From my being so embarrassed
By the Faith.†

DEMON.

Voluptuousness,
Come, O thou !

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

It were in vain :—
For when Purity opposes
Soon Voluptuousness is vanquished.‡

DEMON.

Understanding ?

* Judaism fights with Hope, for the same reason that it was earlier recognised and unmasked by Hope. (Compare note, p. 284.)

† Heresy has found its true and most formidable opponent in the Faith.

‡ Philothea, tempted, indeed, but resisting powerfully, through her Virtues, is the picture of Purity in opposition to Impurity.

UNDERSTANDING.

All my being
On this spiritual battle—
Fight so bloody, and so bloodless—
In suspended action hangeth.*

DEMON.

Nor (since mine is not the day)
Can I aught effect in action,
Save by falling back until
Night (which still is mine) advances;
For if this adventurous knight,
Day being *his* assigned department,
Shows himself as Prince of Light,
I, in turn, as lord and master
Of the night, will show me too
As the rival Prince of Darkness.—†
Sound, then, the retreat.

VIRTUES.

Pursue them!
Kill them all!

ALL.

Let all be scattered!

* The Understanding is not a combatant here, but only a spectator of the fight of others: he begins, little by little, to come to himself. He says that the fight is bloody and bloodless, because it is only a spiritual combat, allegorically represented; but, notwithstanding, it is a powerful and a frightful one. Compare the passage in the Book of Ecclesiasticus (iv. 33): "Strive for justice for thy soul, and even unto death fight for justice, and God will overthrow thy enemies for thee."

† Perhaps in this speech of the Devil there lies an allusion to the words of Christ when made a prisoner in the Garden of Gethsemane: "This is your hour, and the power of darkness."—*Luke*, xxii. 53.

FAITH.

Viva, Philothea!

ALL.

Viva!

[*Exeunt the Demon and all his followers, except the Understanding.*

Scene the Twenty-third.

THE PRINCE, PHILOTHEA, THE VIRTUES, THE UNDERSTANDING, *in the back ground.*

PRINCE.

Since thy Virtues, O Heaven-guarded,
Sweetest, fairest Philothea!
Drive thy dreaded enemy backward,
Thou thy Senses may'st recover,
While I go, the flying army
To pursue still, with the Virtues.

PHILOTHEA.

Look! oh, stay! consider! hearken!
Wouldst thou go, nor let me know
Who I am to bless and thank for
Such a favour?

PRINCE.

This compels me
To reverse my former maxim—

To be silent about favours
Makes them seem as if twice granted.*

PHILOTHEA.

This, though, forces me to seem
Cold, ungrateful, in my manner,
Knowing not the favour cometh
From my spouse; for, though I frankly
Take it, trusting to my Faith,
'Tis that through this veil outflashes
Evidence that thou art He,
Well persuaded 'tis a bandage
Folded o'er the eyes of love.†

PRINCE.

This thou'lt know when I have vanquished,
Thoroughly, thy foes, and come
To thine eyes triumphant back here.
But thy Senses now regain,
And, when they're regained, command them
That they carry from this Ship
All the stores, which, at my charges,
Will be given them by the Pilot,
To whose care the ship I've handed:
Full of wheat they'll find the vessel,
Which a Merchant from the farthest
Realm hath brought, the bread of which

* See note, p. 301.

† In these words is contained an allusion to the well-known proverb, "Love is blind." In the veiling of the face of the bridegroom, Philothea, with justice, guesses and knows that help comes to her from Him, because his love for her is blind—that is, does not mind the greatest fatigues and labours.

Holds concealed the highest, grandest,
Greatest Mystery of Love :—
Of a Life that ever-lasteth,
'Tis a soul-sustaining Bread ;
Then no longer Bread (O marvel !)
But my very Flesh and Blood !*

[*Exit, with the Virtues.*

Scene the Twenty-fourth,

PHILOTHEA, THE UNDERSTANDING, *retiring.*

PHILOTHEA.

Thy own Flesh and Blood ?—Enigma
Strange !—unheard of !

UNDERSTANDING.

Unexampled !

* Because it was the Senses who complained of want of nourishment in the castle of Philothea, they are commanded to fetch the heavenly Bread, which the Prince of Light has brought with him, in order to supply the castle of Philothea with provisions ; although they, with the exception of the Hearing, cannot comprehend the significance of it. That the Senses should bring the heavenly Bread is, at the same time, an expression of the truth, that as it, being a sacrament, is an outward and visible sign, grace is communicated to us through the Senses. Under the *Ship*, is to be understood the Church ; under the character of the *Merchant*, Christ Himself ; and under that of the *Pilot*, Peter (as the head and representative of all shepherds of the soul, whom the Apostle calls "the dispenser of the mysteries of God"). The allegory of the ship freighted with the heavenly manna and the rich merchant, as Christ designates Himself in one of His parables, is used by Calderon as the materials of one of his deepest and most beautiful *autos*, "The Ship of

PHILOTHEA.

Whither goes my Understanding?
But, perverted, thou'lt not hearken.*
Come, ye human Senses, come,
For if your habitual languor
Has by hunger been occasioned,
Here is convalescence granted!
Come, ye Senses, then!

Scene the Twenty-fifth.

PHILOTHEA, THE UNDERSTANDING.—THE SENSES.

THE SENSES.

Why call us?

SIGHT.

Why the Sight, whose sense is darkened?

HEARING.

Hearing why, who cannot hear?

SMELL.

Why call Smell, which hath departed?

the Merchant," which, in many points of view, may be considered as the counterpart of *The Divine Philothea*, and stands in deep internal connection with this *auto*.

* Philothea, indeed, sorrows over the aberration of the Understanding, but prefers to dispense with his presence, rather than that he should serve her in his perverted state.

TASTE.

Taste why call, whose power is o'er?

TOUCH.

Why call Touch, that cannot handle?

ALL.

Is it that we all must die,
Weak, resistless, overmastered?

PHILOTHEA.

No, but that ye all may live.—
Go, then, to this beauteous galley,
Which a precious freight of Bread,
To appease your hunger, carries.
The good Pilot has been ordered
It to give: full warrant hath he,
That he, in the Flesh and Blood,
Gives what even the soul can gladden.

SIGHT.

I'll believe it, if I see it.

THE THREE *(Taste, Touch, and Smell).*

We three on this curious matter
Think alike.

HEARING.

Not so think I:—
Hearing is to me an ample
Motive for believing.

THE FOUR.

Well,
Let us the dispute abandon,
And proceed our doubts to settle
By experiment.

HEARING.

Advancing
Each his own view, let us go.

PHILOTHEA.

Oh ! if this mysterious bark here,
Of the Vessel of the Church
Were a symbol and a shadow !*

Scene the Twenty-sixth.

THE UNDERSTANDING.

What I doubt of, what I know,
Would that I to myself could answer ! †
O thou Understanding ! brought
To confusion, what thou hast seen,

* As Philothea had previously guessed, with a right instinct, of the approach of her Bridegroom, so she now perceives the symbolic meaning of the Ship.

† The Understanding, though powerless to help himself, tries, through reflection, to regain his former clearness. He represents, in the following scenes, the gradual return to Faith which takes place in the mind of a man who has been seduced, through the charm of Voluptuousness, and has fallen into doubt, as soon as he is freed from his Sensuality, and the World begins to abandon him.

Thou, with inattentive mien,
Hast beheld, astonished and distraught;
Now let more reflective Thought
Brood o'er all that has occurred:—
What hast thou noted, then? what seen? what heard?
I saw a castle leagured round;—
I noted in the succour that it found
A strange perfection of all martial lore,
A something that the World ne'er saw before,
When in the fight that Faith had fought so well,
The Virtues triumphed, and the Vices fell.
This I have seen and noted; passing by
Him to whose band wild passion drew me nigh,
Let's come to what I have heard—
What can this Bread be, which, it seems, conferred
Upon the soul, such succour gives . . . . ?

Scene the Twenty-seventh.

THE UNDERSTANDING, HERESY.

HERESY *(entering.)*

O Brain
Of Human Kind! I come in search of thee:—

UNDERSTANDING.

What is it brings thee here, O Heresy!
That pales thy cheek and doth thy breath detain?

HERESY.

I bring myself, which is my greatest pain.—
We broke off, thou wilt remember,
At the doubts from which I suffer*
'Bout a living bread, my mind
Could not comprehend or compass.
I, that I might choose the better,
Thee upon the point consulted,
But we then were pressed for time,
Ere we almost touched the subject;
So that leaving the full force
Of my reasoning interrupted,
We went forth unto the field.

UNDERSTANDING.

Yes, I know, but tell me further.

HERESY.

Routed, we retreated slowly,
But soon rallying to the muster,
Whilst the troops prepared to charge,
I, from out my quarter running
In pursuit of thee, beheld,
In the distance, going and coming,
From the Castle to the Ship,
And from out the Ship then upward
To the Castle, the five Senses,
Introducing the Bread-succour
Into the Fort; and when in me

* After the two preceding scenes, which are in irregular couplets, the metre changes to the *asonante* in *u-e*, or their vocal equivalents, for the remainder of the scene.—M.

Met at one time the concurrent
Veiling, Succour, Ship and Bread,
I anew revolved the purport
Of your saying, that, perhaps,
The assault itself, the struggle
Would the difficulty solve.

UNDERSTANDING.

I said well, for what was uttered
Then as a perhaps, has proved
A prophetical precursor
Of the fact, for so it is.*

HERESY.

How?

UNDERSTANDING.

When I intrigued and struggled
To get near to Philothea,
I could not, but still, though sundered,
Heard, far off, the veiled Knight say,
As he left her for the combat,
That his Flesh, Blood, Soul, and Body,
Were within his Bread of Succour.

HERESY.

What deduction did you draw,
Hearing this?

UNDERSTANDING.

Why, what deduction
Could I draw, but think that . . . .

* Compare the verses to which the second note p. 269 refers.

HERESY.

Speak!

UNDERSTANDING.

Some high Mystery's here, so wondrous
That the Human Understanding
Is not able, with its utmost
Power, to comprehend it.

HERESY.

That
You may see at least (the subject
Being inconceivable)
It can't credit it, I purpose
(Leaving to the schools a logic
Possibly more deep and subtle),
By a practical example,
A convincing proof to furnish:—
To and fro the Senses pass,
As I said before, conducting,
From the vessel to the castle,
Bread to strengthen it and nourish.
Let us go to them, for they
Cannot know us, there being something
In the intellectual essence
Which the Senses can't discover;
And as they, with one word only,
Will convince thee, I'm reluctant
To have greater triumph o'er thee
Than to see them thy instructors.*

* Heresy wishes to leave the question about the essence of the mysterious nourishment to the decision of the Senses—an expression of the fact, that heretics will only believe what they can see and comprehend.

UNDERSTANDING.

Hark! I hear their passing tread;*
To consult them let us go.

Scene the Twenty-eighth.

THE UNDERSTANDING, HERESY.—THE SIGHT.

HERESY.

Sight, a stranger here would know
What it is you carry.

SIGHT *(entering).*

Bread.

(Passes over the stage, and disappears.)

HERESY.

Being bread, how can I try
To believe in it is kept
That sweet manna heaven once wept
Lest a chosen race should die?
If, to Sight, 'tis bread, can I,
At my will, persuaded be
It is flesh? Absurdity
Were it, 'mong my doubts severe,
To believe the word I hear,
Rather than the thing I see.

* The metre abruptly changes to the five-lined stanza, as explained in note p. 173, and continues to scene xxxiii.—M.

UNDERSTANDING.

Well, the Senses, it is said,
Are subjected even to this.*

HERESY.

No, they doubt.

Scene the Twenty-ninth.

THE UNDERSTANDING, HERESY.—THE TOUCH.

HERESY.

O Touch! what *is*
That which there thou bearest?

TOUCH *(entering)*.

Bread.

(Passes over the stage, and disappears.)

HERESY.

Food with various virtues rife,
Seed and fruit of death's dark tree,†

* That is: The Hearing also is one of the Senses, and cannot be so completely disregarded as thou thinkest.

† It is not easy to discover what is here understood by "death's dark tree." Apparently it is Christ Himself who must be understood by it, He who as a tree, destined to die (that is, immediately before His death), brought forth the precious fruit of the Holy Sacrament, the double effects of which, in giving life as well as death, are exemplified by Heresy, according to the well-known words of the hymn:—

"Mors est malis, vita bonis;
Vide paris sumptionis,
Quam sit dispar exitus."

Since thou givest equally
Death to some, to other life;
If, to Touch, thou'rt bread, ah! me,
Can I be coerced so much
As to think thee flesh? To such
Madness must I come, I fear,
If I trust the word I hear,
Rather than the thing I touch.

UNDERSTANDING.

Sight and Touch 'tis plain are led
By the outward forms that tell
The accidents, not the substance.*

Scene the Thirtieth.

THE UNDERSTANDING, HERESY.—THE SMELL.

HERESY.

Smell,
What is this thou bearest?

SMELL *(entering)*.

Bread.

(Passes over the stage, and disappears.

HERESY

Pure white dew, which from the skies,
Drop by drop in sweet increase,

* "Accidents:" a theological expression for the outer form in opposition to the essence, the substance.

Fell on Gedeon's outstretched fleece*
From aurora's tearful eyes;
If, to Smell, that thee denies
Fleshly nature, thou may'st well
Be content thou'rt bread, oh! tell
How can I so dull appear
As to trust the word I hear,
Rather than the thing I smell?

UNDERSTANDING.

It is plain that all are led
One reply to give anent
The mere form, the accident.

Scene the Thirty-first.

THE UNDERSTANDING, HERESY.—THE TASTE.

HERESY.

Taste, what's this you carry?

TASTE *(entering).*

Bread.

(Passes across the stage, and disappears.)

HERESY.

Corn-ear of the savage sward,
Where thyself the seed hath sown—

* Compare, above, note p. 241.

Watered by the blood alone
From the wounds of thine own Lord,
Thou wert the Eternal Word ;*
But I cannot, with such haste,
Think that thou art here debased
'Neath a form like this, nor take
That for true, for some words' sake,
Which is false to mine own taste.
Now, what say'st thou? *(to the Understanding.)*

UNDERSTANDING.

To invent
A good answer is in vain,—
I, the intellectual Brain,
Feel disturbed and discontent.
Powerful is thy argument :—
But the Hearing let us hear.

HERESY.

For what reason? Since a mere
Creature of the air is he,
Having no vitality
Save a greediness of ear.

UNDERSTANDING.

Well, with all that, I would know,
In this maze through which we stray,
What the Hearing hath to say.

* The meaning is : The body of Christ, which, through the Incarnation, had sprung up like a rich and noble corn-ear in the waste garden of this earth, and which He had watered with His own blood in the Garden of Gethsemane, was truly the *Word*—the expected Messiah. That I admit ; but that He is here also in the Sacrament, I cannot believe, because the Senses represent to me something very different.

HERESY.

Then 'tis thou wilt ask, if so;—
For again I would not go
Through the weary round we tread,
By the first four Senses led

Scene the Thirty-second.

THE UNDERSTANDING, HERESY.—THE HEARING.

UNDERSTANDING.

What's this, Hearing, by thee held?

HEARING *(entering)*.

Though 'twere bread I saw and smelled,*
Touched but bread, and tasted bread,
I o'er all would bear the palm,
Since it is, I dare declare,
Flesh and Blood the Bread I bear,—
The Soul's succour and its balm.

UNDERSTANDING.

Intellectual pride, be calm:—
Seeing is believing, saith

* Dr. Lorinser so seldom forgets to illustrate the text by an apt quotation, that one feels a little surprised at his not referring, in this place, to the remarkable lines of St. Thomas of Aquin in the well known hymn, *Adoro te devote, latens veritas*, which were evidently before the mind of Calderon when writing this passage. Indeed, the whole scene is but an expansion of these lines:—

Visus, gustus, tactus in te fallitur,
Sed solo auditu in te creditur.—M.

The old proverb true as death,
I know not th' unseen.

HEARING.

I do.

HERESY.

Who could have persuaded you
That this can be so?

Scene the Thirty-third.

THE UNDERSTANDING, HERESY, HEARING.—THE FAITH.

FAITH *(entering)*.

The Faith;—*
Yes, the Faith, who in pursuit
Since that fight was interrupted,†
In which, flying from her fold
Thee she met with in another,‡
Having there lost sight of thee,
By instinctive zeal conducted,

* If Faith, as the Apostle says, "Comes from Hearing," so, in return, the confirmation of the truth of the Hearing comes from Faith, because the Hearing which produces the Faith cannot be perceived without the co-operation of the grace of Faith, as St. Gregory so beautifully explains it:—"*Nisi intus sit, qui doceat, doctoris lingua exterius in vacuum laborat.*" (*Hom.* XXX.)

† The metre changes, finally, to the double asonante in *u-e*, or their equivalents, and so continues to the end of the *auto*.—M.

‡ Pedroso's edition reads "en *otro* gremio," instead of "en *este* gremio," as given by Pando and Apontes.—M.

Comes here to renew the fight,
That at length in single combat,
Body to body, face to face
Thy defeat may be made public :—
Ere they come again to blows,
Those who by the fight are sundered,
Draw thy sword : Why pause? what stops thee?

HERESY.

Ah ! to draw my sword, I durst not ;
For I know now at what 'vantage
Faith doth fight, that ere thou clutchest
Thine own sword, I can but save me,
By a flight as swift as sudden.

FAITH.

I'll pursue thee.

HERESY *(to the Understanding).*

Since thou knowest
Now my strong objections fully,
For my sake, O Understanding !
Keep her from me, bar, obstruct her.* [*Exit.*

* Heresy charges the Understanding with the duty of defending her against the Faith, because heretics are always endeavouring to defend their doctrines in opposition to the Faith of the Church, under the mask of the Understanding, under the borrowed light of reason.

Scene the Thirty-fourth.

THE UNDERSTANDING, FAITH, THE HEARING.

UNDERSTANDING *(detaining the Faith).*
Hear me.

FAITH.
Hence!

UNDERSTANDING.
But think . . . .

FAITH.
Away!—
Hearing, follow this swift runner
On thine own part and on mine;
Both he cannot 'scape: we'll suffer
None here to oppose the Faith.

HEARING.
Yes, I go, to this discussion
Twixt the Reason and the Faith
Listening still with ears of wonder. [*Exit.*

Scene the Thirty-fifth.

THE FAITH, THE UNDERSTANDING.

FAITH.

Then, in fine, thou art against me?

UNDERSTANDING.

No; but having been consulted,
I conceived that I was bound
To defend him who so trusted
In my aid.*

FAITH.

Alas! thy motive,
Hapless one, is far less worthy.

UNDERSTANDING.

What then is it?

FAITH.

'Tis the passion,
The impure desire that lurketh
'Neath this mask, that lures thee onward
From one error to another.†

* The Understanding is not, in itself, the opponent of Faith; it only lends itself for the defence of Heresy, which has fled to it for protection, and tries, therefore, to excuse its action against the Faith, under the protest that it is from a sense of honour it has come to the assistance of the weak.

† Faith discovers to the Understanding the real cause of his desertion, which lies in the seducement of Sensuality. This is the only true enemy of Faith, because it opposes its perverted inclinations. Therefore, she tries to bring the mind over to her side, and has completely subdued it (as the

UNDERSTANDING.

This indeed were wholly true,
If his reasoning strong and subtle
Had not previously o'ercome me.

FAITH.

Since in you I here discover
An avowed and bold accomplice,
Him I shall pursue no farther,
Against thee the sword I draw
Which I grasped 'gainst him.*

UNDERSTANDING.

'Tis under
This coercion I draw mine,
To defend in deadly struggle
His opinion and mine own.

(They engage in fight, acting in the way described by the verses.)

FAITH.

On the threshold of the combat
I perceive thou'rt lost.

UNDERSTANDING.

And why?—

following words of the Understanding admit). Passion (personified by Voluptuousness) has darkened the Understanding so much, that he considers everything right that she suggests to him.

* Faith, who fights against Heresy, fights especially against the Understanding, who has been led astray by Sensuality, because it is he alone who gives her apparent protection and support. If, therefore, the heretics of all times pretend that the Catholics, in opposing them, oppose the Reason and the Understanding, they are so far quite right, as Reason, when misdirected by Sin (whether it be of pride or sensuality), is their accomplice.

FAITH.

Rightly thou hast not begun it:—

UNDERSTANDING.

How more rightly, if I believe
What each Sense sees, smells, tastes, touches
Rather than what one Sense hears?*
Of which fact I have been furnished
With a practical example
By the first four Senses.

FAITH.

Trust me,
Hearing may perhaps displace
This example by another.

UNDERSTANDING.

How, what heard he?

FAITH.

"I am the living
Bread that came from heaven." Above thee,
See the advantage that I gain,
Through thy weakness, by my first stroke.

UNDERSTANDING.

What advantage, if in part

* The fundamental principle of all I is which only believes what is palpable a.... the appeal to the tenet, that one comprehend, the Understanding, the he has left out of view the Sense of him what is above the Senses. beaten back by Faith.

This my sword's first stroke, thou puttest
Forth thine own strength to the utmost ?

FAITH.

That I'll meet by saying further,
What the Hearing also heard ;
This : " The Bread that I shall furnish,
Verily is Meat and Drink,
Is My very Soul and Substance,
Is My Flesh and Blood."—

UNDERSTANDING.

My answer
Is, that no material substance
Can be transubstantiated
From one object to another ;
Bearing on which proposition
There was one who said : " Let's burden
With the weight of wood his bread."*

FAITH.

That attack but slightly hurts me ;
For—" who eateth of this bread

* The passage of the Prophet Jeremias (cap. xi. v. 19) : "*Mittamus lignum in panem ejus*," &c., to which the Understanding here refers, St. Jerome explains in the following way (because the person of the Prophet Jeremias is understood by him as a type of the Saviour) : "Let us put wood" (*i.e.*, the cross) "on his bread" (that is to say, to make it a participator in his fate), or to put it on his body and extirpate him from the earth. The Understanding would deduce a proof from this, that in the Eucharist no change or transformation of the substance takes place, because there is here a simple mention of bread, without any epithet which contains an allusion to transubstantiation. To this the Faith replies with a sentence from the mouth of Christ that speaks also of bread, but through the operation of which its higher nature is pointed out.

Lives for ever—" too was uttered;—
And to win thee to the wood,
By the cross of the sword I purpose.*

UNDERSTANDING.

With the point of thy conclusion,
Thou believest thou hast struck me,
But not so; I take my stand
On the general law; the worker's
Power I own; the mode I doubt.†

FAITH.

Well, the mode is not repugnant.
Which is greater out of nothing
To make something, or of something
To make something else?

UNDERSTANDING.

'Tis clear,
That to say to that which lurketh
In the abyss of nothing, "Be!"—
Is far greater than to turn it
Into something else, supposing
Both are homogenous.‡

* "The cross of the sword:" By the p
of the opposing swords forms a cross.
been mentioning that passage of Jeremias.
he has laid himself open to Faith, who,
Cross, the mentioning of which also serves

† That is to say: I do not deny the po
but only its reality in this precise way.

‡ That is to say: If the transformation goes on in a natural way, and for the realization of which no new creative energy or command is necessary.

FAITH.

Thus then,
I refute thy argument,
On the very ground thou urgest;
He, who by his will and knowledge
Could make angels, heavens effulgent,
And, creative power displaying,
Form sun, moon, light, stars unnumbered,
Earth, birds, fishes, flowers and men
Out of nothing, need we wonder
Bread he turned to flesh, the moment
He so willed it, and could turn it?*

UNDERSTANDING.

No, but who can ever show,
On the point that we're discussing,
Such clear proofs of being God?

FAITH.

No one strictly can, but under
A similitude,† this Knight,
Who comes here thus masked and muffled,
As the Prince of Light, with face
Hid beneath his veil's white curtain;—
He enamoured of the Soul,
Comes to free her from her trouble.

* These words contain a poetical paraphrase of a well-known passage of St. Ambrose (De iis, qui mysteriis initiantur, cap. ix.): "*De totius mundi operibus legisti: Quia ipse dixit et facta sunt; ipse mandavit et creata sunt. Sermo ergo Christi, qui potuit ex nihilo facere, quod non erat, non potest ea, quæ sunt, in id mutare, quod non erant? Non enim minus est, novas rebus dare, quam mutare naturas.*"

† An allusion to the allegorical character of the persons of the *auto*, whose parts are signified under a similitude.

Look now, O thou Understanding!
If the wound of clear deduction,
Thou art able to escape;
Since in this protracted combat
'Gainst the Senses, in full force
Gregory's argument hath struck thee.*

UNDERSTANDING.

Yet, with all that, notwithstanding,
Still I doubt it.

Scene the Thirty-sixth.

THE UNDERSTANING, FAITH, THE HEARING.

HEARING.

I with trusting
Ear believe it. Yield thee prisoner:—
Faith, between us, let us bring him
Captive to the Castle.

FAITH.

Come!
O ungrateful!

(Drums are heard at a distance).

* "Gregory's argument:" In this passage the poet may have easily fallen into the mistake of confounding names, and what is here attributed to Gregory, may more properly be given to Ambrose. It is plainly manifest that Faith here alludes to the argument which has just been quoted from St. Ambrose (see the preceding note). Its force lies in the severity of the pain of the wound which the Understanding has suffered through it, in its duel with Faith.

UNDERSTANDING.

I am humbled,
And confess my error.

FAITH.

This
Saves thy life. And now that murmurs
Of the flight and the pursuit
Sound once more, to give new courage
To our troops—the foe to scare—
Echo thou repeat, redouble
The glad news, that Faith, through Hearing,
Hath the Understanding humbled.

[*Exeunt.*

(Drums within, and Voluptuousness enters).

Scene the Thirty-seventh.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS, VARIOUS VOICES, *within.*

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Can it be, that Faith, through Hearing,
Hath the Understanding humbled?
What do I hear! O heavens?

(The Drums.)

ALL *(within).*

To arms!

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

But why doubt? For what's so stubborn
As to stand before the Faith?

DEMON *(within).*

We may yet retreat, recover
Our defeat here on the mountain,
Since we can resist no further.

PRINCE OF LIGHT *(within).*

On the mountain I'll know how
Even in death to be triumphant.*

ALL.

War! cry war! to arms! to arms!

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Bleeding and with dust clouds covered,
All have fled in frantic terror;
But, why wonder, when 'twas thundered
In their ear, that Faith, through Hearing,
Hath the Understanding humbled?
Nor is this the worst, for, lo!
From this point I see the utter

* "On the mountain:" The mountain which, at the beginning of the *auto* was addressed by the Devil, to which the Senses retired at a later period of the action, and on which, at the conclusion, the decisive battle is fought, has a mystic signification. It is to be taken as a symbol of the power of the World that Christ fights on it the last and most fearful battle with the Devil, and an expression of the truth, that on it his power was broken in its innermost being. It may, perhaps, be worth mentioning, for the comprehension of the significance of this mountain, that, according to an old legend, the hill of Calvary was the place, where our first parents were turned out of Paradise, where they first trod upon the earth.

Rout, a second time renewed,
Of our army's ranks disrupted ;
Not a Virtue but doth show her
O'er her opposite foe triumphant.
Here the flying Pagan swarm
Charity pursues and urges.
There the Hebrew race, by Hope
Finds its frightened flight obstructed.
On that quarter of our host
Where the powers of Darkness muster,
Falls the Prince of Light, with force
Which all adverse force o'ercometh.
So that even the dark itself
Feels the effect with silent shudder.
(Earthquake.)
For with sudden strange eclipse
Doth the sun grow pale, thick covered
With black shadows.

VOICES.

Oh ! what terror !

OTHERS.

What a portent !

WORLD *(entering)*.

What a wonder !

Scene the Thirty-eighth.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS, THE WORLD.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

What is this, O World?

WORLD.

I know not
How to speak, such fears convulse me.
When the exalted Prince of Light
Had just proved himself triumphant,
From the left wing of the Jews
Came a shower so swift and sudden
Of sharp-pointed iron arrows,
That a portion of their number
Pierced his outstretched hands and feet,
And his wounded side left bloody,
At the very time the Virtues
Well-won trophies were conducting,
Each the one that it had gained;
So that they, with them exulting,
And with him o'erwhelmed with sorrow,
While the mountains with a shudder,
Tremble to their very bases,
And the face of heaven is muffled,—
Lead him to the Castle, where
Even by dying he triumpheth.*

* It need scarcely be mentioned that by those iron arrows that, coming from the quarter of the Jews, mortally pierced the Prince of Light, are to be understood the nails of the cross, through which the Lord had won the most complete victory over the Prince of Darkness, while earthquake and gloomy horror shook and overshadowed the world.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Philothea ignorant yet
Of this tragical occurrence,
Only knowing what was glorious,
Issues forth to hail his coming;
So that canticles of praise
Strangely mix with mournful murmurs. . . . .

DEMON AND HIS ARMY *(within)*.

We must own we've lost the fight.

HERESY AND PAGANISM *(within)*.

And our wits too in the struggle,*
Since we see that Faith, by Hearing,
Hath the Understanding humbled.

MUSIC AND THE SENSES *(entering)*.

Blessed be the happy hour,
Crowned with many a trophy cometh
The Triumphant Prince of Light,
Our Protector, and our Succour.

* They have lost their wits, too, in the struggle, because the Understanding has left them.

Scene the Last.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS, THE WORLD.—*Enter, at one side,* CHARITY *and* HOPE, *conducting* THE PRINCE OF LIGHT *between them, wounded and weak; with them also enter* THE DEMON *and* HERESY, PAGANISM *and* JUDAISM; *and at the other side* PHILOTHEA, THE SENSES, FAITH, THE UNDERSTANDING, *and* ATHEISM.

PHILOTHEA.

Ah! no more the plaudits sing,
Since our joy to sadness turneth;
Thou, a victor and still wounded—
Thou, thus bleeding and triumphant—
Has my safety, my salvation
Cost thee, Lord, so much?

PRINCE.

At nothing
Less than mine own blood I wished
That thy dear life should be purchased.
See, thy enemies come hither
Vanquished.

HOPE.

At thy feet the stubborn
Judaism must admit it,
Whom, a captive, Hope conducteth,
Clinging to his error.

CHARITY.

So,
Paganism also humbled

At thy feet, may own it, whom
I, as Charity, have suffered
Still to live, because his life
Yet will serve a noble purpose.*

PRINCE.

I accept them at thy hands,
And to thy good care entrust them.
Come, then, come to me, ye two ;
Thou, who in the fearful combat, *(to Judaism.)*
Led the left wing, on my left
Take thy place ; and thou who struggled
(to Paganism.)
On the right, the right hand take.†

JUDAISM.

I approach thee with reluctance,
Since to own thee Lord, I feel
An invincible repugnance.

PAGANISM.

I with willing heart implore thee,
When thou to thy kingdom comest,
To remember me, O Lord !

DEMON *(aside)*.

Heavens ! what symbols I discover
Of the reprobate and the elect,
In these two shapes here confronted !
(Referring to Judaism and Paganism.)

* Compare note p. 305.

† Judaism and Paganism, who have taken the right and the left wing of the army, are, for the same reason, the types of the reprobate and the elect—of the penitent and impenitent thief.

HEARING.

At thy feet too I present thee,
Lord, the Understanding humbled,
And made captive by the Hearing.

UNDERSTANDING.

I present thee my compunction.

WORLD.

I'm the World; who lives may live,
Is a phrase that oft I've uttered;
And thus, Demon, Atheism,
Nay, even Heresy, as thy subjects
I unite, thy triumph proving
That one sheepfold and one shepherd *
Thy whole kingdom will result in.

DEMON.

Fury!

HERESY

Rage!

ATHEISM.

I burn! I shudder!

PRINCE.

Now that I, O Spouse Divine,
Leave thee here redeemed and succoured,

* The World also brings to the Prince of Light its evil constituent parts as involuntary service, because everything must contribute to His sublime design. It hopes that it may live to see the fulfilment of the promise that all its divisions may at length unite in the one fold of Christ.

Thy dread enemies subdued,
Satisfied thy Senses' murmurs,
Crowned with victory thy Virtues,
And thy aspirations furthered,
Rest in peace.

PHILOTHEA.

And is it not,
Woe is me! enough of trouble
Here to stay without thee, but
Must I feel I am unworthy
To behold thy face?

PRINCE.

The time
Hath not come, be that thy comfort.*

FAITH.

Pardon me, for it hath come.

PRINCE.

How?

FAITH.

The veil Thy face that covers
Faith uplifts, and, though not Thee,
Sees the shadow of Thy substance,
When in holy contemplation,
Thought, on cherub wing flies upward.†

* The true unveiling of the face of the bridegroom can only take place in the heavenly Jerusalem, at the death of Philothea.

* In a certain way, nevertheless, this actually takes place here on earth, through Faith, which not only can guess darkly, but also see clearly, when, on the wings of holy meditation, it rises to the height of celestial illumination.

PHILOTHEA.

If it had been grief to lose thee,
Veiled, unseen, Thy countenance covered,
Now that I have seen Thee, think,
Ah! how great the grief I suffer.*
Go not hence.

PRINCE.

I do not go,
For to stay with thee I purpose.

PHILOTHEA.

How?

PRINCE.

The Faith, that from my face
Raised the veil, the snow white curtain,
Will another white veil pierce,
Where thoul't see me, (O the wonder!)
With the trusting eyes of Faith,
Both in body and soul triumphant.†

(Disappears).

ALL.

What can be this veil?

(An altar appears with the Host and Chalice, and beside it a Child.)

* That is: After I have recognised Thy divine being, through Faith.

† "Both in body and soul triumphant:" This line, which, in the old edition, is separated from the speech of the Prince of Light, is restored to it by Pedroso. It refers to His real presence in the Sacrament, which is about being exposed.—M.

CHILD.

This white
Bread which came from heaven's high summit,*
In which My true flesh and blood
Paid the price of thy soul's succour.
To it will the Understanding
Bow, by Faith subdued and humbled,
Charity, through love will bow,
Hope, for the reward it trusts to,
Heresy, with all its points
Overthrown, how strong or subtle,
Paganism prostrate too,
And the haughty soul and sullen
Of the mighty Prince of Darkness,
In his own despite, will worship,
Even Voluptuousness grown pure,—
Saying all in sweet conjunction. . . . .

ALL.

Sacrament supreme, commanding,
Thee the World at length revering
Worships, now no proof demanding,
Save the last, that Faith, through Hearing,
Hath subdued the Understanding.

* The Sacrament is the means which the Prince of Light has chosen to remain always with Philothea, and to complete His union with her upon earth, notwithstanding His apparent departure. The Child which appears here is also a symbol of Christ, and speaks in His name.

End of "The Divine Philothea."

APPENDIX.

See Note to p. 103.

SCENE FROM CALDERON'S AUTO—*El Veneno y la Triaca*—THE POISON AND THE ANTIDOTE.

PARADISE.—SCENE THE FIRST.

Enter THE UNDERSTANDING, *as a venerable old man;* HUMAN NATURE, *as a lady;* INNOCENCE, *as a peasant girl;* THE FOUR SEASONS, *and* THE MUSIC.

THE UNDERSTANDING.

On the lovely slope retreating
Of this mountain crowned with flowers,
Which the Spring's mysterious greeting
Summons to these sylvan bowers,
Like the Cortés to their meeting;
Here with sounds all sounds excelling,
Instruments their aid uniting,
Sing the various notes outswelling
From the joyous birds' delighting,
From the wandering fountains' welling,

And in skilled and measured metre,
Borne on mystery's sacred pinion,
Praise the beauteous form and feature
Of fair Nature, loveliest creature—
Heiress of this great dominion.

MUSIC.

Birds and zephyrs, founts and flowers,
Speak her praise with all your powers.

ONE.

Birds, her gracious presence greet.

ALL.

Warble sweet, warble sweet.

ONE.

Fountains, be her looking glass.

ALL.

Smoothly pass, smoothly pass.

ONE.

Zephyrs, breathe her every sigh.

ALL.

Gently fly, gently fly.

ONE.

Weave her robes, all flowers that blow.

ALL.

Gladly grow, gladly grow;
And for one so fair and high,

Sing and pass, flow and fly,
Speak her praise with all your powers;
Sing ye birds, ye fountains flow,
Zephyrs fly, and grow ye flowers.

HUMAN NATURE.

Teacher wise of every sight,
Shown in heaven's mysterious way,
Whether it in gloom or light
Wraps a radiant robe round day,
Or a mantle round the night;
Noble Understanding, whom
Me, my father, in my bloom
Left, for well the great king knew
He my youth might trust to you.
Greater praise cannot be rendered
To this glorious birth of mine—
Greater proof cannot be tendered
Of its origin divine,
Than that HE, my life, engendered.
The great Sun, that torch so bright,
Tempering its intenser light,
Which a lamp in heaven suspended,
Lights my steps, doth seem intended
But to be my acolyte.
The fair Moon, whose face is drest
Ever with new smiles, though fleeting,
Moves to my unbreathed behest,
In the rosy east retreating,
Rising in the golden west.
All the troop, whose pearly cars
Bear Love's queen, or Jove or Mars,

Influence my happiest hours,
Being in my garden flowers,
They that in their own are stars.—
The Four Elements compete
Me to serve. The Fire upshoots;
Water, murmuring, bathes my feet;
Earth outspreads its savoury fruits,
And the Air breathes low and sweet;
And in sounds more soft than words,
And with flattering gestures fair,
To my feet the once wild herds
Kneeling come, and from the air,
From their freedom, fall the birds:
And this Monster, prisoned, pent,
When with rage his crystals crash,
And his foam-white realm is rent,
Rising o'er himself, doth dash
'Gainst the starry firmament,—
Still restrained, as with a hand,
Pass he cannot to the strand,
Leaves the rock upon its base,
Leaves the mountain in its place,
Girdled by its belt of sand.
Therefore, then, this festival
Errs in its exuberant mirth,
If I may myself but call
Only heiress of the All
That I see athwart the earth.

INNOCENCE.

Oh! with no disdainful token
Scorn a joyous feast like this;

Be the plausive notes unbroken,
Since doth no one take amiss
That which in their praise is spoken.
Let the flattering song then dare
Call thee happy, wise, and fair,
Since 'tis plain to every creature
That the most unlovely feature
Loves that we should call it fair.
And since vanity, in sooth,
Maketh silly eyes to glisten,
When is heard the sweet untruth,
Wilt not thou in patience listen,
Blest with real charms and youth?

HUMAN NATURE.

Innocence, that name so dear
Never had been given thee here,
If thou thoughts't not so.

INNOCENCE.

I know not;
But, though innocent, there flow not
Sounds more soothing to my ear
Than sweet flattering words.

UNDERSTANDING.

But, who
Could to *thee* breathe such?

INNOCENCE.

A taunting
Question that; but still 'tis true
That a fool is never wanting

For a fool to pay court to :—
Everything about us here,
Fragrant flowers and fountains clear,
Tell the same delicious tidings,—
Even the serpent in its glidings
Breathes them often in mine ear.

UNDERSTANDING.

Since then vainly thus has smiled
On thee this delicious day,
Thou wilt see this innocent child
Punished, banished, scared away,
From thy palace-halls exiled.

INNOCENCE.

Ah ! this threat affrights not me,
Since so great the amity
Twixt us two, that well I know,
If from here I'm forced to go,
Here the Infanta will not be.

HUMAN NATURE.

Since she sees she pleases me
With her sweet simplicity,
She on bolder wings doth dare.

UNDERSTANDING.

Then I must, through pitying care,
Clip them somewhat, lest they flee
Into Sin's seductive sphere.
Come, ye Seasons of the year,
Service to my beauteous daughter
Pay ye gladly. Fire and Water,

Serve her well; ye Beams be near;
While within these gardens gay
She in perfect bliss reposes,
Sing her praise from every spray,
Weave her garlands twining roses,
Pinks and jasmines strew her way.

SUMMER.

We are all too glad to show her
Our obedience, glad to prove
That we, as our Princess, know her.
We would pay, in loyal love,
The true vassalage that we owe her.

HUMAN NATURE.

Listening to this music sweet,
I would through this Eden go,
Which it seems no fond conceit
To believe that heaven doth show
As the type of its true seat.

UNDERSTANDING.

Come, thou queen of every thing—
Come, thou daughter of the king,
(Slight to him who doth adore thee)
Music's lullaby shall o'er thee
Softly soothe and sweetly sing;
And for thy more sportive hours,
Carpets coloured by the showers,
Woofs shall weave of many a hue;
For thy rest the winds shall strew
Beds of roses and of flowers.

HUMAN NATURE.

Sing, and let the glad notes play
(Mystery mingling in the strain),
Proudly for the charms this day
Human Nature doth display,
Heiress of the world's domain.

MUSIC.

Birds and zephyrs, founts and flowers,
Speak her praise with all your powers.

[*Exeunt, singing.*

THE END.

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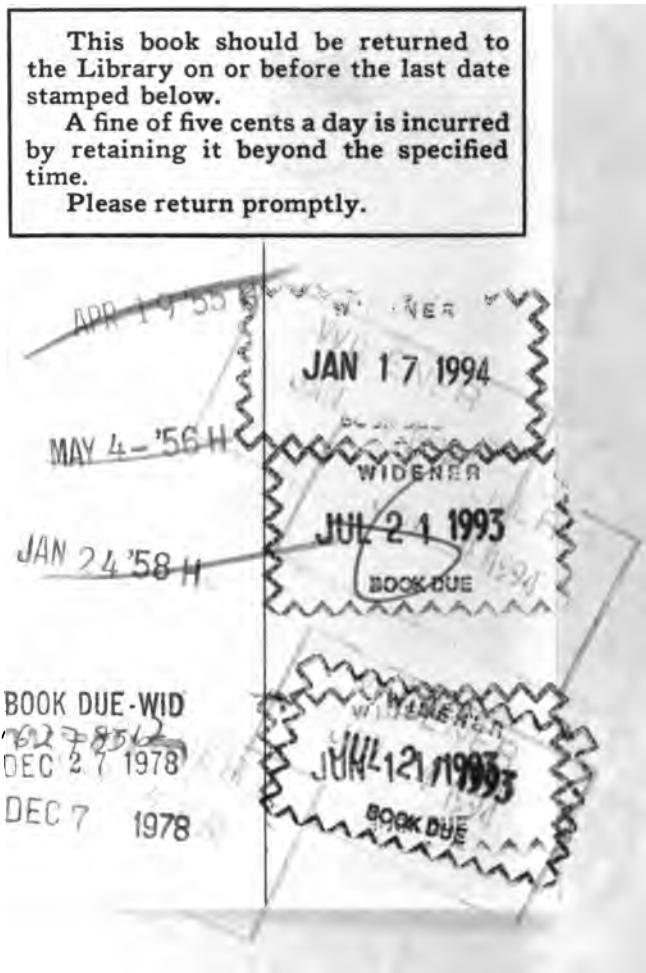
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